THE GREATEST RUSTLER OF THEM ALL

TRUE FRONTIER

ACTUAL STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

COLONEL SNIVELY'S
LOST LEDGE OF GOLD

MAN AGAINST GRIZZLY

LUKE SHORT
GAMBLING GUNMAN

SEPT. A 35¢

BLOODY MASSACRE AT SAND CREEK

THE GUNS THAT WON THE WEST

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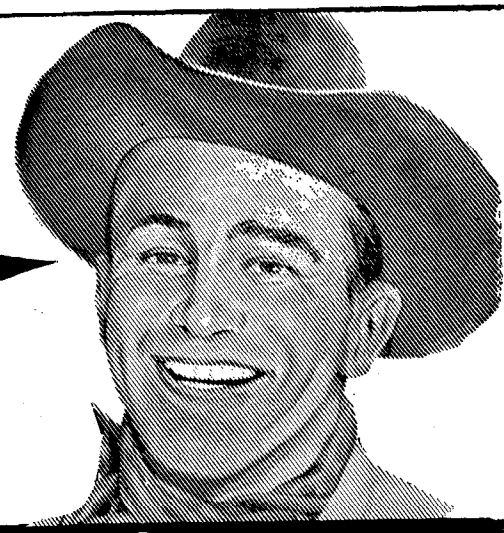
PROSPERITY AWAITS YOU!

1 1/4 ACRES



MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS in NEVADA

$1.00 DOWN

$10.00 MONTHLY

FULL PRICE $695.00

THE BOOM THAT HAD TO COME IS NOW ON IN NEVADA. Ground floor buyers have reaped fortunes from small initial investments. A factual example of skyrocketing values is Las Vegas, Nevada. Land that originally sold for $200.00 an acre, now sells for $20,000.00 an acre, a profit of 1000%! The first offering of LAS VEGAS land was open to everyone. Buyers who took advantage of low opening prices have become wealthy. The ground floor opportunity of Las Vegas is gone, **BUT ANOTHER AREA OF PROSPEROUS NEVADA IS BEING RELEASED FOR PUBLIC SALE!**

This area has such a tremendous growth potential, such a fantastic, unlimited future, that wise investors have purchased large acreage. Bing Crosby's ranch was one of the largest cattle ranches in the county. James Stewart is honorary sheriff. Yes, the smart, experienced investors have sensed the future and are buying MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS in Elko County, Nevada.

MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS has all the factors needed to boom . . . to prosper . . . to skyrocket its land values. Ideally located in the prospering Elko Valley, The Ranchos have the backdrop of the statuesque Ruby Mountains. The sparkling Humboldt River actually flows through the property and is a valuable asset of the Ranchos. Every Rancho fronts on a graded road. The City of Elko, with its long established schools, churches, and medical facilities is MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS friendly neighbor.

FAMILY RECREATION

FISHING: A fisherman's paradise. Huge Rainbow, Brook Trout and German Browns abound in Alpine-like lakes and mountain-fed bottom streams.

GOLF: Enjoy leisurely golfing, with never a rush for starting times, at the city owned Ruby View Golf Course. This beautiful golf course is only minutes from the property.

LAKE OSINO: No charge to Rancho owners for full privileges at nearby Lake Osino. Fish, Picnic and Relax with your fellow Ranch owners at this private lake.

HUNTING: You will find the hunting of your life. Big game species such as Mule Deer are abundant. Duck, Quail and Chukar are plentiful.

YOUR PROFITABLE TOMORROW —

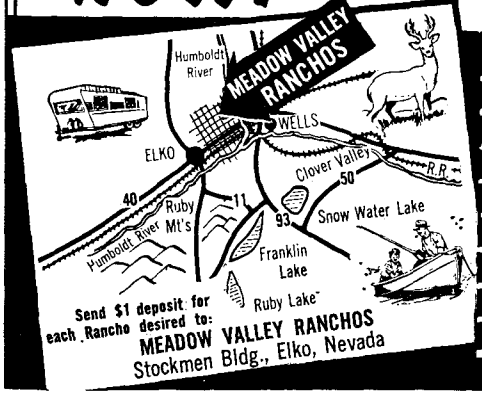
YES, wise investors are buying in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS, but America's largest corporations, whose research closely follows the trend of increasing land values and population growth, are also busy investing throughout Nevada. U.S. COMMERCE BUREAU FACT: Per capita income in Nevada is highest of all 50 states.

TAX RELIEF — No State Income, Gift or Inheritance Tax. The low Real Estate Property Tax is actually limited by the State Constitution.

WHAT ARE THE TOTAL COSTS?

The full price of the title to your 1¼ acre Rancho is only $695. Total payment schedule is $1 down, and $10 per month. No interest, no carrying charges. John D. Rockefeller said, "The big fortunes of the future will be made in Real Estate." You are not required to do anything to your land. You can live or vacation on it, or simply watch its value grow, then sell all or part of it for a profit. Your profitable tomorrow is here today in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS.

NOW! DON'T MISS THIS OUTSTANDING OPPORTUNITY!



MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS

5398 STOCKMEN BLDG., ELKO, NEVADA 89801

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Yes!—Reserve acreage at MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS for me - $695 for each 1¼ acre parcel—payable $1 down and $10 a month. No other charges. Send purchase contract and map showing exact location of my holding. You will return my $1 deposit if I request same within 30 days. I enclose $1 deposit for each 1¼ acre Rancho desired.

SIZE ACRES	DOWN	PER MO.
1¼	$1	$10
2½	2	15
3¾	3	20
5	4	25

Name:_____

Address_____

City:_____ Zone:____ State:_____

Indicate No. of Ranchos____ Total enclosed $____

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NOW! Run Your Car Without Spark Plugs

NEW JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS

Pat. No. 2899589

Will deliver up to 30 more horsepower, 5 more miles per gallon using only regular gas!

THEY NEVER WEAR OUT YOU'LL NEVER CLEAN, ADJUST OR REPLACE PLUGS AGAIN!

- **get up to 5 more miles per gallon of gas**
- **add up to 30 more horsepower to your engine**
- **save $100 each year for you, year after year while you use the cheapest grades of gasoline!**

Spark plugs are obsolete! Now there's a far better way to run your car.

With conventional spark plugs, only a fraction of the fuel that enters your cylinders is turned into power. The rest escapes through your tailpipe as unburned vapor. That is because their spark is so narrow — only 35-thousandths of an inch wide — that it cannot possibly ignite all the fuel mixture in the cylinder. As plugs get older, their sparks get narrower and less efficient till they have to be replaced.

New Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters do a far better job of turning gasoline into power. Instead of a narrow spark, they send out a wide swath of flame that "walks" across a semi-conductor tip, fanning out in all directions and exploding far more fuel in the cylinder.

Proof That You Get Up To 30 Horsepower More

Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters look like spark plugs merely because they have to be screwed into the spark plug socket. But what they do is far different. Here's how to prove it:

1. **Run your car till it's fully warmed up.**
2. **Stop on a perfectly level stretch of road.**
3. **Put the car in Drive (1st gear with manual transmission), and see how fast the car rolls at idling speed.**
4. **Remove plugs and install Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters (a 10-minute job).**
5. **Now see how fast your car rolls at idling speed. You can expect it to go 4 TO 6 MILES PER HOUR FASTER without touching the gas pedal — dramatic proof that Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters increase engine RPMs by 100 to 150 with no increase in gas consumption. (At high speeds, RPMs increase by 300 to 350.)**

So, first thing, you can reduce the gas flow by adjusting the idling screw, and **start saving money before you've even driven a mile!**

(At the same time, you can make your air-to-gas mixture leaner. Fuel Igniters require only a 15:1 ratio instead of the conventional 9:1. It's a simple adjustment that you or your mechanic can make in one minute. It provides even greater economy.)

Start driving and you'll notice even more improvement — up to 30 more horsepower of acceleration power, climbing power, and passing power. All this while burning less gas!

THE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCES BETWEEN ORDINARY SPARK PLUGS AND JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS

Your car's power comes from tiny explosions of gasoline vapor and air in your cylinders. The bigger the explosions, the faster you go.

SPARK PLUGS
NARROW SPARK

CONVENTIONAL PLUGS explode this mixture with a spark jumping across an air gap. The spark is just 35-thousandths of an inch across — not wide enough to explode all the fuel in the cylinder. Unburned gas escapes through your exhaust. In time, the electrodes become eroded and caked with carbon. The gap widens, the spark gets narrower, you lose more power, waste more fuel . . . and finally have to replace your plugs.

JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITER
WIDE SWATH OF FLAME

JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS use no sparks. Instead a fanning swath of flame walks across a semi-conductor bridge from one electrode to another, exploding far more fuel, getting far more power. There is no gap that can widen, and carbon deposits actually improve performance. They do not have to be adjusted or replaced — *ever!*

SWITCH TO REGULAR

The next time your gas gauge gets near the "Empty" mark, tell the attendant to fill it up with REGULAR! Chances are you'll no longer need premium which costs four to eight cents more than regular gas.

And this second saving is only the beginning. Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters provide easier cold-weather starts . . . and that means less drain on your battery, and no drain on your patience as you try to get started.

NO REPLACING OR ADJUSTING EVER

The more you drive, the better your Fuel Igniters perform. They don't become eroded, wear out or require adjusting. And carbon build-up — the natural enemy of old fashioned plugs — actually makes fuel igniters perform better. Carbon becomes an additional carrier for the igniter's big jet flame.

So there you have a third saving. One set of fuel igniters will last the life of your car!

Invented To Save Air Force Lives — Now They Can Save You Money

Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters were first developed to save airmen's lives. During World War II, there were times when more men were killed by spark plug malfunction than by enemy action. A failure-proof replacement was needed, and Fuel Igniters did the job. Both the Navy and Air Force have approved them for jet engine use.

Now at last they have been modified for automobile use. They won't save your life, but they can save you big money — up to $100 a year with ordinary driving.

Some day, all cars may come equipped with Fuel Igniters like these. But why wait when you can install a set yourself now. Just mail the coupon with the make and model of your car, and we'll rush you a set with full instructions. **Just $12.80 per set of 8, $9.60 per set of 6.**

Save $100 a Year With Jet-Fuel Igniters!

If you drive 15,000 miles, you can easily save:

- ***$50 by switching to regular gas.***
- ***$40 on your better mileage.***
- ***$10 by not replacing plugs.***

Agents wanted for all territories in U.S. Write for full details about this big money-making *opportunity.*

SEND FOR A SET OF JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS TODAY! — SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

JAY NORRIS CORP., 31 Hanse Ave., Freeport, N.Y. 11520 **Dept. TF-9**

You are protected by this

4-WAY GUARANTEE

1. **GUARANTEED for the life of your car (or 30,000 miles) without cleaning, servicing or replacing.**
2. **GUARANTEED to increase miles/per/gallon of gas on regular gas!**
3. **GUARANTEED to increase horsepower, increase engine RPMs!**
4. **GUARANTEED to improve ease of starting and acceleration!**

Enclosed is ☐ $9.60 for 6 igniters (ppd.) ☐ $12.80 for 8 igniters (ppd.)

Please send me a set of JET-FIRE Fuel Igniters under your 4-way guarantee for my car

____ Year ____ Make ____ Model

*Print Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____ *Zip*_____

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Dear Sirs:

Our newsstands have all the western magazines I believe, and yours is comparable to the others for an upstart coming out of nowhere. The first story I have seen about Poker Alice appeared in True Frontier—I have visited her grave in Sturgis South Dakota, where she spent her last years. . .the picture on page 24 of March TF, called a livery barn, must be a picture of a meeting house. A livery barn would hardly have a small door in the end, or so many small windows. That building is similar to our early day rural schoolhouses only somewhat larger.

Yours truly,
Clair Houseman
22 4th Ave. S. E.
Aberdeen, So. Dakota

Thanks for the compliment and for your sharp-eyed perusal of our illustrations.

Dear Sirs:

Can anyone tell me if Nino Cochise or Ramon Rodriguez is still living and if so, at what address he can be reached?

Thank you,
Raymond Hartley
R.D. #2
Columbiana, Ohio

Dear Editors:

Just read the story in November 1967 TF about the Tombstone silver mines discovered by Ed Schieffelin. The story is fine on the Arizona end, but I would like to bring up the "true" ending of one of the west's greatest characters. Your writer states that Ed was found dead in northern Oregon, when in fact he was found dead, sitting in a chair, in an old log cabin up Days Creek in **southern** Oregon. He was found with a gold pan in his lap, a pan half-full of gold and quartz that he had pounded up in an old mortar outdoors. Under his bed was a sack of rich silver ore . . . that seemed to fit. . . the geologic formations of the Days Creek region. Only a month before he was found dead, he had written a letter to his wife in Los Angeles stating "I have found a mine up here that will make Tombstone look like a bag of peanuts." Several reporters have written up stories about the "lost" Schieffelin mine, and I believe anyone researching in the files of the Portland Oregonian and the Oregon Journal will come up with at least a great story. Mainly though I just want to correct the "weak" ending to your piece on Schieffelin. There's lots more to this story than anyone really knows.

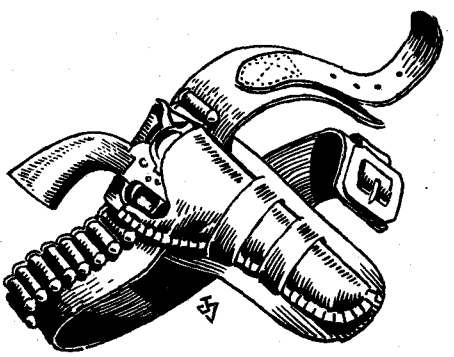
Thank you,
P.O. Box 622
Cottage Grove, Oregon

And thank you, Mr. Box.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder if you could help me with a little information: I know that the Colt .45 Single Action Army revolver, known as the Peacemaker, with the long 7½" barrel was the standard sidearm of the cavalry in the 1870's and also was a favorite with lawmen and outlaws of the old west, but the television westerns show "Peacemakers" with the shorter barrels such as the 4 3/4" and 5 1/2" barrels available today. My question is was the original Colt Peacemaker available in the old western days in short and long barrel lengths, or is this just some Hollywood foolery? I would appreciate a knowledgeable answer on this matter. I enjoy your magazine very much and hope you keep up the good work. Thank you.

Sincerely,
David Rathkamp
Peckham Street
Rehoboth, Mass.



Notice: The Amerindian and Western Historical Research Association, 906 Bryant Street, Denver, Colorado 80204, is looking for new members from every part of the country. President Harry E. Chatfield writes in the association's newsletter that membership is open to anyone interested in the work. For further details write to Mr. Chatfield at the above address.

For those readers interested in horses, the American Remount Association, P.O. Box 2423, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80901 has an interesting and varied program available for members. This non-profit group is involved with working cow horses, competitive cutting and roping horses, rodeo bucking horses, and racing quarter and appaloosa horses. Further information can be obtained from above address.

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TRUE FRONTIER

SEPT. 1968

VOL. 1, NO. 5

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WESTERN BITS

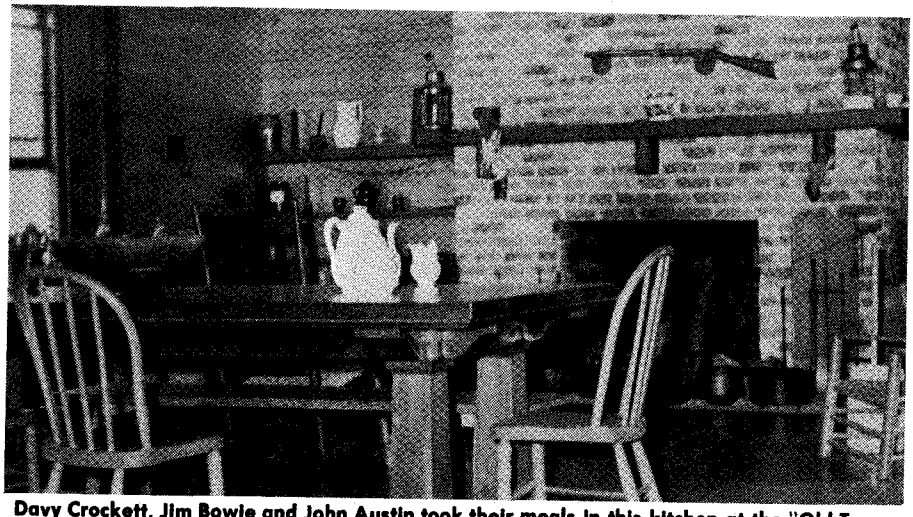
By BOB BROWN

Many Indian tribes had women chiefs. The women were generally sub-chiefs who were responsible for supervising the daily tasks of the other women in camp. The female chiefs had their own councils and could even sit in on the regular war councils with an equal vote in tribal matters. When one of the regular Chiefs died, his widow frequently took over his office and ran the affairs of the tribe with the same power her husband had exercised.

* * *

The man who found the gold in California and started the gold rush actually wanted nothing to do with the yellow metal. He was happy on his 49,000 acres and knew that man's greed would all but ruin his kingdom when they learned that gold had been discovered near his sawmill. John Sutter was already a rich man, so he asked his workers to keep quiet about the find until after the spring planting.

He tried to keep his workers quiet and contented by allowing them to pan all the gold they could in their free time. This was like handing over the keys to the national vault. Word of the strike traveled like wildfire, causing the biggest gold rush of all time. The people came and the land was ruined. . . just as Sutter feared. But most of those who came found heartbreak instead of riches. At times, one man would dig up gold worth $20,000 in a single day, while the man right next to him would be lucky to find just 20 cents. That's the way it was at Sutter's Mill.



Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie and John Austin took their meals in this kitchen at the "Old Tavern" in Washington, Arkansas, just before they went to the battle of the Alamo. This was a very popular meeting place for many other great men of the day . . . such as Sam Houston and Albert Pike.

* * *

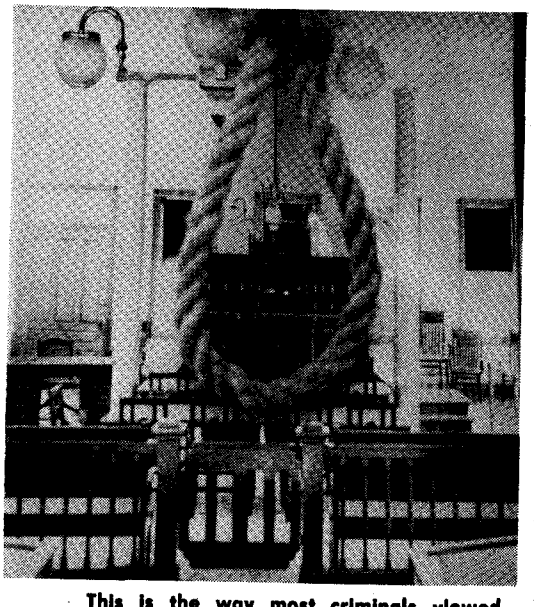
Davey Crockett was a man to whom adventure called at an early age. Davey was only a boy of 12 when he took a man's job, helping to drive a herd of wild cattle 600 miles to market. He worked at several other man-size jobs before returning home, and came very near signing up to go to sea. A friend convinced him that the sea was not his calling, so he changed his mind at the very last minute. At 15, Davey returned home a man. Those past three years had changed him so much that his own family almost failed to recognize him!

* * *

Eyesight is dear to all of us, so it's no wonder the Indians thought this the best gift of all from the great spirit. When the tribes were moved onto reservations, many Indians blinded themselves so they wouldn't have to look upon their captors! This was one way of hiding their shame because they felt that something they couldn't see . . . wasn't there! Many Indians also cut off hands, feet, or fingers to show their contempt for the white man.

* * *

photos courtesy the author



This is the way most criminals viewed Judge Parker's courtroom at Fort Smith, Arkansas. There were 79 men who entered this tribunal and departed from this world at the end of a rope!

There has always been much speculation about the origin of the name "Texas." The most popular view is that the name was derived from the Indian word "Tehas," which means *friendly!* Others believe the word could have come from the Indian word "Tecas," which was used to mean the inhabitants of a territory or village. Indians used the word "Tejas" for house or home, but it's thought unlikely that this had any real connection with the name of the state. This is unlikely to be settled for sure, so the people of Texas think that "Tehas" for friendly fits pretty well.

* * *

Sam Houston was making out his first message to Congress and was just about to put his signature at the bottom when someone leaned over to whisper that Texas did not have a seal to make it official. With almost no hesitation, the great man took a cuff link from his sleeve and pressed it into the warm wax to make the first "Impression"! A lesser man might well have panicked. This offers some insight on how fast the General could think under pressure.

* * *

The frontier settler was in extreme pain. His horse had thrown him that day and his body was throbbing with pain, robbing him of his much-needed rest. He woke his wife, who sprang from

(Continued on page 61)

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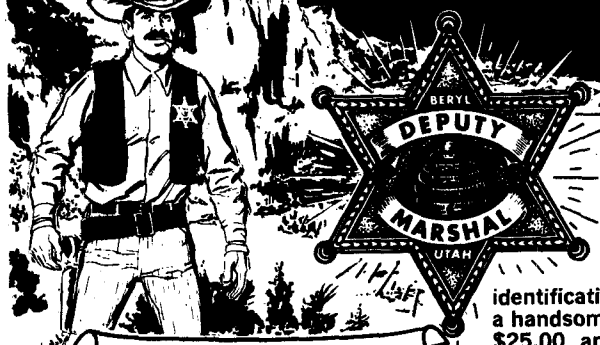
"Just like WILD BILL HICKOCK, WYATT EARP, DOC HOLLIDAY" ... be a PAID Deputy Marshal and "LAND BARON" of the REAL WEST



Yes! Now you can be a true Deputy Marshal, with pay, and "land baron" of the authentic west. You get a valuable Deputy Marshal kit, including a genuine Peace Officer's Badge, identification card, official scroll, PLUS a handsome honorary salary of at least $25.00 annually for as long as the next 4 years — simply for investing in a potentially highly profitable Rancho Estate in Beryl, Iron County, Utah.

- **PEACE OFFICER'S BADGE.** Genuine — not a toy — a $10 value. Recognized by lawmen the world over. Yours at no extra cost.
- **IDENTIFICATION CARD.** Carry at all times in your wallet. Establishes your official credentials as a Deputy Marshal of Beryl, Utah.
- **SCROLL.** Signifying your appointment as a Deputy Marshal. Handsome, colorful, suitable for framing.
- **REGULAR SALARY** offers dignity to position.
- **BIG PROFITS IN LAND** investment may be yours if you act on this offer now.

WITH THE PURCHASE OF ANY

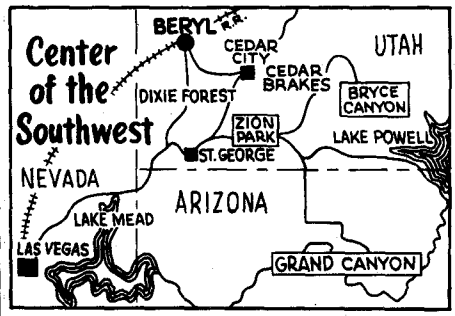
RANCHO ESTATES

IN BERYL, IRON COUNTY, UTAH

FOR ONLY $1 DOWN $10 A MONTH

NO INTEREST • NO CARRYING CHARGES • NO END-OF-CONTRACT PAYMENTS •

FULL PRICE, JUST $495



INVEST NOW in the Southwest's newest Land Boom

THE BOOM IS ON in Utah's Iron County, as the population explodes westward in search of *open space and clean air. One-up-on-the-public* investors are scooping up previously unavailable big ranch land in this vacation paradise — at ground-floor prices. Here is factual proof that the "smart money" is buying land in this area: billionaire Howard Hughes *just purchased* thousands of *nearby* Nevada acres, and several Las Vegas hotels. Nevada *borders on Iron County, and is booming.* It may be Iron County's turn — and your turn — next.

NOW, THE GOLDEN WEST IS YOURS.

How many times have you seen a western movie and yearned for those endless spaces, soaring peaks, majestic pine forests, bubbling mountain streams? A place where every outdoor sport is at your doorstep? Perhaps you considered such a "get-away-from-it-all" world only a dream. *But now it can be a practical, profitable reality in booming Iron County.* The giant corporations, responsible for the stockholders' millions, have confidence in the Utah boom. Each year, more than $100,000,000.00 is spent for building construction in Utah. The mammoth Utah Construction Company built a $1,300,000.00 plant in Iron County. The late Henry Kaiser of Kaiser Steel invested huge sums in mining near Beryl. Utah is the 7th fastest-growing state; every two years the number of homes actually *doubles!*

CLOSE TO GLITTERING LAS VEGAS.

Only 3 hours away. Movie stars, gambling, swank hotels, night clubs, 24 hours a day.

CENTER OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Rancho Estates at Beryl are minutes from the world's most magnificent vacation scenery — Zion National Park (visited by over 600,000 annually), Bryce Canyon (over 250,000 annually), Dixie National Forest (over 139,000 annually), Cedar Breaks National Monument and Brian Head Ski Resort. Utah is a sportsman's paradise; 100,000 deer are killed in Utah yearly; 40,000 out-of-state hunters visit Utah annually. Over 300,000 people paid for Utah hunting and fishing licenses last year. And they came from up to 3,000 miles for what you'll have at your doorstep.

CLOSE TO EVERYTHING.

Framed against towering mountains and lush pine forests, Beryl's almost mile-high altitude means no smog, no pollen, cool summers, mild winters, healthful, dry, 90% sunshine climate. An official townsite, Beryl has a U.S. Post Office and a stop on the Union Pacific Railroad's main line. The spacious, level 50' x 142' estate sites front on a graded road that leads into paved State Highway 98. Electrical utilities, telephone available. Minutes to shopping, schools, churches, hospital. No special assessment for sewage, roads, utilities. But you need never improve or build on your land. If you wish, simply hold it, watch its value grow, then sell it at a profit.

BERYL — NEAR PLAYGROUNDS OF THE WEST

Las Vegas — 3 hours
Lake Mead — 2 hours
Movie Locations — Surrounding countryside
Dixie Nat'l. Forest — 20 minutes
Zion Nat'l. Park — 60 minutes
Bryce Canyon — 2 hours
Cedar Breaks Nat'l. Monument — 60 minutes
Lake Powell — 3 hours

FISHING. Rainbow, brook and German brown trout, bass, crappies, bluegills, catfish abound in snow-fed mountain streams and nearby Lake Powell and Lake Mead.

HUNTING. Deer, antelope, elk, duck, pheasant, goose, quail, partridge, grouse, mountain lion, coyote, bear and bobcat hunting on nearby slopes, forests and lakes.

SKIING. Perfect slopes and a 3,700 foot ski-lift at nearby famous Brian Head Mountain Ski Resort.

LAKE MEAD. Some of the best boating, swimming, water-skiing, fishing—on the world's largest man-made lake.

RODEOS. Authentic old-west rodeos are staged throughout the long summer in nearby Cedar City.

MOVIE LOCATIONS. Thrilling Hollywood westerns are shot close by.

ACT TODAY for Tomorrow's Pleasure and Profit.

You pay only $1 down, $10 monthly. Full price only $495, *complete.* No interest or carrying charges. By mailing in the Reservation Certificate and just $1 you can cash in on the new boom, *enjoy western outdoor living* — and be a paid Deputy Marshal to boot! This offer expires soon. A wise man said: "The future belongs to the man with the courage and wisdom to seize it today." Is that you?

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60 Day Money Back Guarantee. No Questions asked.

A Title Insurance Policy is available on your deed. Free exchange privilege for any other Beryl estate of equal value any time within 1st year.

Act now! For your Dream Opportunity

MAIL COUPON TODAY LIMITED OFFER

PLANNING COMMISSION
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Yes! Reserve a spacious 50' x 142' RANCHO-ESTATE for only $495 — payable $1 down, $10 a month. No interest or carrying charges. Send purchase agreement and map showing my exact site. Tell me how I will be a paid Deputy Marshal. Refund everything at my request within 60 days. I enclose deposit of $1.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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GREATEST RUSTLER OF THEM ALL

He stole 25,000 head and wasn't caught—then was jailed for a crime he hadn't committed

photos courtesy author

by Maurice Kildare

Robert "Buck" Johns in a picture taken in Texas when the master rustler was in his early twenties.

The range of the giant Perrin Cattle Company stretched from Jerome in central Arizona northward to Williams on the Santa Fe Railroad. One night from this grassland vanished 2,500 head of prime beef steers.

Eventually a crooked foreman was caught and jailed. But even he knew little about what really happened to that herd. Nor were range detectives hired by the company, or the county lawmen and Territorial Rangers able to find a single trace of them.

The weird mystery of that vanishing beef has gone down in cattleland history as a widely-celebrated, master-minded rustler steal. Today, more than half-a-century later the deed is recounted in awe. "Old timers" give their versions in print now and then about how so many steers could have disappeared without trace.

Over the years the facts have slowly emerged, but still are known to few men. The truth is that a shadowy figure, little known and never in the penitentiary but once during his stealing career, engineered the deal.

He was a cattle thief all his life and knew absolutely nothing else. In 20 years of stealing, he rustled 25,000 head of cattle.

Born in Texas, with no knowledge of antecedents, he could never remember his early years; only of being passed from hand to hand and generally

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kicked around. Much of the time he went hungry and cold.

For most of his life he was known as Robert (Buck) Johns. That may have been an alias, like a dozen other handles he wore for convenience in his time.

As a wiry, slender youth of sixteen, red freckled with sandy hair, he turned up in New Mexico in 1888. Getting a riding job with an outfit on the Rio Hondo in Lincoln County, he teamed up with an old man named Mike McGaffey.

During the four years he rode as a saddle pardner with him, McGaffey taught him the rebranding and cattle stealing business thoroughly. They were paid four dollars a head for all the critters they could "maverick" for the company. A cowman in that feuding area had to be a better thief than his neighbors in order to survive. Anyway, it wasn't considered much of a crime to steal from a big cattle company. Buck worked for one less wealthy than a syndicate-owned outfit while earning his spurs as a skilled cow thief.

The rustler was anybody's meat, and gun or rope the result when caught. Maybe it was pitting wits against tough cowmen and their horny handed crews that provided the thrills that kept him a thief to the end of his days.

Buck and McGaffey made big money stealing for their employers. But it went quickly, bucking the tiger and seeing the elephant in town. Deciding to go on their own for bigger money, they went into the great plains region of northeastern New Mexico. Moving like ghosts through the country, they rustled in the night while honest men slept. Their methods were extraordinarily cunning.

They "drifted" cattle. Never driving them, they took only cattle wild enough to spook in the desired direction by clever maneuvering. In this way they left no horse tracks near "straying" cattle to bring about immediate discovery. They closed in on grabs only in little known, unbroken country near pockets where the rebranding was done.

So crafty were Buck and McGaffey that no suspicion pointed at them. They stole heavily from the giant Bell ranch in Colfax County. Driving their thefts over into Texas, or Colorado, they swiped another bunch there and took them back.

On one steal they violated two of their cardinal rules, never to take too many from one outfit in a big bunch and never to run. This came near being the end for Buck, as it proved to be for McGaffey.

Having sold a bunch of cattle in the Texas panhandle, they started back for New Mexico. The night blew up a gale and rain began falling in sheets. It proved a laster, so when they found two hundred three-year-old steers belonging to the famous XIT, they grabbed them and ran west.

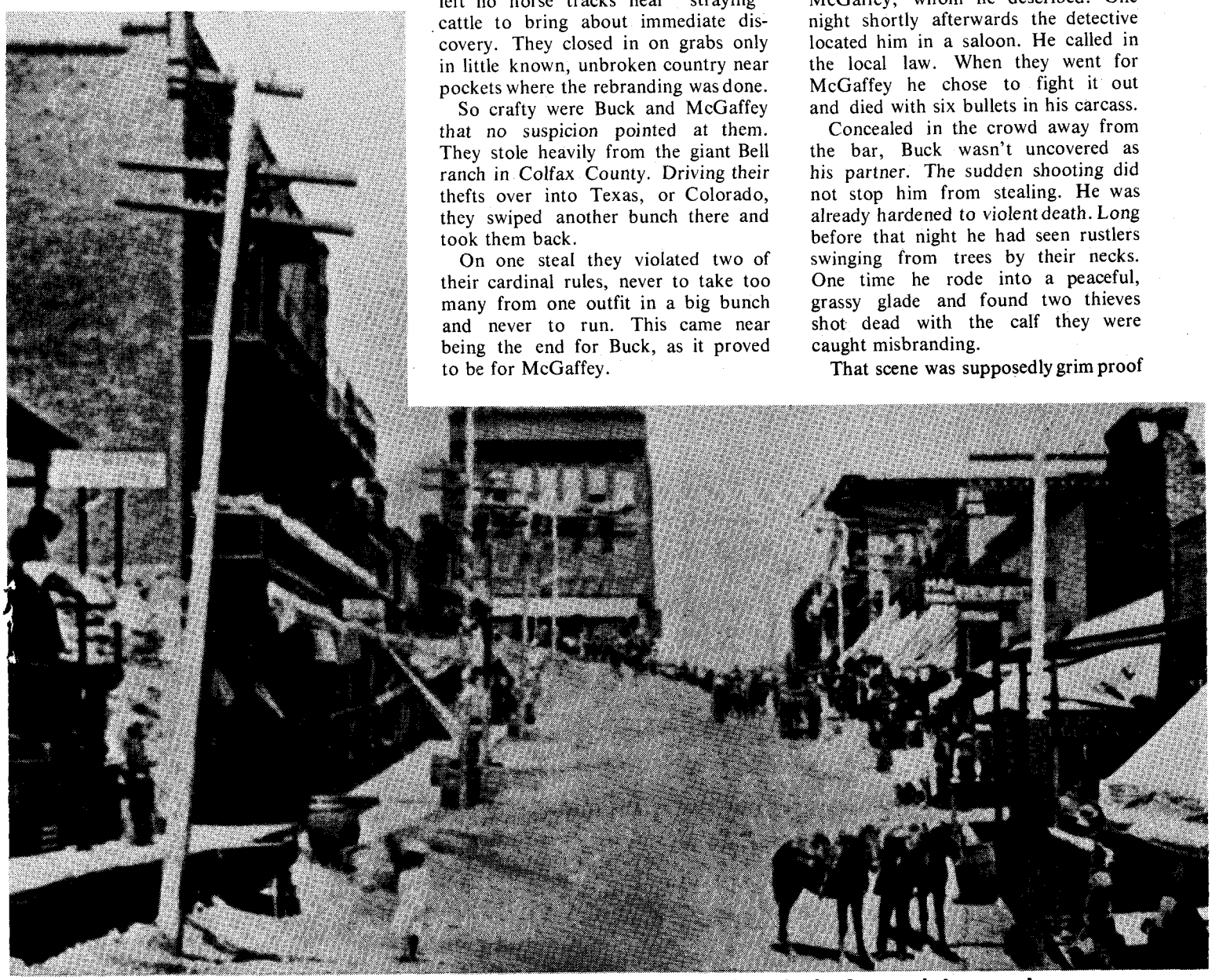
By the time they crossed into New Mexico's gloomy Turkey Mountains they knew it would be impossible to track them. But because they broke their own iron fast rules, proven by experience, the theft was soon found out. They had not reconnoitered enough to discover the steers were part of a roundup for shipping from Amarillo.

The wealthy syndicate-owned company hired a good detective. He kept snooping doggedly until finding some of the steer hides in a Las Vegas slaughter house four months later. The original brand was plain enough on the flesh side.

The buyer could remember only old McGaffey, whom he described. One night shortly afterwards the detective located him in a saloon. He called in the local law. When they went for McGaffey he chose to fight it out and died with six bullets in his carcass.

Concealed in the crowd away from the bar, Buck wasn't uncovered as his partner. The sudden shooting did not stop him from stealing. He was already hardened to violent death. Long before that night he had seen rustlers swinging from trees by their necks. One time he rode into a peaceful, grassy glade and found two thieves shot dead with the calf they were caught misbranding.

That scene was supposedly grim proof



Jerome, Arizona, a mining boom town where slaughterhouses bought stolen beef to supply hungry miners.

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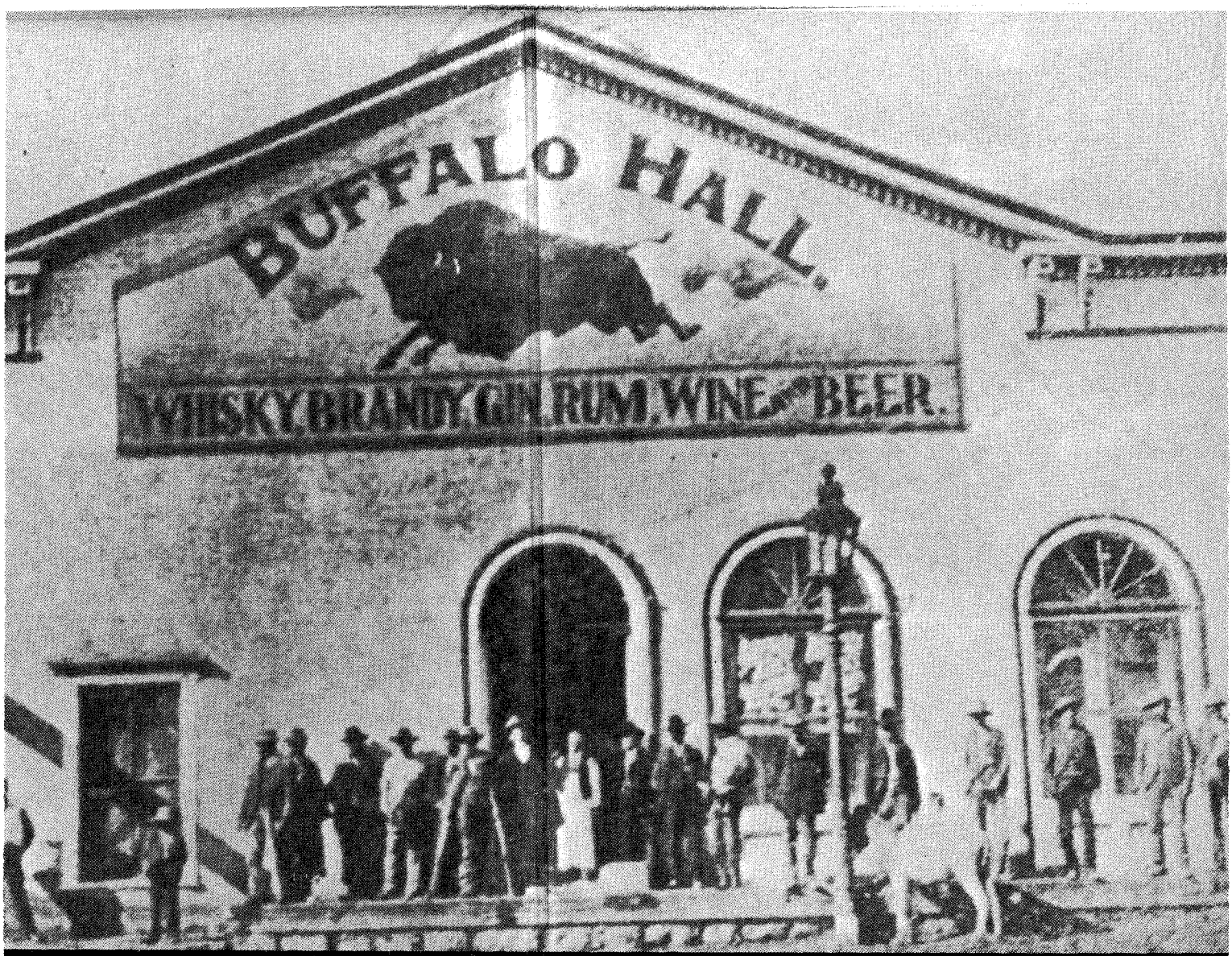

The Las Vegas, New Mexico saloon where John's partner, McGaffey, died in a shootout with the law.

that particular cowman's range was fatal to thieves. Buck figured that any cattleman who advertised his over-confidence in such vivid display was a sucker. He sometimes proved it, by easily stealing from them.

Following the debacle in wild and woolly Las Vegas, Buck fled south. He did not draw rein until reaching the Pecos River in Eddy County. The Cattlemen's Association of Texas had stationed at Eddy (now Carlsbad) a range detective and officer named Dee Harkey, of later "Mean as Hell" fame.

After looking him over, Buck wanted no part of the little Tejano and drifted on. Before long he made "arrangements" over the state line in Gaines County, Texas. No thief could operate without an easy market for his stolen beef. Now he worked so carefully that not even local rustler bands knew he was in business selling New Mexico beef to crooked cattlemen across the border. Entering another part of Texas he drifted cattle back.

Drumming up a thriving business, Buck remained hidden and out of Eddy. Unknown to him, one of his Texas buyers belonged to an outlaw ring in the area he rustled. A gang chief snooped him out, demanding a cut. He wanted five dollars for each head stolen, half of which would go to the county sheriff.

Pickings were so good that Buck seriously considered kicking in. But it galled him and he still delayed a decision when Dee Harkey struck. He suddenly surrounded a huge roundup herd with men and cut it. Four hundred head of burned brands were seized, proving that cattle stealing was a wholesale business.

The botched iron was green suckers work. But more than 200 head in that same herd were perfect rewrites on Texas cattle he sold to the cowman. Buck lit out for newer territory west of Mesilla. He figured that Harkey was smart enough to figure out the rest.

His migration elsewhere proved a good idea. Almost single handedly, Harkey put thieves out of business in Eddy County, including the greasy-handed sheriff.

Soon after Buck ran across two cowboys who once worked for the same outfit he had with McGaffey. Taking chuck, long ropes and running irons, they headed for the grass hills.

Stolen cattle and a few horses were sold over in Arizona. For three years they pillaged from below the Mexican border north to the San Francisco Mountains near Reserve. When they could produce several hundred head, the Indian reservation agents were best pay. By these means, the agents cut a crooked dollar for themselves. Otherwise the thieves sold small bunches to town slaughter houses. A couple of hundred at a time went to ambitious cowmen wanting to get rich fast.

More experienced, Buck enforced one rule. They did not steal in the area where cattle were sold. Double rustling was almost always fatal, and is exactly what wiped out Buck's partners.

They sold a small bunch of cattle to Tombstone (Arizona) butcher shops. Not bothering to save out Buck's part of the money they went on a protracted drunk and sobered up broke. In the San Simon Valley they swiped a costly thoroughbred race horse. It was sold in New Mexico to John

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Slaughter's ranch foreman. Proceeding to Shakespeare south of Lordsburg, they unwisely got on another drunk.

Hot on their heels, the horse owner and his cowboys tracked them to the Slaughter ranch. They then went on to Shakespeare with plenty of help. Both were taken from a saloon and strung up.

For sometime thereafter Buck drifted around, stealing twenty or fifty head here and there. He took dangerous risks selling for peanuts. As a result his pockets remained empty most of the time.

Finally he went over to Globe, Arizona. The mines used many mules and proved a good market. Partnering with Duke Arnold, they stole north in the upper counties, and from farmers down in the Salt River Valley.

One day they disposed of twenty mules to a mine and that night stood drinking in a saloon. A rancher deep into his cups was plenty angry and talked too loudly.

"It sure beats me!" he declared. "Lost a bunch of fine mules. Traced them to the Old Dominion Mine corrals late this afternoon. There they was, purtiest new brands on them you ever see!

"The mine boss argued about giving them up. He'd just paid for them. But for sure," tapping his holstered sixgun, "I got my mules all back just the same!"

Moving on into Arizona's copper rich Verde Valley, Buck and Arnold looked over the situation. Right away they discovered that mining area butcher shops bought cattle sight unseen. The demand for beef in the booming towns was enormous. But the widespread Dr. E. B. Perrin Cattle Company, ranging from the valley north to Williams, seemed to have the market sewed up.

"I smell cow thief real bad," Buck declared, his small nose twitching like a bird dog's. "When one galoot has the market exclusively, he's cutting corners some place. And there's only one way to do that!"

Snooping, they rode the chuck line across the outfits' range to Williams, visiting many cowcamps. By that time Buck's suspicions were confirmed. The foreman had a good looking wife who wore more fine clothes than his salary afforded.

In Williams, headquarters of the cattle company, they moseyed around unobtrusively but with eyes and ears wide open. Buck's keen rustler instinct picked off one clue after another. Soon the picture became complete enough to suit him. The trusted foreman sold beef for the owner. And as was proved later on in court he took the prevailing market price on one delivery, cut it on the second and pocketed money from a short bill of sale.

Contriving to become acquainted with the foreman, Buck conned him shrewdly. In small ways, then finally bluntly, he showed him how eventually a full range count would reveal too many cattle missing. The foreman was then going to be in hot water.

But *if* a large number of cattle disappeared in a bunch, two things could thereby be accomplished. When *he* at the opportune time reported the loss all the thefts could conveniently be charged to organized rustlers. Meanwhile the foreman would have his cut from the stolen herd safely stashed away.

The idea of clearing himself from an eventual showdown appealed to the larcenous foreman. He agreed to the plan Buck proposed. Arnold was never brought into the scheme. He remained in the background, and away from Buck while in town as a precautionary measure.

The foreman's part of the deal was to gradually shift three-year-old steers into a bunch in one area on the west Perrin range. He furnished Buck a few of the company's letterheads on which a bill of sale could be written "officially." As it turned out there arose no necessity of using a single one of them. Nor did he and Arnold go to all the trouble of spending months rebranding so many head. The original brand remained untouched.

Indeed, he planned a quick operation, his warped little mind cunningly figuring out a way to dispose of the entire herd at a good price. Although slow, it would be sure and without much risk of being uncovered. It had to be that way, before the foreman realized he was being double-crossed and left holding an empty sack.

Supposedly Buck and his imaginary gang would take only a few hundred head of steers from the bunch the foreman shifted to a particular grazing range. From the hills Buck and Arnold observed them being shunted in gradually. They turned to work by moonlight, running in many more on their own account. The herd was thus positioned and partly trail broken for easy control.

The foreman wasn't told when the steers would be taken out that September of 1905. He was led to believe the herd was to be drifted along the forested Mogollon Rim into New Mexico. The crafty Buck never told his "inside" co-conspirator too much. Usually they squalled at the first sign of discovery.

Accurately he gauged the time when the foreman would be in Williams for a week. During his absence no range riders would be coming into that part of the isolated grazing ground.

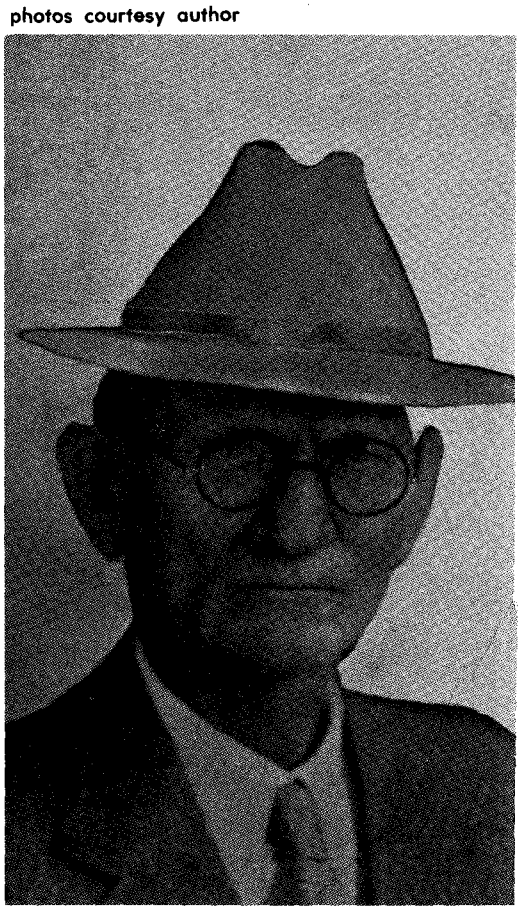
The moonlight night of the day the foreman rode north, Buck and Arnold struck out with the 2,500 steer herd. For just two men that many posed problems of throwing together and starting out, but they were quite equal to the task. Some time before Buck rode out the west country, choosing the exact route. It would keep them away from scattered ranches and provide a natural drive-way to hold the strung-out herd with small risk of losing bunches of strays.

To get around Hell Canyon south of Ashfork they were forced to drift closer to the transcontinental railroad. The very fact cunningly fitted in with Buck's main plan. Every few miles along the right-of-way the Santa Fe maintained section houses. The railroad company had brought Mexicans and their families from south of the border to do track work.

These track workers, as Buck was to drawl afterwards, were "real meat hungry."

Beginning at Ashfork he would ride in alone to a section house, and while visiting idly remark that he knew where a few beef steers could be bought cheap. In New Mexico he had learned to speak Spanish fluently. While the price made was low, it was far more than could be obtained selling *known* stolen beef.

photos courtesy author



Range Detective Dee "Mean as Hell" Harkey, a lawman who made Eddy County, New Mexico an unwelcome haven for cattle thieves.

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As many as fifteen head was often disposed of at one section house. When a deal was made, Buck would suggest that they might as well butcher off in the timber, or in a ravine, to keep the offal from drawing flies. This disposed of the give-away branded hide. Like an Indian, the Mexicans didn't leave much waste when butchering a cow critter.

As he and Arnold gradually drifted west in what amounted to hiding, they sold every section house along the Santa Fe and also to a large number of desert dwellers. Towards the end, they kept a weather eye out for trouble. Information about them might have leaked. However, he had selected his customers shrewdly. They had no wide acquaintance and thus few people to gossip with. In turn they also disposed of beef to friends in towns along the railroad. This helped the rustlers near end of the winter.

Having reached the Colorado River, Buck and Arnold still held cattle under graze. But they had fared well down in the desert country. Yet there remained the problem of disposing of the remnants. Riding back up the line to a section house near Yucca which had been sold to a couple of weeks before, Buck found customers anxious to buy again.

From then on they had it made. Long before reaching Ashfork again they had disposed of the 2,500 head. It took them from late in September, 1905, until March of 1906 to do so, however. The buyers were unaware the steers were stolen and they never saw more than the few brought to them.

The crooked foreman was certainly stewing, being unable to find out where they went and unable to contact Buck. But he had to keep his mouth shut or implicate himself.

The big steal was discovered during the following summer and fall roundup. Territorial Rangers and county lawmen went to work on the case. Nowhere could they find out where Perrin branded cattle had been trailed out or sold. Very wrathful, Dr. Perrin hired a detective agency. It was their operators who, in 1907, uncovered the crooked foreman. Jailed, he confessed to

Hamman's Bar in Jerome, Arizona, frequented by cattle company foremen and rustlers looking for information and deals.

photos courtesy author

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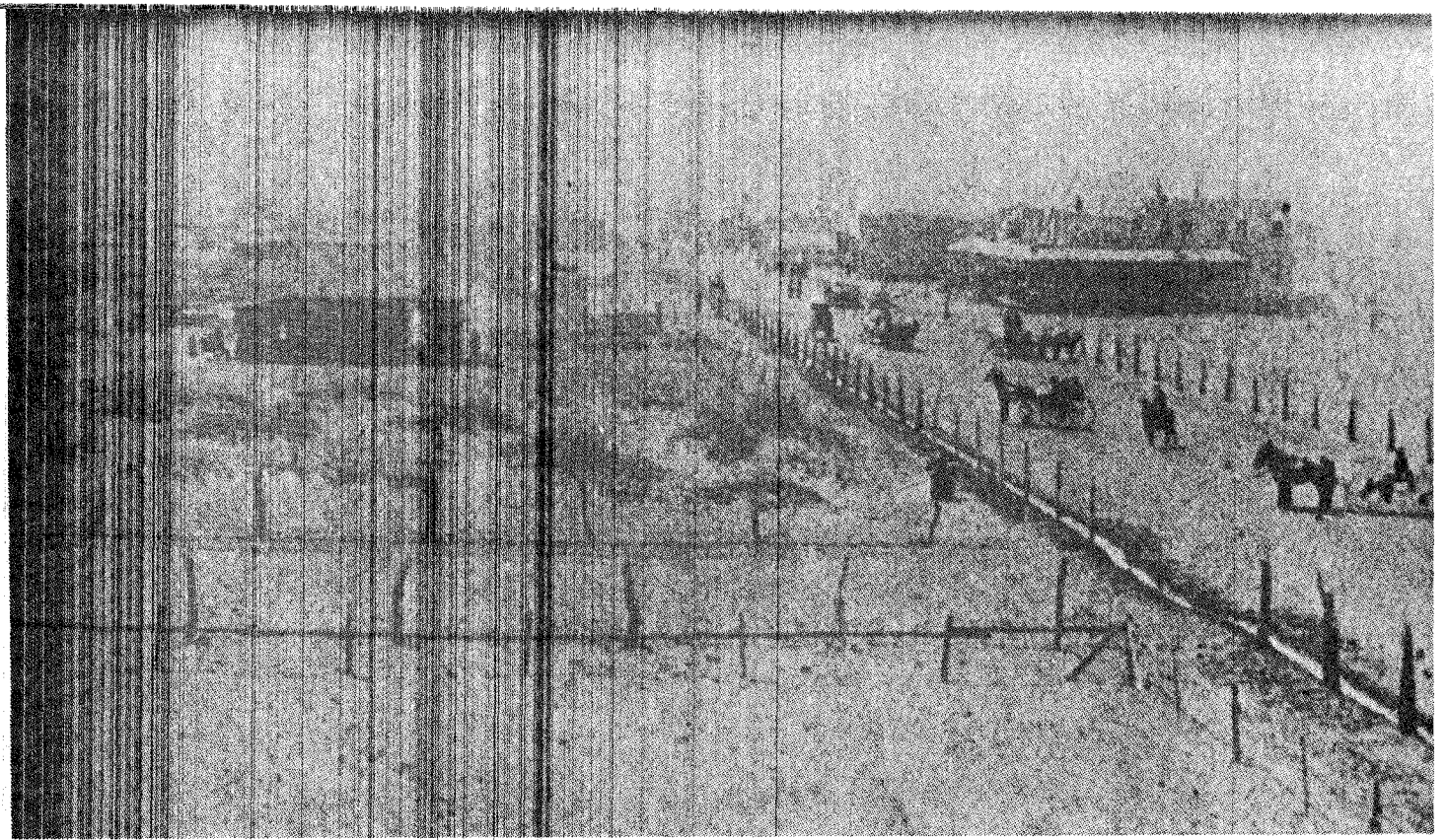

From an old newspaper print

Eddy (now Carlsbad), New Mexico, circa 1890.

stealing some cattle. Nor could he do less, for the slaughter house owners in the mining towns had to show their purchase sheets. That still left 2,5000 head of three-year-old steers unaccounted for.

In an effort to get off with a light sentence the foreman told about Buck's big steal. However, he knew him only by an alias and it was unknown to lawmen.

Meanwhile, Buck and Arnold hid out around Holbrook to the east, rustling Navajo ponies and cattle. When white owners also began missing stock no silly questions were asked. They mounted up their crews and took the trails.

A lobo wolf by nature, Buck insisted on moving camp often. This saved their hides temporarily when one of their old sites was surrounded. Escaping towards New Mexico, they were overtaken on the Zuni River. In a hot hour-long gunfight, starting with six-guns and ending at long range with rifles, Arnold was killed. Fleeing alone, Buck reached sanctuary in Albuquerque.

Resting over only briefly, he rustled for some time in northern New Mexico. Never once suspected as a thief, he did right well but blew his money fast.

When he finally got his come-uppance, wire fences generally marked the settling up country. He failed to change with the times, still employing the same old methods. One day while riding a buckskin horse, which he legally owned, he discovered trackers on his trail. They undoubtedly followed him from where he had pocketed a dozen head that morning.

Heading south in a hard run, the buckskin could hardly walk when he rode in at a ranch where he was known. When he asked for a fresh mount the cowman, who had bought many a stolen critter from him, jerked a thumb at a seven-year-old dun gelding. There wasn't a saddle mark on him.

"Nobody's ever been able to ride that bronc," the supposed friend said. "If you can fork him, he's yours."

Buck didn't have any choice. With the cowman's help, Buck snubbed the brute to a post and saddled. When the gate was thrown open, he forked up and dropped the gunny sack from over the bronco's eyes.

He was a top-notch rider, but the horse jarred him apart and wasn't a hundred yards from the corral on slowing down winded. Getting his breath back Buck jabbed in the spurs and headed the lathered horse yonder.

When Buck stopped the next afternoon at a crossroads store for grub, the local law grabbed him. Not the trackers on his trail, who never caught up. It was the crooked cowman, who charged him with theft of the very horse he had given him!

In due course Buck stood trial and drew three-to-five years in the New Mexico pentitentiary at Santa Fe.

What irony, that for all the years he stole not less than 25,000 head of cattle he made the pentitentiary but once, and that on a trumped-up charge of horse stealing! ●

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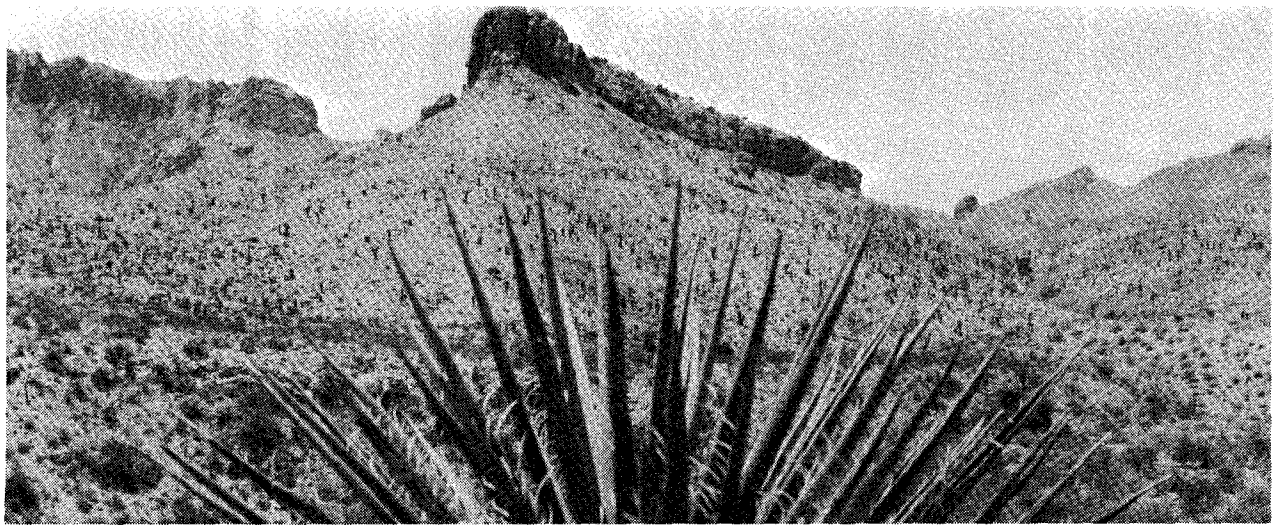
COLONEL SNIVELY'S — LOST

17 MEN IN SEARCH OF WEALTH SURVIVED THE SIEGE FOUND THEIR WAY BACK TO THE HIDDEN TREASURE



Somewhere near towering Eagle Peak, Jacob Snively found a solid ledge of gold so thick that he called it "one of the richest mines on the continent."

by Steve Wilson

Perhaps no where else in the Southwest's history did 17 men hold off 200 wily redskins. It happened on the rolling Staked Plains of southwest Texas. But these were no ordinary men. They were after no ordinary thing. Each was a superb marksman and each was after gold—a solid ledge of it so rich that its finder, Jacob Snively, pronounced it one of the "richest mines on the continent."

Jacob Snively was a man who knew gold when he saw it. He had found his share of the bonanzas in the Southwest. And with a little luck, he would refind one of the richest gold deposits he had ever cast his eyes upon—somewhere in the desolate Sierra Nevada Mountains close to the Rio Grande.

Jacob Snively, called Colonel Snively by his friends, a rank duly won in battle, was now 58 years old. Having a long history of heroism, Snively had migrated to Texas from Pennsylvania in 1835 on the eve of Texas' revolution. Well educated, he was a professional surveyor and civil engineer.

In Nacogdoches, the young adventurer was hired by the Mexican government to survey land grants. During the same month that the Alamo fell, Snively joined the Army of the Republic and in 18 short months rose from the rank of lieutenant to colonel. For the next two years, Colonel Snively served President Sam Houston as Paymaster General, Secretary of War and emissary to the Shawnee and Caddo Indians.

Jacob Snively quickly won himself a reputation as an able soldier, diplomat and leader of men. In January, 1843, he launched a career of adventure and intrigue. In that month he won Sam Houston's permission to capture a rich Mexican caravan traveling from St. Louis to Santa Fe across Texas territory. With 170 men at his command, Jacob Snively's "Battalion of Invincibles" caught some 100 Mexican soldiers on the Santa Fe Trail. Not a single Texan was injured in the skirmish. Had it not been for the United States Dragoons who intervened in the Mexicans' behalf, Snively's raiders might have been successful.

With the news of the first gold strikes in California in 1848, Snively, itching for a stake, made tracks westward. His companion was Colonel Jack Hays, a famous Texas Ranger. Successful as a gold seeker, Snively was fast blazing himself a trail across the pages of history.

As did many others of his intrepid kind, Snively yearned for the mountains beyond. His trail led eastward—to Arizona. Early in 1858, it was Jacob Snively who discovered the rich gold placers on the Gila River some 18 miles upstream from Fort Yuma. He founded Gila City, Arizona's first gold camp.

Jacob Snively, the bonanza finder, the roughhewn frontiersman, then led a party of men and explored eastward along the Gila. In May, 1860, it was Snively and his men who discovered the gold placers at Pinos Altos, New Mexico. After Snively had taken out $10,000 in gold nuggets near the headwaters of the Gila, his trail took him back to Arizona.

Up the Colorado from Fort Yuma, Snively was instrumental in organizing the rich Castle Dome Mining District at La Paz in 1862. The company Snively kept was among the mining greats of his day. Ehrenburg, Wickenburg, Jack Swilling, founder of Phoenix—all bonanza finders and highly respected in Arizona mining circles.

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LEDGE OF GOLD

OF AN INDIAN WAR PARTY 200 STRONG, BUT NEVER OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

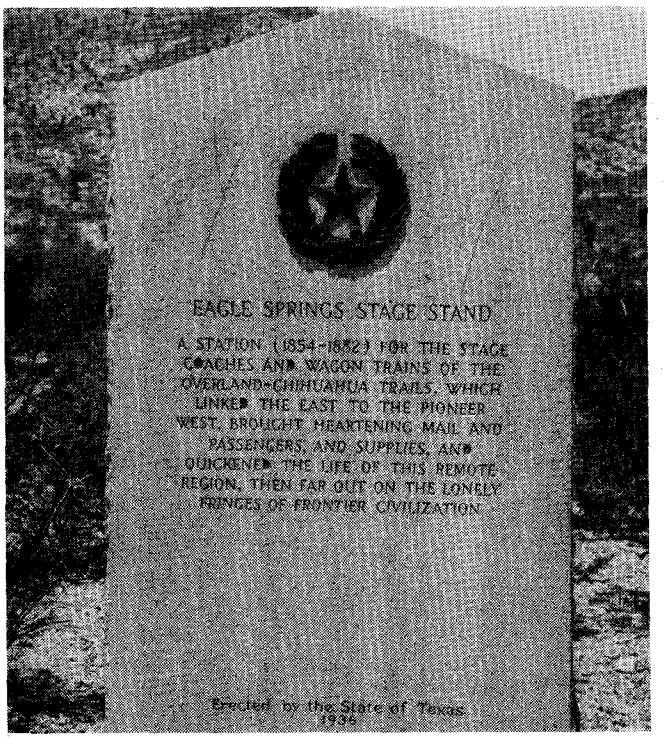
The fall of 1866 found Jacob Snively again traveling east—through the barren, arid wasteland of southwest Texas. His route took him past the rugged, godforsaken Sierra Nevada Mountains close to the Rio Grande and southeast of deserted Fort Quitman.

Somewhere in this Indian infested land, Snively found a dying soldier. His final words concerned gold—gold beyond the wildest of dreams. A deposit that would rank among the richest mines on the continent. Before the soldier was dead, he had told Snively where to find the mine.

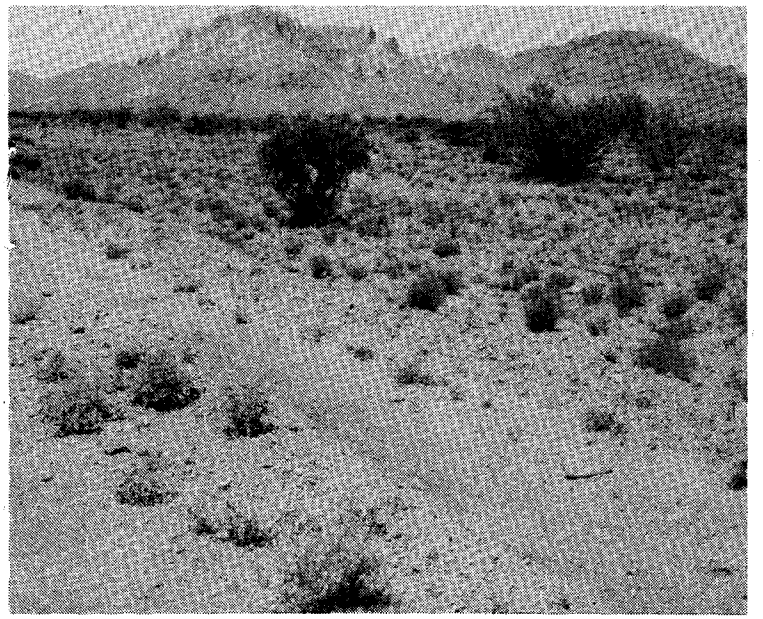
Jacob Snively lost no time in following the soldier's directions into the Sierra Nevada Range south of Eagle Springs where stood an abandoned adobe stage station on the Butterfield Overland Trail. Snively found his mine and into his saddle pockets he stuffed rich specimens of gold-studded quartz. Everything the dying soldier had uttered, Snively confirmed as true. An incredible ledge of gold awaited.

Snively knew only too well that the only way he could claim his mine and work it safely was to have a large band of men—men who could fight and were adept at Indian warfare. Those men he could find in his native Texas.

Snively's first contact was Colonel William Cornelius Dalrymple of Georgetown. Dalrymple himself was a 53-year-old ex-Ranger, soldier, Indian fighter, member of the Constitutional Convention of 1866, a man of influence.


EAGLE SPRINGS STAGE STAND
A STATION (1854-1861) FOR THE STAGE COACHES AND WAGON TRAINS OF THE OVERLAND-CHIHUAHUA TRAILS, WHICH LINKED THE EAST TO THE PIONEER WEST, BROUGHT HEARTENING MAIL AND PASSENGERS AND SUPPLIES, AND QUICKENED THE LIFE OF THIS REMOTE REGION, THEN FAR OUT ON THE LONELY FRINGES OF FRONTIER CIVILIZATION
Erected by the State of Texas 1936

This historical marker stands near the camp used by the gold seekers more than 100 years ago.



The desolate Sierra Nevada Mountains in southwest Texas hold the secret to Snively's lost bonanza.

Snively's plan called for a company of 30 or 40 men. To those men who would remain faithful in the arduous expedition, Snively would give an equal share in the gold which he had found in "inexhaustible quantities."

Colonel Dalrymple was game, but argued that just ten other men of his own selection would be enough to take on any hostile Indians they might encounter. And, too, a smaller number of men would afford each a greater share in the mine. Snively, all too familiar with the grave danger of savages in the mountains, was hesitant, but respected the judgment of his old friend.

Next to be brought into the party was another on the roster of great frontiersmen. Trapper, Indian fighter, mountainman, Mose Carson, older brother of the celebrated Kit. From Missouri to the Pacific, "Big Mose" had explored the uncharted wilderness. Standing six feet one inch and weighing over 200 pounds, he had been a member of the Mier expedition in 1842 and escaped death at Salado by drawing a white bean. Mose Carson was now 75 years old, but eager for one last expedition into hostile, unexplored country.

Colonel Dalrymple chose nine other men, each a superb marksman, proven frontiersman or ex-soldier. On that roster

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of notables were Abe Hunter, Malcolm Hunter, Warren Hunter, Tom Holly, John Cohen, Tom Jones, Temp Robinson, W.H. "Bud" Robinson and A. Whitehurst. Later, five others would join the expedition.

Each man was required to furnish his own mount, arms, ammunition, food and equipment and carry provisions enough for six months. And each man would share equally in the ownership of one of the richest gold mines the West had to offer.

In January 1867, the original twelve rendezvoused at Camp Colorado in Coleman County. Their destination lay some 350 miles west through a savage, parched land, sparse with water holes and lurking with painted hostiles.

On January 10, the twelve men pulled out trailing a long stream of pack mules. Later they would be joined by five others increasing their pack animals to 126.

After some three or four days out, Snively's party set up a temporary camp on the Concho River. Here, they shot buffalo and cured as much meat as they could carry. While camped at the mouth of Kiowa Creek, five men from San Saba rode in.

Three were Dr. McReynolds, John Murry and one Greenwood. Each man wanted to join ranks with Snively. After some parleying on whether to accept them, the other twelve agreed to let them join up, as each man was good with a gun and already had buffalo meat cured.

After two days in camp, the sun burnt horsemen mounted up. It was February 3 and the sun had just risen. With mules heavily packed with buffalo meat, the bearded adventurers pointed their animals toward the head of the Concho only ten miles beyond. Seventeen strong, their 126 pack animals trailed behind.

Jacob Snively and his gold hunters kept a sharp eye for Indian signs and led farther across the scorched plains. Following the abandoned, grassed-over stage road, Snively led his men up the North Concho past what is now Sterling City. After a few miles their trail crossed the path of horses' tracks. Tom Jones and Bud Robinson inspected the telltale signs closely, following them for some distance. The tracks led northwest in a single file. They were convinced these animals were not riderless.

Dr. McReynolds poked fun at Robinson, saying he was too easily excited and scared by every mustang track in their path.

"All right, Doctor," Robinson retorted. "You'll learn to distinguish the trail of a herd of mustangs from that of a bunch of Comanches before any of us are much older. And if you don't hear the war whoop before sunrise tomorrow, I'll be very much disappointed.

"That trail is fresh and this minute some of the beady-eyed scoundrels may be watching us from one of those peaks in the distance."

The remainder of the day the men kept closer together. Late that evening, they made camp on Kiowa Creek, a tributary of the Concho. Through the night a close guard was kept on the stock.

The following morning the gold seekers remained in camp until the sun was high in the sky, allowing the animals to graze. By 11 o'clock, the campfire was smothered and the long pack train was again on its way.

By some twist of fate, Tom Holly had left his gun in camp. That unintentional gesture would save their lives. While not yet a mile from camp, Holly returned for his weapon.

While rejoining the party, Holly was yet a quarter of a mile away when his fellow travelers were put into swift action by his screams of warning.

Two savages attempted to cut him off from reaching the others. Holly's friend looked back to see two columns of swift-riding Indians racing over a small rise near the camp they had just abandoned. Each column was led by its own chief surging toward Holly and Greenwood at the rear of the pack train.

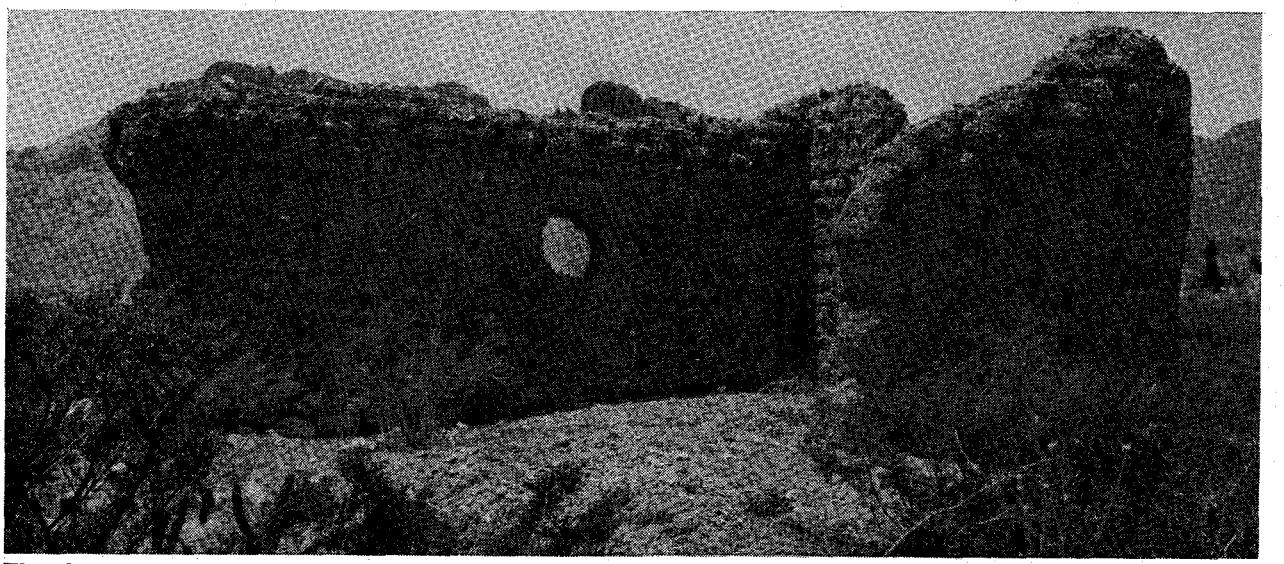
"Boys, we have got to hold our packs and fight!" screamed Colonel Dalrymple. "Fight for our lives! They are coming from every direction!"

Greenwood belabored his mule for all it was worth with his heavy breech-loading rifle. Holly laid the steel ramrod of his Enfield musket on his mule where it did the most good, at the same time kicking and spurring.

The Indians' plan of attack would have been instantly successful had Holly not returned to camp. For had they proceeded a mile farther, they would have been caught helpless on a open plain entirely void of any natural fortifications. Their plans now called for retreat a half mile back to the banks of the Concho.

Tom Jones and Bud Robinson were nearest to Holly and Greenwood. These quick-thinking ex-Confederates wheeled their mounts and were soon at the side of their comrades providing protection while they rejoined their own party.

The wily redskins now rallied their forces. No less than 200 mounted warriors were estimated. Half that force were Kiowas, the others Comanches. The veteran soldiers saw that the toughest fight in their lives lay ahead of them. Bud Robinson had fought in 52 battles in the Civil War. In none of those had he been outnumbered twelve to one.



The abandoned Eagle Springs Stage Stand, six miles southwest of present Hot Wells, was part of the original Butterfield Overland Trail.

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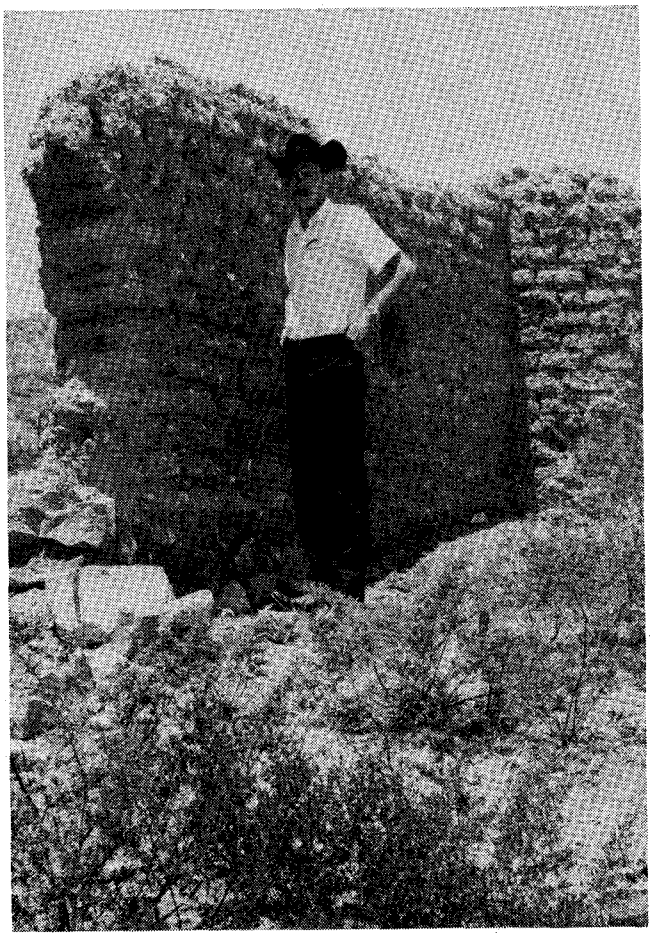
HORSE HEAD CROSSING
ON THE
PECOS RIVER
HERE CROSSED THE UNDATED COMANCHE
TRAIL FROM LLANO ESTACADO TO MEXICO.
IN 1850 JOHN R. BARTLETT WHILE
SURVEYING THE MEXICAN BOUNDARY
FOUND THE CROSSING MARKED BY
SKULLS OF HORSES HENCE THE NAME
"HORSE HEAD". THE SOUTHERN
OVERLAND MAIL (BUTTERFIELD) ROUTE,
ST. LOUIS TO SAN FRANCISCO, 1858-1861,
AND THE ROAD WEST FROM FORT CONCHO
CROSSED HERE. THE GOODNIGHT-LOVING
TRAIL, ESTABLISHED IN 1866 AND TROD
BY TENS OF THOUSANDS OF TEXAS
LONGHORNS, CAME HERE AND TURNED
UP THE EAST BANK OF THE PECOS
FOR FORT SUMNER AND INTO COLORADO
Erected by the State of Texas
1936

Monument marking historical importance of Horsehead Crossing stands 10 miles north of present-day Girvin, Texas.



The author stands at remaining adobe wall of stage station.

The crafty Kiowa chief, riding a fine bay gelding, was decked in all the paraphernalia of warfare. Heavily painted, in one hand he held a long war lance, in the other, a highly decorated shield. Without uttering a word, he motioned his warriors with the waving of a hand, the pointing of his lance or the flourish of his shield. The Comanche chief, astride a find gray mount, was less pretentious in costume.

The Kiowa raced his braves in single file past the 17 gold seekers. Some distance west of the men, he formed his warriors in a hollow square. Simultaneously the Comanche chief led his warriors a short distance to the rear and strung his men out in a long line, obviously to cut the gold seekers off from the Concho a half mile distant.

Jacob Snively and his men saw that their only hope was to make a break for the Concho. Each man was armed with an Enfield or Spencer rifle and carried one or two six-shooters. Fortunately, the gold seekers could reduce their odds with their superior weapons for only four Indians carried rifles and few more possessed pistols.

The Kiowas now began to advance, launching a barrage of arrows at Snively's men. As the redskins closed in, "we began to empty their old saddles," recounted Bud Robinson later.

The Kiowa chief held his warriors in a steady line, employing his shield for protection against the many shots fired at him.

"Shoot that chief!" shouted every man in Snively's party. He seemed invulnerable behind his bullet proof shield and his daring showed it.

For a moment, Jacob Snively, remembering his old tactics in the War for Texas Independence, decided that if he had to die, it would be there on foot. He ordered his men to dismount and fight in a circle.

Colonel Dalrymple, fresh from the Civil War, decided against it. His plans called for different strategy. "Stay on your horses boys!" he yelled. "Draw your pistols and we'll charge 'em!"

With a wild rebel yell, Colonel Dalrymple surged into the redskins, shooting for all he was worth. Saddles began to empty in his path as the Kiowas broke their line of resistance.

During that bold dash for freedom, Tom Jones' horse was killed under him and Jones tumbled headlong onto the prairie. While he was down, a savage raced his mount toward him with his lance aimed at Jones' chest. Jones jumped onto his feet, seized the Indian's bridle reins, shot him, and mounted the warrior's horse.

When the Comanches saw their allies' line of resistance crushed, they abandoned their attempt to seize the pack animals and joined forces with the Kiowas. The stock was scattering and Colonel Dalrymple ordered Bud Robinson and brother Temp to round them up and herd them to the river.

Turning to his men, the colonel cried: "Boys, the scoundrels ain't whipped yet. We'll have to go right in among them again. The pick of the herd and one hundred dollars in gold to the man that gets the chief!"

Colonel Dalrymple led the charge himself headlong into the Indians with the dogged determination becoming an old Confederate cavalryman. In the hand-to-hand combat, several of their horses were killed and more than half the men were wounded. The wily chief went unscathed, but one bullet brought down his horse.

(Continued on page 50)

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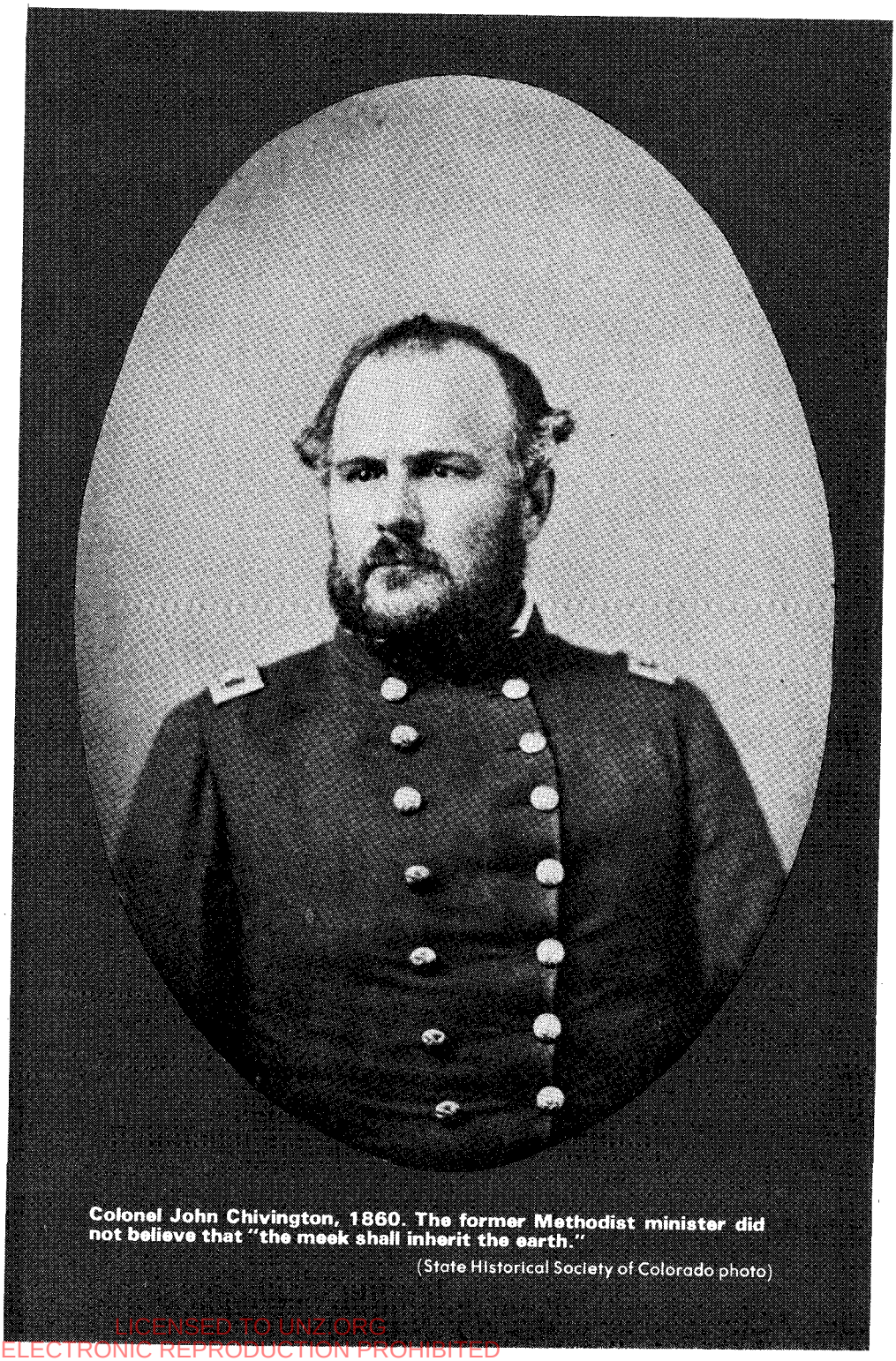
MASSACRE AT SAND CREEK

"Take no prisoners!" was the bloodthirsty Colonel's order as his riffraff regiment attacked the peaceful Cheyenne encampment of sleeping men, women and children...

by Budington Swanson



Colonel John Chivington, 1860. The former Methodist minister did not believe that "the meek shall inherit the earth."
(State Historical Society of Colorado photo)

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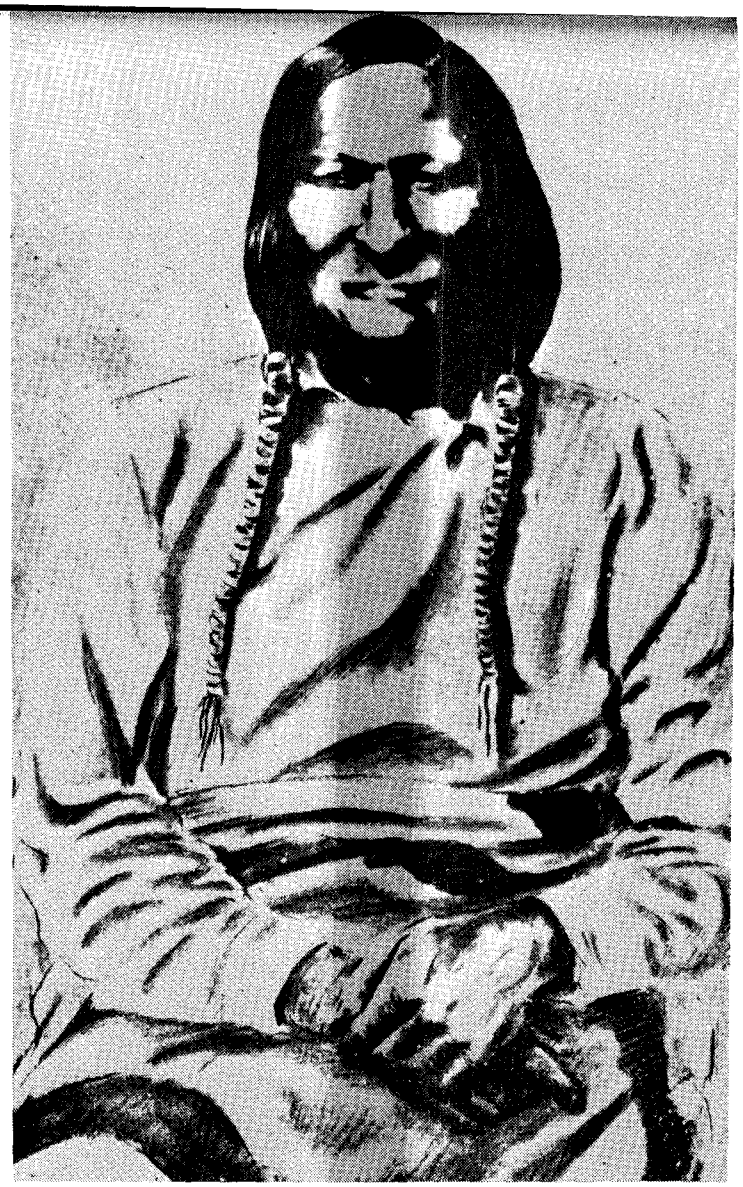
(Illustration by John Metcalf from "Conquest of the Southern Plains.")



Cheyenne Chief Black Kettle . . . "What good is a piece of paper if your people starve?"

Chief Lean Bear left Black Kettle and the band of Cheyennes on the grassy knoll and rode out alone to meet the troop. Lieutenant Eayre shouted twice at the undisciplined Colorado Volunteers before the column halted. He dismounted and waited at his horse's head.

Lean Bear's spotted pony came at an easy canter across the swale, belly-deep with wild timothy, and leaped the intervening dry wash. The Indian's bronze body, naked to the waist, glistened under the hot Kansas sun. With a graceful bound, he left his pony's back and waddled forward with outstretched hand.

Lieutenant Eayre condescended to shake hands. Lean Bear grinned openly and fumbled in the pocket of his fringed buckskin trousers.

"Been to Washington," he grunted. "Talk to Great White Father—Lincoln Abraham."

Lean Bear tossed a shiny medallion into the air with his right hand. The bright sunlight caught it in a flash of brilliance. On its downward flight, he snatched it with his left hand. The act was more than a display of ambidexterity; it was Lean Bear's way of impressing the white man that he also possessed other tricks which he could reveal should the occasion arise.

"Give this to Lean Bear," the Cheyenne leader declared proudly. "Good luck. Lincoln Abraham—he say be friendly to white man. Lean Bear give his word. Tired of war, anyhow. Want peace."

Lieutenant Eayre slapped the loose bridle reins against his dusty boot in slow anger.

"You want peace in winter when food is scarce, you mean. Then you live on the reservation. When the weather opens up, it's a different story."

"Want peace," Lean Bear insisted, and tossed the talisman again.

"Been anything but *that* around here from what I hear," said Lieutenant Eayre crisply.

A mounted trooper cursed, and jerked his carbine to his shoulder. The gun spat and belched a streak of black smoke. The shot rolled up to Black Kettle and his waiting braves. Lean Bear's toothy grin left his face, and his eyes rolled back in his head. His body hit with a heavy thud, raising a puff of dust. His fingers released their clutch on the medallion, and it rolled away in the dry grass.

"You damned fool!" Lieutenant Eayre swore, swinging his leg over the cantle. "Can't you see Black Kettle's up there?"

Black Kettle, however, was sincere in his overture for peace, and now he tried to restrain his young warriors. Some of them had been under Lean Bear's command. All of them had tested themselves in battle, and bore the scars to prove it. Peace was for old men. Their bellies were full, and the lust for war ran in their veins. They shrieked their tribal war cry, and rode off the knoll.

Fort Larned, Kansas, was fifteen miles away. To get there, the troop ran a gantlet of death. It was a running fight for life; of turning in the saddle and shooting back; of seeing a buck spill off his horse just as an arrow whispered overhead; of a relentless foe unknown to the feel of fear; of riderless ponies and pounding hoofbeats; of bleeding saddle sores and nervous sweat, and the final retch of shock behind the safe walls of Fort Larned.

Beyond the forts, there was no safety. Indian war parties harassed the frontier on a 400 mile front. Settlers and wagon trains and ranches were attacked and lives were constantly in peril. Bands of Cheyenne, Arapaho, Kiowa, and Commanche rode and raided.

Conditions had grown steadily worse since federal troops had been withdrawn at the beginning of the Civil War. It was hoped that a treaty signed at Fort Lyon in Colorado Territory, with the Cheyenne and Arapaho nations, would alleviate the trouble. The Indians gave up all lands east of the Rockies between the Arkansas and Platte Rivers for the sum of $450,000, which was to be paid in five yearly installments.

However, the government reneged on its part of the bargain and failed to fulfill the terms of the treaty. Bitter feeling and starvation among the Indians resulted. The marauding forays continued. In the ensuing skirmishes which followed a white officer was killed, and in retaliation Lean Bear was slain.

Black Kettle, the great Cheyenne chief, was sincere in his desire for peace, but it was difficult to keep his young men under control because of the increasing hostilities around them. After the killing of Lean Bear, Black Kettle appealed to Colonel William Bent for advice.

Bent was a veteran Indian trader of the Southwest. He had built Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River, and had lived among the Indians for 35 years. Moreover, he was married to a Cheyenne woman and carried considerable influence in the tribe. He agreed to ride to nearby Fort Lyon, and palaver with the white officers.

At the fort, Bent talked to Colonel John Chivington,

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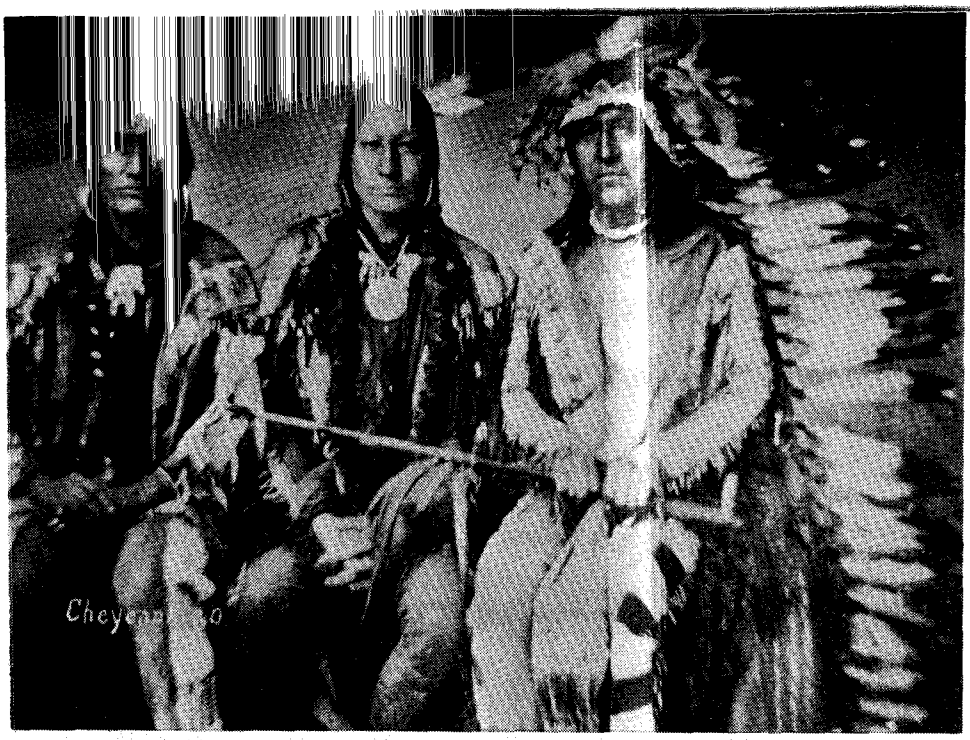


Chief White Antelope at left, died with his people at Sand Creek. Other Cheyenne chiefs Man-on-a-cloud, center, and Roman Nose, right, were not involved in the massacre (Smithsonian Institute photo)

commanding the Third Regiment of Colorado Volunteers. Chivington was a former presiding elder of the Rocky Mountain District of the Kansas-Nebraska Methodist Conference. His rise had been sensational in the army and he had long since forgotten the Ten Commandments. He was out to make a name for himself, and he received Bent arrogantly.

"S'pose you heard Lean Bear was killed," the old trader began.

Chivington snorted.

"Good riddance! One less Indian for me to kill."

"Lucky that lieutenant was near Fort Larned, or they'd all a-lost more 'n the seat o' their britches."

"Young fool!" the colonel retorted. "He should know better than to *run from* redskins."

"We'll all be a-running if something ain't done soon," Bent said coolly. "I been powwowin' with the chiefs on Coon Creek. None of 'em want war. They want to come in an' smoke the pipe."

"I have no authority to make peace," Chivington replied curtly. "I've got orders to carry on a campaign—not smoke the pipe with some ignorant savages."

"There's lots of wagons traveling the Sante Fe to New Mexico," Bent pointed out patiently. "Some of it's government supplies. I don't think there's enough army to protect the trail. So far we ain't seen any *real* fightin' yet. If the tribes really go on the warpath, all the settlers will suffer."

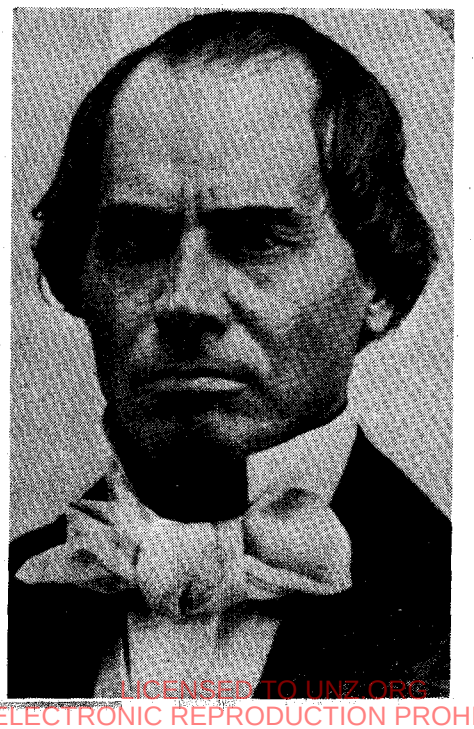
Colonel Chivington kicked back his chair and stalked back and forth, hunched over, with his hands behind his back. He stopped suddenly and whirled on Bent, his eyes cold as ice.

"I told you I'm on an expedition," he flared angrily. "A campaign—*a crusade to kill*—to wipe out all Indians along the border."

Bent saw that Chivington was a fanatic on the subject. It seemed useless to argue the cause further, but he did fire a parting shot.

"And what about the settlers," he asked, "the women an' kids that can't help themselves?"

"They will have to take care of themselves," Chivington answered ironically. "I don't believe in the meek inheriting the earth."



Colonel William Bent, founder of Bent's Fort, whose advice to smoke the peace pipe went unheeded by Chivington.

(State Historical Society of Colorado photo)

Bent slammed the door and went home in disgust.

During the summer of 1864, the stages no longer rolled between Denver and Kansas. The Sante Fe Trail was closed. John Evans, Colorado's governor, called on all able-bodied men to shoulder arms. He got a flood of raw recruits. Most men of military age preferred a 100 day hitch in the Colorado Volunteers to being drafted for fighting the Confederacy.

Meanwhile, Major Wynkoop, commandant at Fort Lyon, persuaded Black Kettle and White Antelope and a delegation of other Cheyenne chiefs to talk with Governor Evans and Colonel Chivington at Denver. White Antelope was reluctant to attend the meeting, but finally consented when told he might be able to exchange white prisoners for Indian captives held in Denver.

As the parley got under way, there was a great deal of bickering and misunderstanding on both sides. Governor Evans talked at length with Black Kettle, feeling he was the most influential of the tribesmen present. When White Antelope tried to speak, he was brushed aside.

"This raiding of our settlements has got to stop," the governor told Black Kettle.

"My people do not raid. We are friendly. The hostiles make war."

"That's a lie!" Chivington shouted, his face flushed with anger.

"What about the Fort Lyon treaty?" Governor Evans asked. "Why did you not keep your word?"

"Why did *you* not keep your word?" Black Kettle countered softly. "What good is a piece of paper if your people starve?"

Colonel Chivington began to pace back and forth with swift, impatient movements.

"You shouldn't have signed the treaty if you didn't intend to keep it," he lashed the redmen with his stinging tongue. "You can't trust an Indian—I don't care if it's a Cheyenne or a Comanche."

It pleased him to see the tribal leaders wince as he mentioned their honored name in the same breath with their ancient enemy.

White Antelope thought it was time, and he shuffled forward for an audience with the governor.

"Well, what do you want?" Evans blurted in an exasperated tone.

"Want to exchange prisoners," White Antelope muttered.

"Oh, good Lord!" the governor exploded. "We're not getting *anywhere*. I'm turning this over to you, Colonel."

"Yes, sir," Chivington said—and he smiled.

continued on page 54

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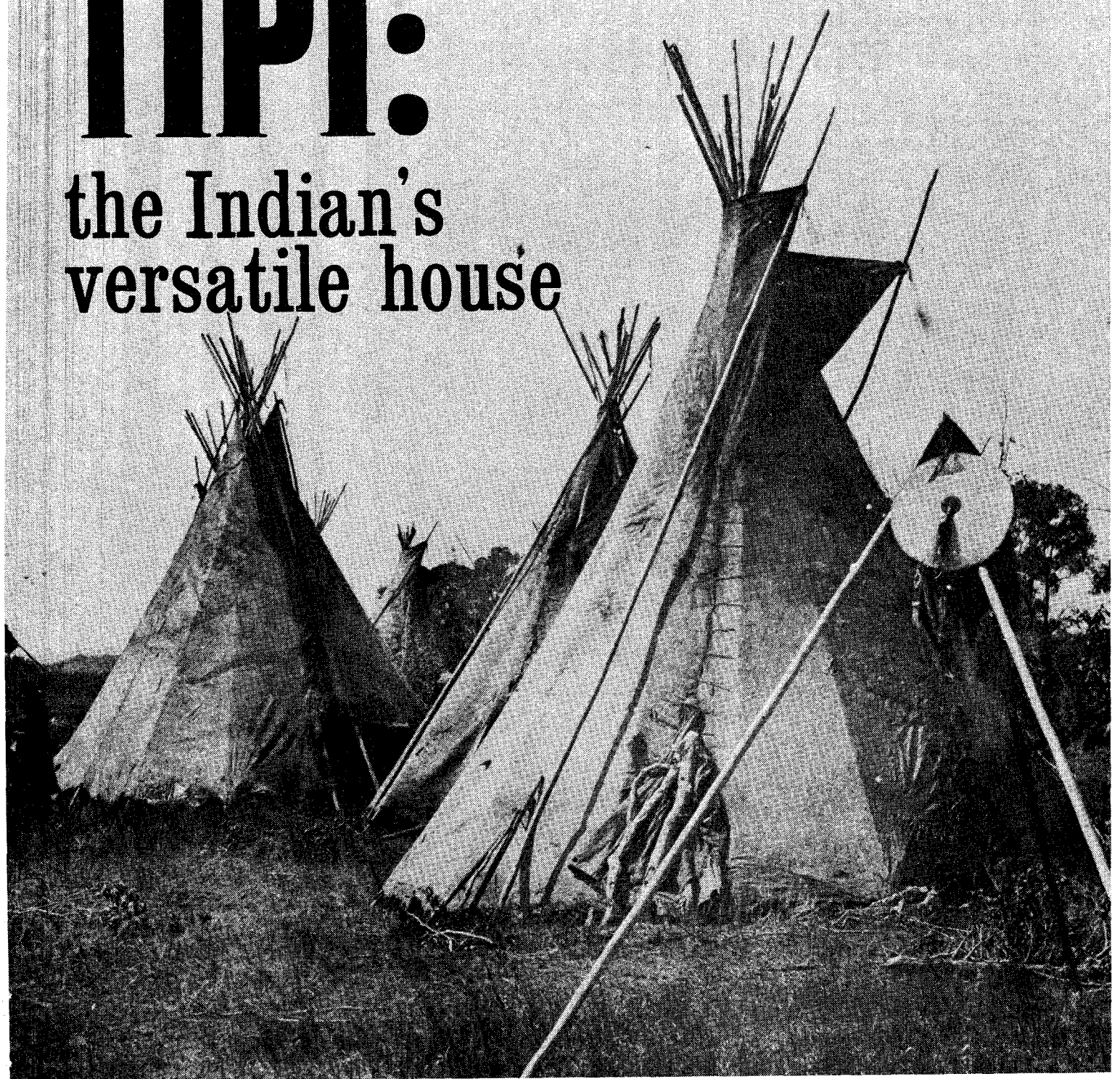
TIPI: the Indian's versatile house

The original mobile home served the roaming Plains Indians well—and here's why!



Nez Perce encampment of "skin lodges" with warrior's shield marking entrance to his home.

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and when the temperature dropped, he would be warm in his tipi, sitting next to a glowing fire. With what other tent could he build a fire inside? He knew that when they reached the desert, he would be comfortable in the spaciousness of his well ventilated conical dwelling.

Among the three most widely accepted contributions of the Indian to "Western Civilization" are moccasins, snowshoes, and tipis. Of these, the tipi most represents the ingenuity and skill for which the American Indian is known.

Though there is evidence that people living around the Arctic Circle in historic times used a tipi, their dwellings were nothing more than smoke filled enclosures, mildewed and hot in summer, smoky and poorly ventilated in winter. These dwellings lacked two features found only in the conical dwellings of the American Indians: First, these tipis were true cones, while those of the American Indians are not. Second, these tipis had the smoke hole located at the apex of the cone, while the smoke hole on an American Indian's tipi is situated on the longest side and extends some distance down that side.

It is these two features which characterize and distinguish the American Indian's tipi.

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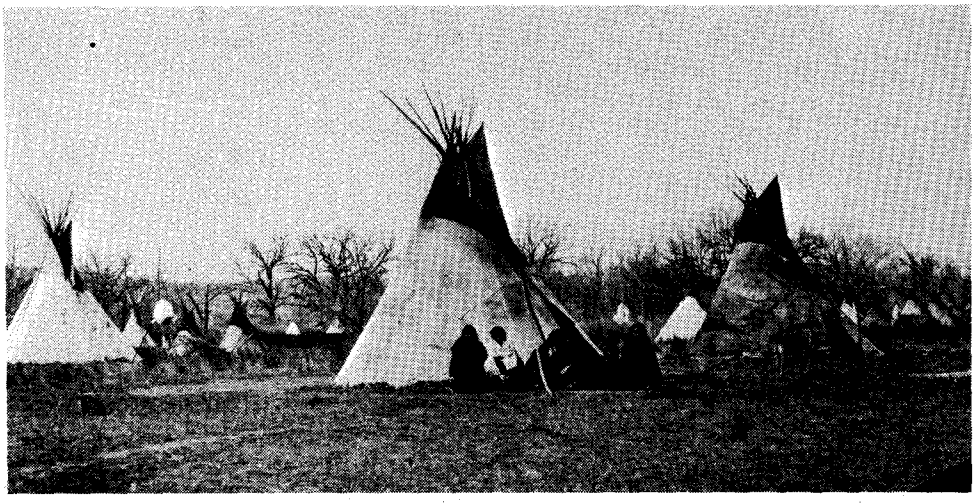

Comanche winter camp, 1867. Note smoke vents, flaps, and uniformity of structures.

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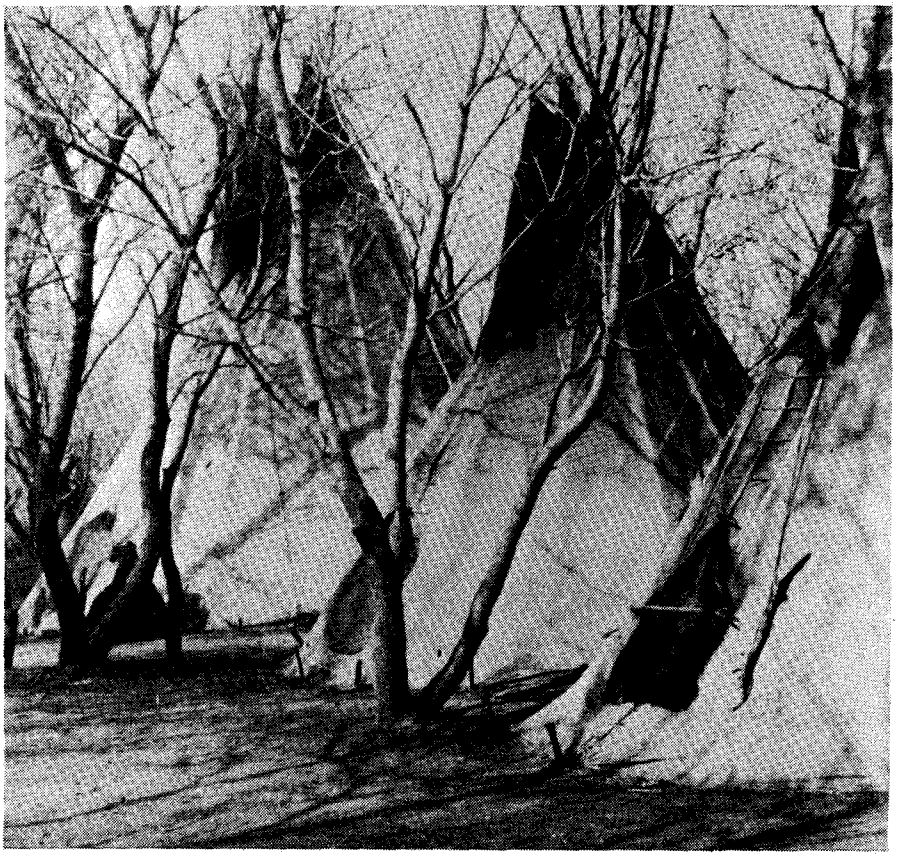

Sitting Bull's camp at Fort Randall shows careful lacing of hide-covered entrances.

Recorded history of the "American" tipi goes as far back as 1500 when Francisco Vasquez de Coronado came to this country in his search for the famed Lost City. In his notes he commented that the tents of the Indians were "tall" and "beautiful."

The first written account of the tipi comes from Maj. Stephen H. Long, on expedition in 1819:

"Movable Skin Lodges of Kaskaias: When pitched, the skin lodge is of a high conical form; they are comfortable; effectually excluding the rain, and in cold weather a fire is kindled in the centre, the smoke of which passes off through the aperture in the top; on the side of this aperture is a small triangular wing of skin, which serves for cover in rainy weather, and during the rigors of winter to regulate the ascent of smoke

"The poles, which are six or eight to each lodge, are from twenty to thirty feet in length and are dragged constantly about in all their movements. . . When they halt to encamp, the women immediately set up the poles, four of them being tied together by the smaller ends; (Author's note: Photographs taken in the late nineteenth century show Kiowa-Apache tipis using three instead of four poles for the foundation. This may have come about through intermarriage with the Kiowas.) the larger ends, resting on the ground, are placed so far apart as to include as much space as the covering will surround. The remaining poles are added to strengthen the work and give it a circular form.

"The covering is then made fast by one corner to the end of the last pole, which is to be raised, by which means it is spread upon the frame with little difficulty. The structure, when completed, is in the form of a sharp cone. At the summit is a small opening, etc., out of which the lodge poles project some distance, crossing each other at the point where the four shortest are tied together. . . The poles, necessary for the construction of these movable dwellings, are not to be found in any part of the country of the Kaskaias, but are purchased from the Indians of Missouri, or others inhabiting territories more plentifully supplied with timber. We are informed by Jijeau, that five of these poles are, among the Bad-Hearts (Kiowa-Apaches), equal in value to a horse."

However, there is an error or two in Major Long's account. He refers to a "sharp cone," while actually the tipis were in the form of a tilted cone. And he says the smoke hole is on the "summit," while it really is slightly to the side of the summit. Unfortunately, it was not until the advent of photography in the mid 1800's that truly accurate records of tipis were obtained.

It is most difficult to pinpoint the

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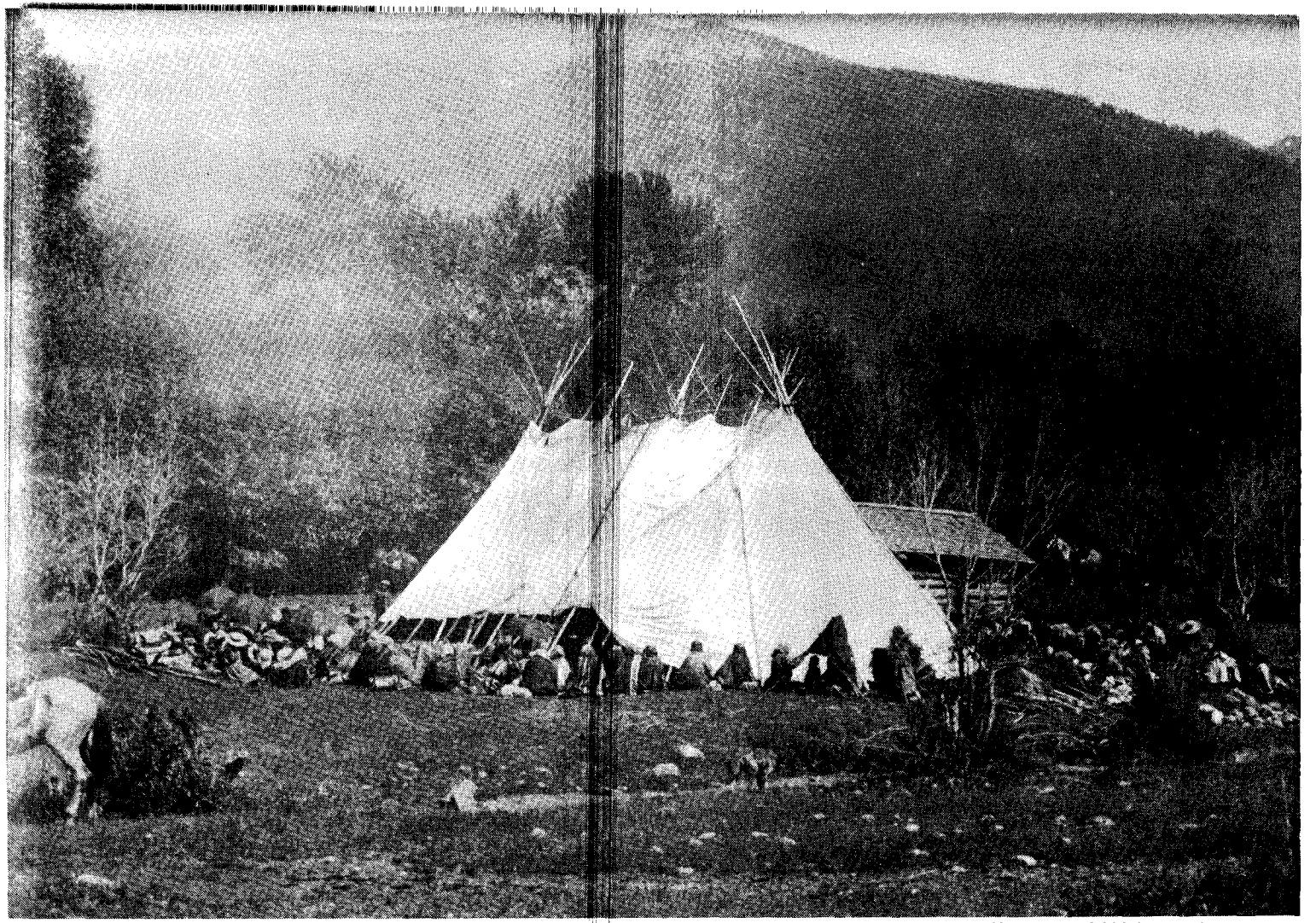

Burial Feast held around lodge tipi on Flathead Reservation 1905. University of Oklahoma Library

tipi's origin. There is so much fusion of Indian culture as a result of intermixing of the Plains Tribes, which occurred in the late 1700's, that it is difficult to decide which tribe had the leaning, conical dwelling first.

Among the Plains Indians there were essentially two types of tipis: those employing three foundation poles and those employing four foundation poles. The three-pole tipi is stronger for two reasons: first a triangular base is stronger than one employing four poles; and secondly, with a three-pole tipi the poles are bound together at the top whereas the four-pole tipi is not.

Tribes using the three-pole tipi included the Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Assiniboines, Kiowa, Gros Ventres of the Prairie, Plains-Cree, Mandans, Arikaras, Pawnees, and Omahas. Of these groups, the Sioux furnish the most representative example of the three-pole tipi.

The word "tipi" comes from Sioux. It is formed from the Sioux word "ti" meaning to dwell or live, and "pi" meaning used for; thus the word tipi means "used to live in."

There were various sizes of tipi used by the Sioux. When they wished to travel fast, as when following buffalo, they used small lodges, generally about twelve feet in diameter. However, for a permanent camp they employed lodges with a twenty-three to thirty foot diameter. (Such tipis require poles twenty-seven to forty feet long.)

When the tipi was pitched, the three heaviest poles were selected for the tripod. Another heavy pole was set aside to be used for the lifting pole—the pole to which the cover was attached. While the poles were lying on the ground, they were tied together. The two used to form the back were placed side-by-side, while the pole used on the front was placed across the other two.

At the point of intersection the poles were tied. Then, when they were raised, the front pole rested in a crotch made by the two back poles. The remaining poles—usually about fifteen—were placed among the foundation poles, with a third of the poles going roughly in each section. When the poles were all in place, they were secured at the intersection with rope or rawhide.

Four turns of rope were used, this number of turns having a sacred or lucky meaning. The free end of the rope sometimes was used to brace the tipi if a high wind was expected, but otherwise it was wrapped around one of the poles.

Next, the lifting pole with the cover on it was raised into place. The fit of the cover on the frame was dependent upon whether or not the cover was tied properly to the lifting pole.

After the cover was pulled into place, the smoke flap was secured. For this two poles were used, each coming from behind the tipi to the smoke flap.

The type of door used on a tipi varied widely from one family to another. They were usually made from some sort of hide or an old blanket. Quite frequently the door was decorated with a design which had special significance for the Indian.

Another important feature of the Indian tipi was the use of a lining. The lining served to aid ventilation and at the same time provided a type of insulation.

The lining was attached to the inside of the tipi and generally extended about half way to the top. The lining allowed the warm air rising in the tipi to draw cold air from the outside between the lining and the cover. This gave the tipi ventilation unmatched in tent

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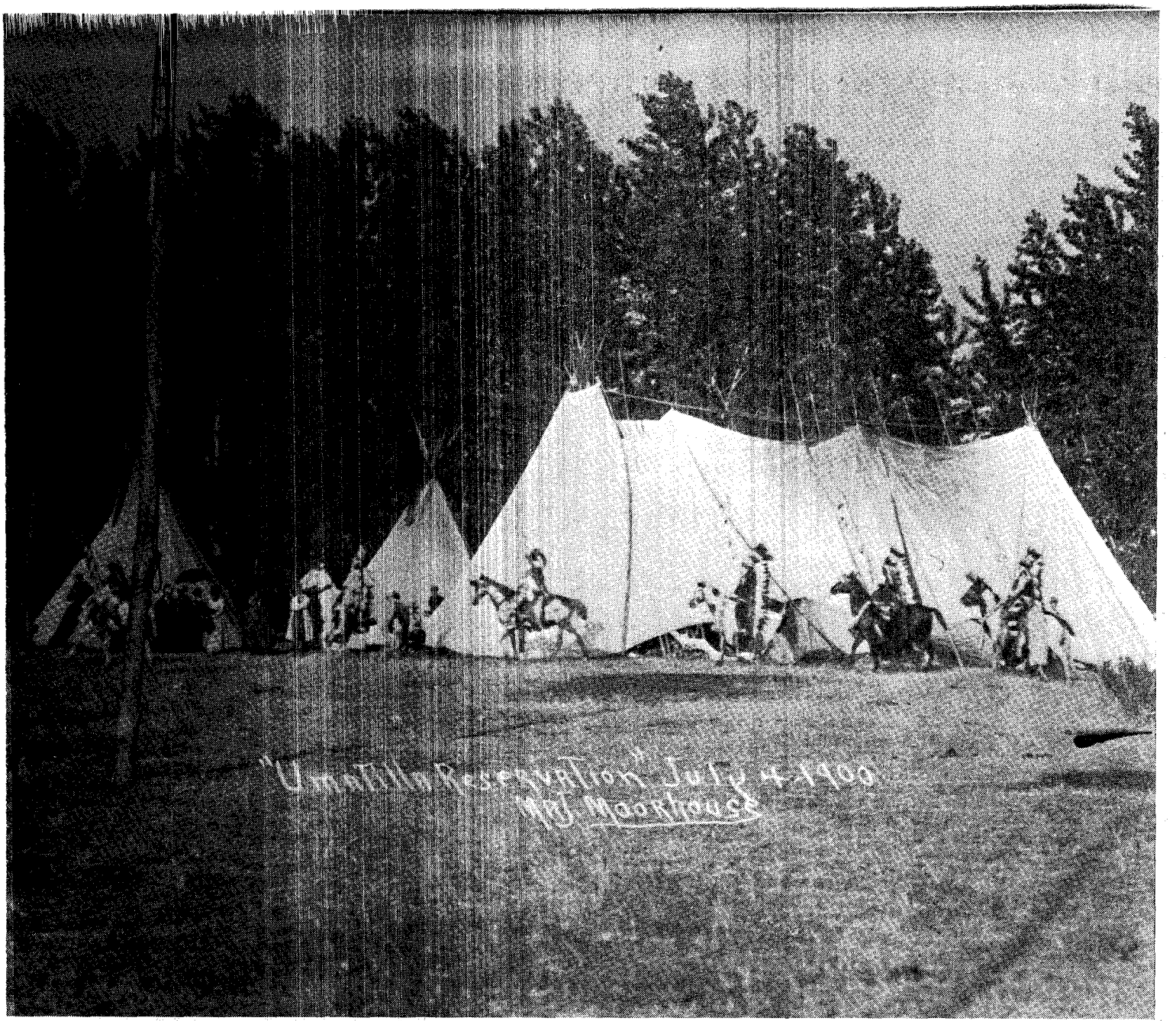

War-bonneted chiefs parade past council lodge on Umatilla Reservation, July 4, 1900. American observers in background.

dwellings.

Equally important was the lining's function as an aid to security and privacy. When the lining was used, it prevented casting of shadows on the covering as a result of a bright fire on the inside.

Ordinarily, the lining was decorated by a special group of Indians within the tribe. The decoration was nearly always of a symbolic nature, having special significance for each particular family.

When a new tipi was constructed, the owners commonly held a "house warming" similar to those we have today. They gave gifts to respected men within the tribe and asked for their prayers that the dwelling might be free of bad spirits. These "dedications" were usually accompanied with much feasting.

When a couple were married, the bride's family provided them with a new tipi and furnishings. The groom's family provided horses.

Inside the tipi, directly behind the fireplace, was a bare space which the family used as an altar. The area was sometimes prepared in the shape of a square and had all foliage removed until bare earth was left. The Sioux called this a "square of mellowed earth." On the square various grasses and incense were burned.

Just as we have rules of etiquette today, the Indian had a social code in his day. His rules pertaining to the tipi were perhaps somewhat more involved than those we have for our homes. Most rules of tipi etiquette revolved around respect for elders and tribal ranking.

An open door to a tipi meant it was all right to come in—and generally Indians walked in without knocking. But if the door was shut, some sort of noise was made before entering the tipi. Two crossed sticks in front of the tipi meant that either the family was away or that they didn't want company. Rules for seating in the tipi are as varied as different tribes are numerous—but on the whole these rules are based on tribal ranking.

When a young Indian maid received her admirers, she met them at the door of her tipi with her feet inside the dwelling; from the knees up she was outside.

When the Indian made a permanent camp, he usually had several special tipis he included in his encampment. Foremost among these special tipis was the sweat lodge.

The sweat lodge was used by nearly all Indian tribes in this country as far as can be told. The sweat lodge had a ritualistic function in that it allowed

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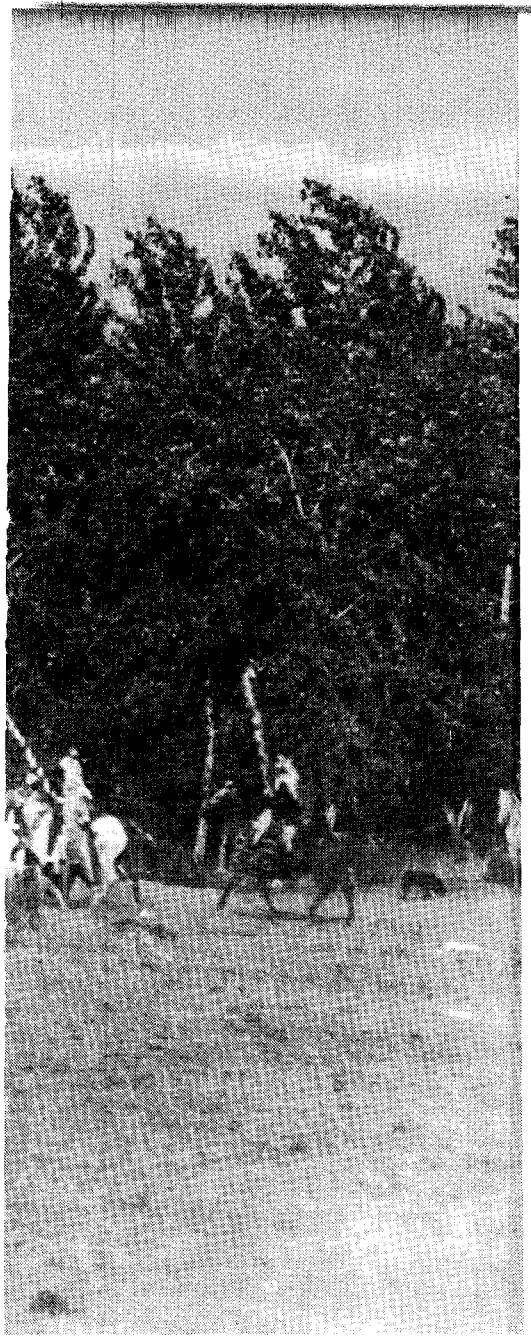

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the Indian to cleanse his spirit.

The sweat lodge was constructed from willow shoots, about twelve to fourteen in number. At the butt end these shoots were as wide as a thumb. They were from eight to ten feet long.

The large end of each shoot was placed in the ground in a circle with the free ends pointing skyward. These free ends were brought together, with opposite shoots being tied. Sometimes bark strips were used to hold the paired branches together. The finished framework was about seven feet in diameter.

For covering, Indians used old hides and in modern times they used canvas. When completed, the sweat lodge would hold four to six people.

A small pit was dug in the center of the lodge to accomodate heated stones from a fire located on the east side of the structure. There is a specific rule for construction of the fire which pays tribute to the sun.

Special stones were used, being selected for their ability to withstand temperature extremes without splitting. In old days the holy man in charge of a sweat-lodge ritual selected four virgins to look for the stones.

When the sweat-lodge ritual is performed, Indian tobacco and sweetgrass are placed in the pit inside the lodge along with the hot stones. The resulting air is quite sweet smelling. After the hot stones are in place, water is poured on them. The temperature in the sweat lodge quickly climbs to 140-170 degrees Fahrenheit. In a few minutes the door is opened and fresh air is allowed to enter. This process is repeated three more times—four in all. Then the participants leave the sweat lodge, rub themselves with sage, and plunge into a river.

Another type of tipi found in the permanent camp was the "play" tipi of children. These were quite small and used large leaves, such as cottonwood, for covering. Once, following the Custer battle, paper money taken from dead soldiers was used by youngsters to make a covering for their play tipis.

Although the chief usually had one of the largest tipis in camp, his was rarely the finest. Since the chief was regarded as father of his people, he was continually called upon to assist others in his community. Consequently, he frequently was left with only the bare necessities for himself.

In most tribes a chief's lodge was distinguished from all others by a horse's tail or a large imitation scalp suspended high above his dwelling by an extra long lifting pole.

There were several other large tipis used by the Plains Indians. Among these were the tipis of the numerous fraternal organizations characteristic of the Plains Indians. These tipis were large and colorfully decorated and occupied prominent places within the inner circle of the camp.

There were also the famous medicine, or painted, tipis. These were owned by a few distinguished members of the tribe and were always destroyed when they wore out. They were said to have brought luck and success to their owners.

Burial lodges were often used by the Plains Indians. These were specially painted tipis in which the dead person, often a renowned warrior, was placed, dressed in full regalia. Such a tipi was usually pitched in a sheltered thicket near a stream.

There can be little doubt that Kit Carson knew what he was talking about when he told Fremont that no other tent dwelling could afford the comfort of a tipi. Carson had lived in many dwellings, and in the tipi of the American Indian he found to be the most comfortable of all. ●

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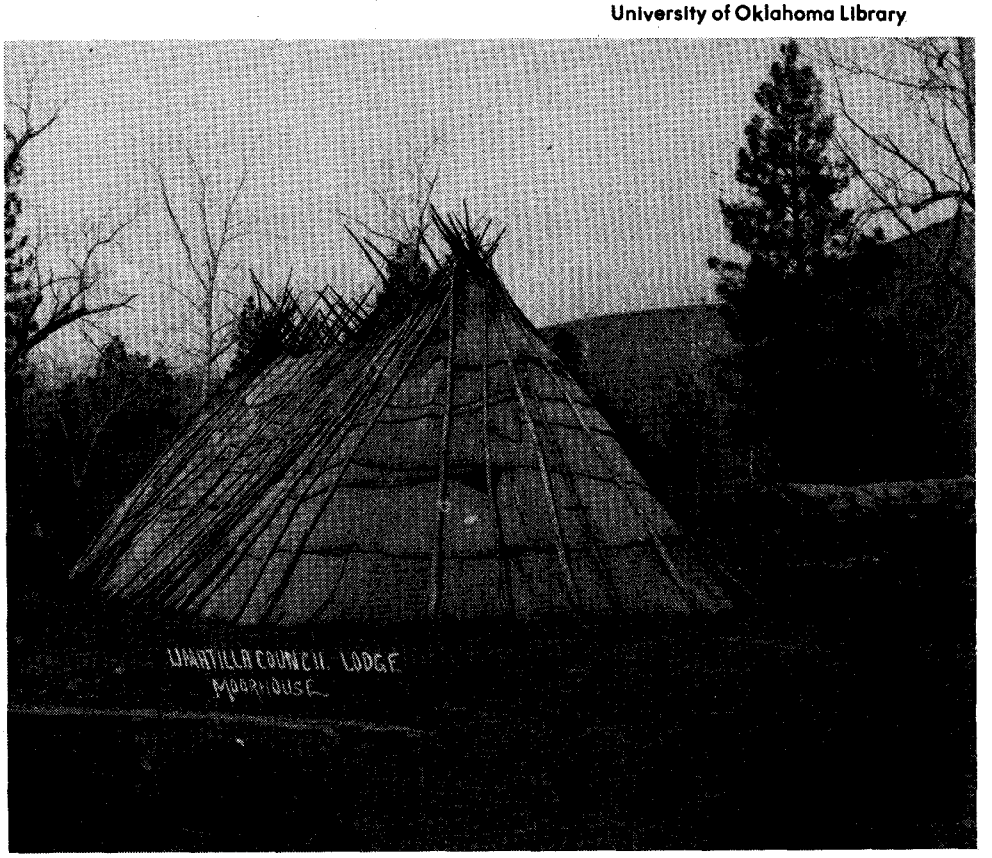

Overlapping skins form Umatilla winter council lodge.

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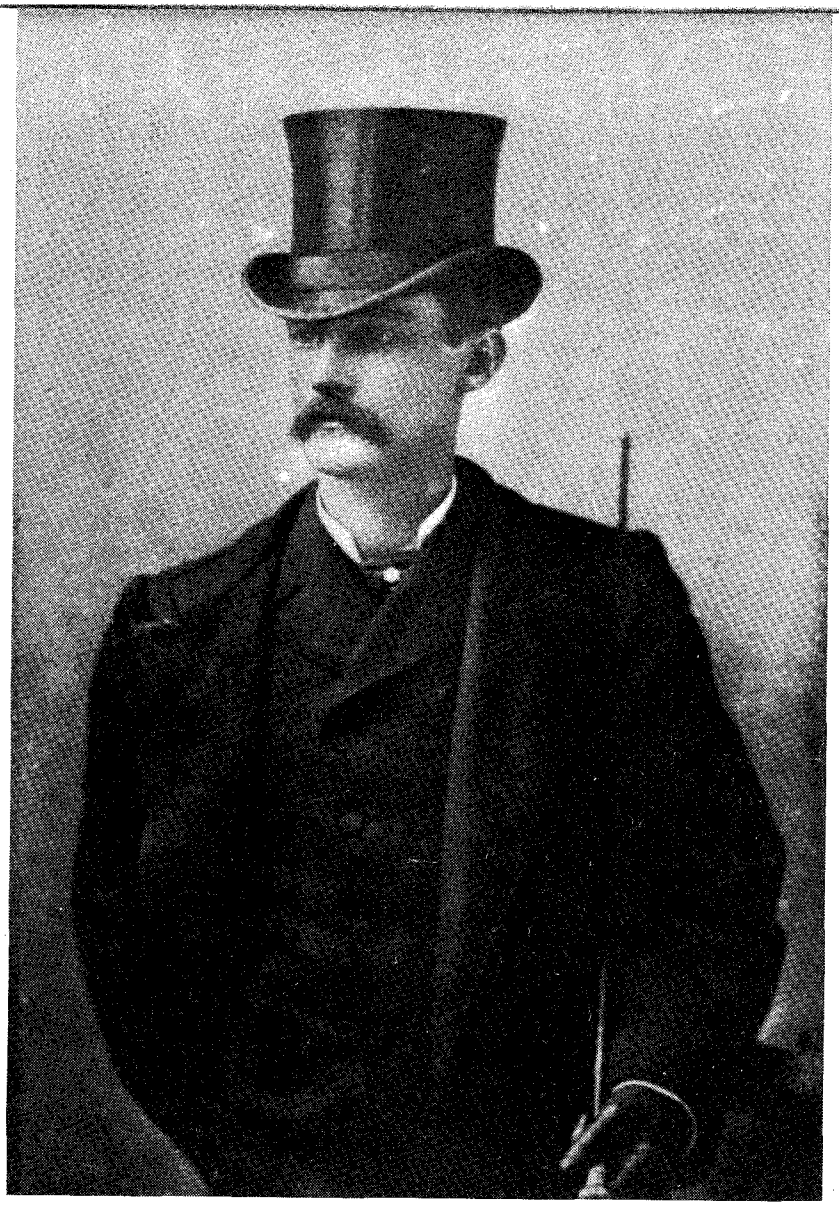

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Luke Short cut a dapper figure as the top gambler in Fort Worth.

LUKE SHORT: GAMBLING GUNMAN

The big little man's career began as a whiskey runner but ended as a master gambler who enforced house rules by dealing instant six-gun justice.

by Robert W. Norman

"You might think Luke always had it this easy, but that ain't the case," Bat Masterson was saying to a well-dressed young man in Fort Worth's most fashionable gambling house, the White Elephant, owned by Luke Short.

Truer words never came from Bat's mouth, for in spite of Luke's elegance and prominence in Fort Worth around 1890, just twenty years earlier he had left his father's ranch in western Texas. Luke took with him a legacy of poverty and illiteracy; he could hardly write his name.

Luke was a small man in build only. He stood roughly five and a half feet and weighed in the neighborhood of 140 pounds. In spite of his size, however, it is interesting to note that he wore a size 7-1/8 hat on his well-rounded head.

On the stark ranch in western Texas, Luke had learned to live like a Spartan, ride like an Indian and shoot with unerring accuracy. But along with his talents which gave him control of the land he covered, he was quick witted—not in the classical sense of learning, but he had a good business head.

So, when he left his father's ranch in the mid '70's, he headed for the Red Cloud Indian Agency in North Dakota. Luke figured he could set up a little business association with the Indians.

Luke established his enterprise, "The Trading Ranch" as he called it, on the northern border of Nebraska, a few miles from the Sioux Reservation. The operation consisted mainly of exchang-

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ing cheap whiskey, called "pine top," for valuable buffalo robes.

Luke's bartering went uninterrupted until the Sioux chiefs found out where their braves were getting the whiskey. The chiefs went to the Indian agent, who in turn went to officials in Washington. This chain of events resulted in a company of cavalry troops' being dispatched to bring the dangerous whiskey runner under control.

When the troops arrived at Luke's "Trading Ranch," they found him complacently tending shop.

In spite of his pleas of innocence and claims that he was being framed, the cavalry troops took him prisoner and started for Sidney, Nebraska, some seventy-five miles away. It was planned that Luke would board the Overland train at Sidney, which would take him to Omaha where he was to stand trial for selling whiskey to the Indians.

All the plans worked as scheduled: Luke was taken to Sidney, was put on the Overland train, but was never seen at Omaha. It turned out that Luke had a partner in his operation whom the cavalry troops had overlooked.

Luke's associate was in Sidney when the troops arrived with Luke in tow. Realizing that something was wrong, Sandy, Luke's partner, stayed out of sight until the train for Omaha arrived. Sensing what was about to happen, he got on the train and hid himself in a baggage compartment. Once the train was under way, he made his presence known to Luke, who was in the custody of a U.S. Marshal.

Luke knew the marshal wasn't aware of Sandy's role. Luke was quick to capitalize on the marshal's ignorance. On the pretense of needing some fresh air, Luke asked if they could step out on a platform at the rear of the coach. The marshal obliged, and so did Sandy.

As soon as they were on the platform, Sandy came out and hit the unsuspecting marshal across the back of his head with a wrench. Luke and Sandy wasted little time in leaving the train. Before nightfall of the same day he had left Sidney, Luke was back in town.

Luke and his partner gathered their supplies and headed for Colorado in a covered wagon drawn by a large span of mules. Luke had heard of the mining boom in Leadville, and had decided to get in on the action.

The two adventurers figured it was best for them to go to Denver, where they could sell their wagon and mules, and buy supplies for the trip to Leadville. When they reached Denver, however, Sandy decided he would go back to his folks' home in Austin. But Luke was still determined to make it to Leadville.

After selling the wagon and mules and dividing the proceeds, Luke headed for Leadville and an unknown fate, while Sandy set out for Austin and the luxury of his parents' prosperous home.

In Leadville, Luke found himself thrown in with wealthy mine buyers and promoters. He became acquainted with the gamblers who had descended on the small boom town when first word of the strike was heard.

It was in the meager but prosperous gambling houses of Leadville that Luke first saw faro dealt, and the game fascinated him. He went on to learn the intricacies of gambling and how to read men's faces.

(It was this crude training and his inherited instincts which equipped him with the talents he would later use to make himself one of the best known gamblers in the West.)

Luke wasn't in town long before he made a name for himself. He was playing cards in one of the tent saloons when another player accused him of cheating.

The dissatisfied card player had a reputation, of dubious origin, which credited him with having killed several men, but that didn't bother Luke a bit. The wiry, little Texan stood his ground, and asked if that wasn't the pot calling the kettle black?

At that remark, the stranger drew his gun. Luke caught the move and shot the gambler dead before the man had even cleared leather. For several days after the shooting, Luke was something of a local hero.

He soon found himself in demand as a good man to run gambling houses. His stalwart character snd amiable personality made him well-suited for the rugged job.

For the next few years, Luke stayed in Leadville where he enjoyed widespread popularity and met most of the

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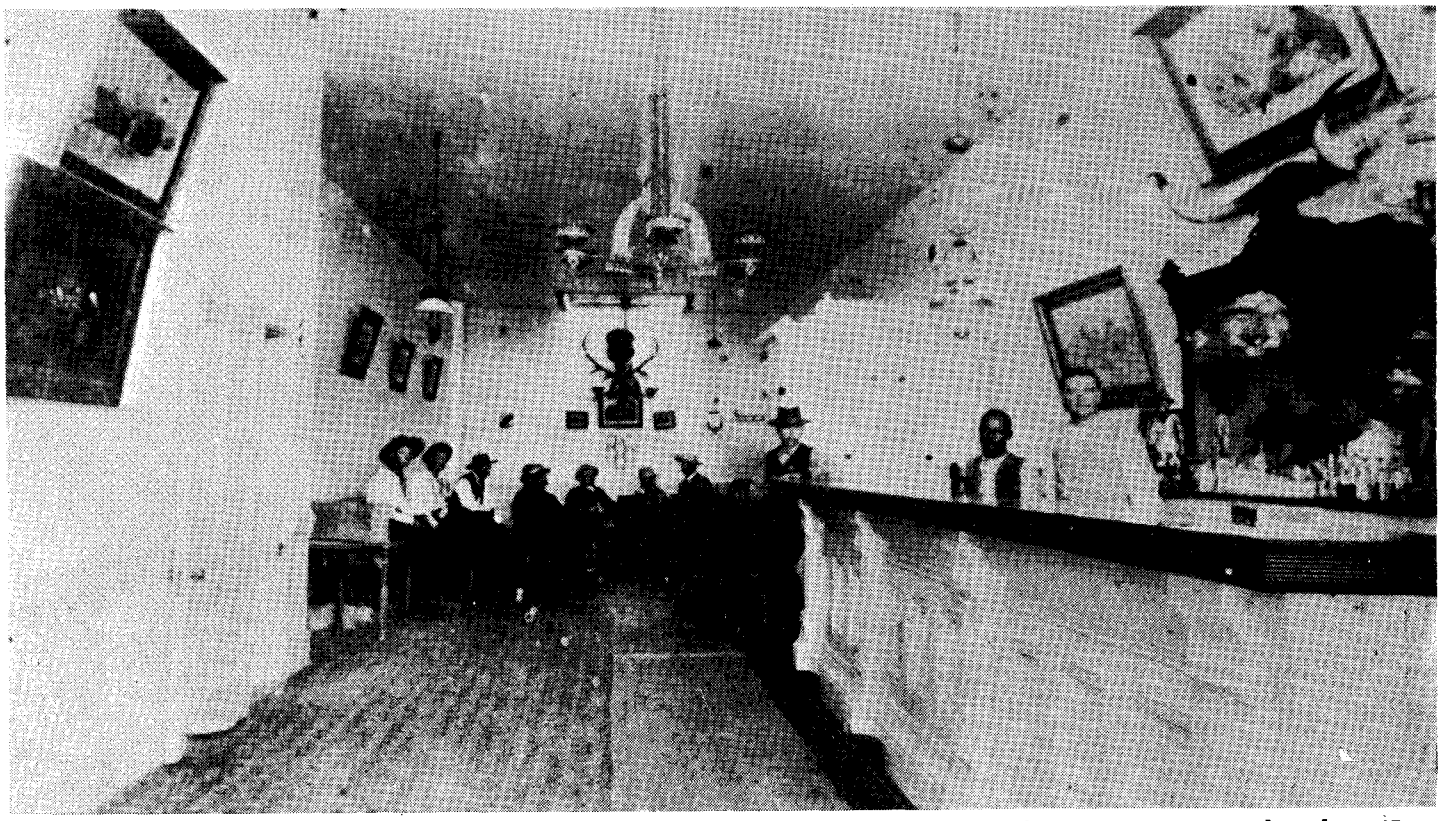

Long Branch Saloon in Dodge City, Kansas, showing gaming tables at rear, where Luke became a partner and made a bundle.

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big gamblers of the day. From his acquaintances, he learned everything there was to know about gambling. When Luke left Leadville in the spring of 1881, he was a truly professional gambler.

From Leadville, Luke left for Tombstone where he went to work at the Oriental, a gambling house managed by Wyatt Earp. At the Oriental, Luke dealt faro—the game which had first attracted him to gambling.

But more important than his job was the relationship that developed between Luke and Earp. During the two years that Luke worked in the Oriental, he and Wyatt developed a friendship and respect for each other that would last for the rest of their lives.

While in Tombstone, Luke had a gunfight with Charlie Storms. Storms, a well-known gambler, was working out of the Oriental. He and Luke were playing stud poker.

They had been playing all night and Storms was losing badly. It was rumored that Storms was down $10,000. When the first streaks of red broke across the eastern horizon, the gamblers were still playing.

The back room where they were playing was filled with spectators, including Earp himself. Then Storms made his play. He accused Luke of dealing with a marked deck.

Even before Luke had time to deny the charge, Storms jumped from his chair, shoving the heavy, wooden table on its edge toward Luke. Luke knew this was no time for a discussion of who was right or wrong. Storms had already decided how they were going to settle the matter.

Luke dodged the table and pulled his pistol. His shot was swift and sure. Within seconds after it started, the gambler lay dead on the floor.

After that, Luke decided it was time for him to move on, so he headed for Dodge City. The spring of 1883 found Luke in Kansas' most notorious city.

At the time, Dodge City was the central shipping point for cattle coming from all over the Southwest, and particularly Texas. As a result of its location, millions of dollars flowed freely in the town.

Cowboys who reached the end of their drives were paid in Dodge. Money freely traded hands as cattle were bought and sold. It might be said that everyone in Dodge City had money—the way it was with so many of the Old West's boom towns.

And just as sure as there was money, there were gambling houses—notably the famous Long Branch.

When Luke reached Dodge, he entered into a partnership with Bill Harris and Chalk Beeson, owners of the Long Branch. For his part of the deal, Luke was to run the saloon for them.

But just as these men realized the amount of money to be made from the cowboys and businessmen, so did a man by the name of Webster, then the Mayor of Dodge. Webster ran a gambling house next door to the Long Branch. Under Luke's talented management, the Long Branch prospered and quickly became the place where tired cowboys and bored businessmen gathered to relax after they finished work. To say that Webster was losing money would have been an understatement.

And Webster wasn't one to sit idle as his business venture went broke. He used his influence as mayor to get an ordinance passed which banned the playing of music in gambling houses.

As far as Luke was concerned (the Long Branch had a band that played nightly), the ordinance was fine with him inasmuch as the band was costing plenty.

But Webster also had a band in his saloon. And on the night after the ordinance had been passed, the band played in Webster's place while the one in the Long Branch had been ousted as a result of the new law.

It was apparent to Luke what had occurred. He conferred with his partners and the band was rehired. The evening went well until Luke stepped out of the saloon for a few minutes.

As soon as Luke left the Long Branch, Webster seized the opportunity to have his men arrest the members of the band. When Luke returned, he found the band gone and Webster in its place. Luke could hear a band playing in Webster's saloon next door.

When Luke asked what was going on, Webster replied that he wasn't aware that anything was going on, but that the sheriff had just been doing his duty by enforcing the town laws. Luke was in a rage.

He left the Long Branch and headed straight for the city jail. On the way, he ran into one of the town's lawmen. The man recognized Luke and took a shot at him. Luke saw the man reaching for his gun, and quickly jumped for an open door. The bullet shattered a post where Luke had been standing when he had first seen the deputy.

Luke took a couple of shots at the man, but the deputy managed to escape. After that, there wasn't much Luke could do but go to Webster and see what it would take to free the band.

Webster said Luke had to post $2,000 bond and that there would probably be a civil fine to pay. When Luke went to the Dodge City Jail the next morning, he found the sheriff and two of his men waiting there.

As soon as Luke posted the $2,000, the three men grabbed him and headed

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Dodge City gunmen pose in 1871 photograph. Top row, from left: Bill Harris, Luke Short, Bat Masterson. Seated, from left: C. Bassett, Wyatt Earp, McNeal and Neal Brown.

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for the train station. At the depot, there were two trains taking on cattle and passengers.

One was headed west and the other east. The sheriff asked Luke which way he wanted to go. Luke replied that he didn't want to go in either direction, but if they insisted, he would take the eastbound train. They insisted.

Luke boarded the train and wound up in Kansas City. As soon as Luke had firm ground beneath his feet, he swirled into action. He wasn't abou to let that crooked mayor get the best of him.

He wired Bat Masterson, his friend from several years earlier, telling him that the Long Branch was in trouble and that its owners needed some help.

Bat had followed the Long Branch's success and had grown to admire Luke, much as a father might respect his son. When Bat heard there was trouble, he left for Kansas City immediately.

While Bat was en route, Luke decided to leave for Topeka to discuss the situation with the governor. The governor was sympathetic, but he didn't want to intervene since Webster had told him the people of Dodge could maintain their own law and order.

However, the governor did assure Luke that state law officers would not interfere with any commotion that Luke decided to create—the old middle of the road politician's stand, thought Luke as he left the governor's office.

"That suits me just fine," said Bat, after Luke explained the governor's promise not to intervene. "Now we'll be free to handle things our way."

"Well, Bat," said Luke, leaning back in his chair in a small Topeka saloon. "I think I'll ride down to Caldwell and see if I can't round up a few of my friends. If this thing breaks out, we want to have plenty of fire power."

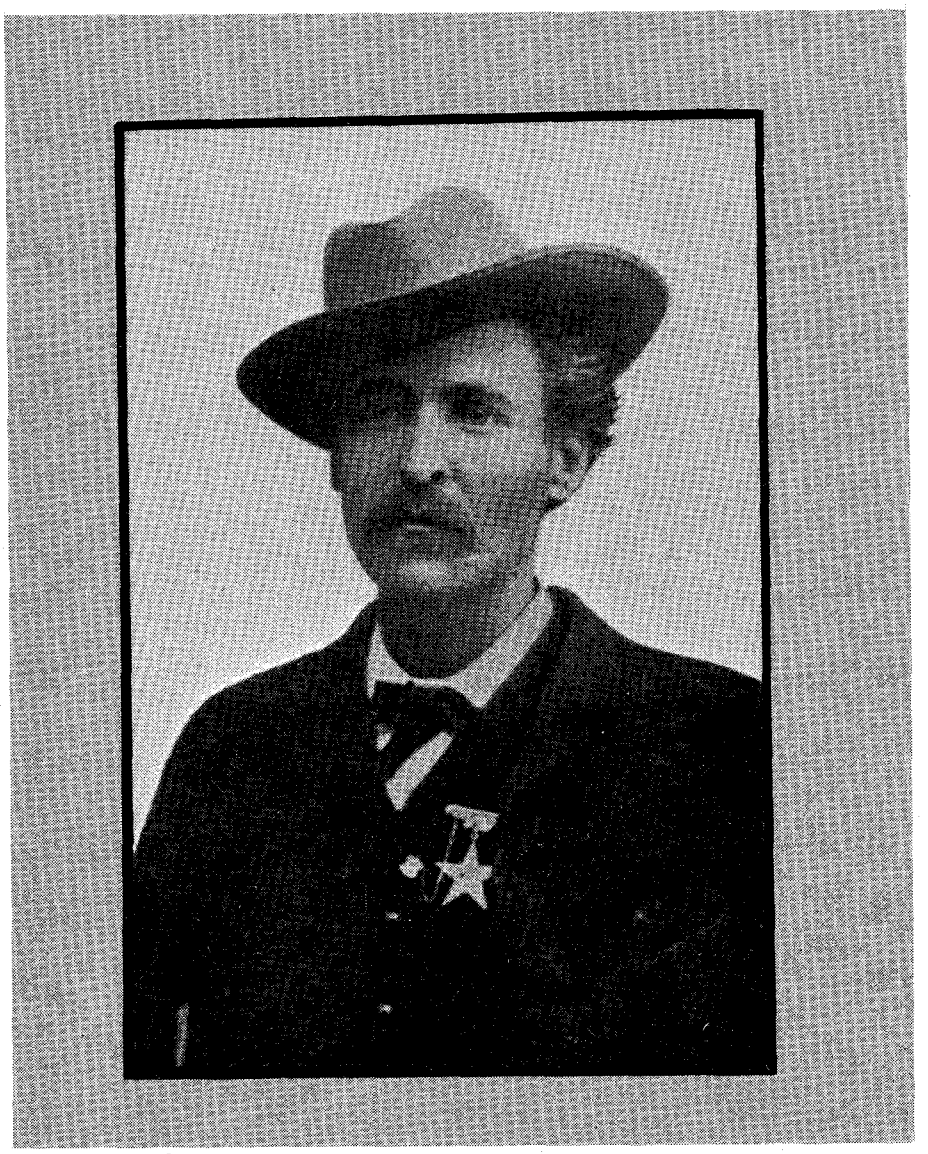
"That's not a bad idea," replied Bat. "If that's the case, I think I'll ride over to Silverton, Colorado, and see if I can't talk Wyatt Earp into coming along for the festivities."

Luke was quite agreeable to this since he hadn't seen his former boss for several years. Moreover, Wyatt's capabilities with a gun were well-known in Kansas, and a man would think twice before giving him any trouble.

Within eight days, the band was on its way to Dodge and a more capable collection of gun power could not be imagined.

When they approached Dodge, Luke decided it would be best for Wyatt to ride into town with a few men to "sort a see how things were goin' along." They all agreed this was a good plan, since Webster didn't know Wyatt by sight.

But Wyatt hadn't been in town long before Webster learned of his presence. The news of Earp's arrival caused Webster no small amount of consternation. Luke Short was one thing, but Wyatt Earp and several other gunmen were something else.



Jim Courtright tested Short's mettle in 1886 and wound up on the floor of the White Elephant with five fatal bullet holes in him.
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Webster wasted no time in deciding on a plan to bring the two forces together in an attempt to settle the matter without gunplay. Luke was agreeable to this, so the two forces planned to meet.

The day before the meeting was to take place, Webster was not to be found in Dodge. He had left early that morning for Topeka.

When he arrived in Topeka, he went straight to the governor's office. Webster told the governor what was going on in Dodge, and suggested that state marshals be sent to the city to round up Luke and his men.

The governor patiently waited until Webster had finished pleading. Then the governor calmly reminded Webster that a remark had once been made that Dodge could handle its own law problems. Webster argued that things were different this time, and that Dodge needed help. But the governor stuck to his word and offered no assistance to Webster.

There was nothing left for Webster to do. The realization didn't come to him all at once. Instead, it slowly worked its way across his mind.

He knew he had to hurry if he was going to make it back to Dodge in time for the scheduled meeting, but suddenly he didn't care about anything. His head hung wearily as he walked from the governor's office.

"Damn, I need a drink," mumbled Webster without really knowing he was talking.

Dejectedly, he made his way toward one of Topeka's many bars.

"Whiskey straight," he barked, staring at the man behind the bar as though he were responsible for the whole mess. The drink was served, and the money was collected without the customary politeness for which that bartender was widely known.

A little more time and a few more

continued on page 56

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MAN AGAINST

Early engraving shows plight of lone hunter in encounter with enraged, attacking grizzly.

Hunting the huge beasts was both exciting and dangerous, especially when your first mistake was usually your last!

by William B. Secrest

The two hunters screamed in horror as the monstrous bear rushed toward their unsuspecting companion. Only moments before the three men had been safely perched in convenient treetops waiting for a clear shot at the huge Grizzly. The big she-bear was foraging with her two cubs and inadvertantly managed to keep plenty of brush between her shaggy frame and the three straining hunters.

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GRIZZLY

(From author's collection)

Finally, one of the men became impatient and climbed out of the tree, making his way towards the quarry through the brush. His companions now fired to draw the bear's attention and the beast rushed into a clearing snorting and sniffing the air. She was wounded and immediately scented the hunter who was on foot.

Making his way through the thick brush, the hunter suddenly realized that the bear was plunging toward him and he broke through to a small clearing and whirled to meet the attack. He barely had time to raise his weapon and fire when the enraged beast was on him. In a moment he was literally torn to shreds as his horrified companions watched helplessly from their lofty seats, still unable to get a clear shot.

The two surviving hunters watched for over an hour as the Grizzly savagely mutilated her bloody victim. Again and again she would retire twenty or thirty paces, then charge and further mangle the corpse with fresh fury. Finally tiring of the sport, the bloody-muzzled bruin wandered off with her cubs and the hunters fled.

The men made their way to a nearby settlement and returned to the tragic scene accompanied by a group of armed men. After burying the slain hunter, the men pursued and killed the savage grizzly. In the course of skinning the brute, seventeen rifle balls were found lodged in the carcass.

The above incident took place in the California gold rush country in the early 1850's and was noted in the journal of one William Perkins. It wasn't an unusual occurrence, these men versus bear encounters, and in the early days of the west the Grizzly Bear figured prominently in many hair-raising escapades.

Probably the most famous and least known Grizzly victim in early California was one Peter Lebeck. He was killed in 1837 and buried in the Tehachapi mountains between Bakersfield and Los Angeles where his grave can still be seen today.

Nothing is known of Lebeck, but it is assumed that he was an early trapper or perhaps even a Canadian Voyageur. All that is known for sure is what was carved on the tree that served as his tombstone—his name and the fact that he was "killed by a X (Grizzly) bear". When Lebeck's skeleton was exhumed in 1890, it was found that the right forearm, left hand and both feet were missing, supposedly gnawed off by his killer.

Although the killer bears were the exception and not the rule, the Grizzlies were such awe-inspiring creatures that they easily assumed their fearsome reputation and almost legendary status. They were kings in the western hemisphere and readily lived up to their scientific name of "Ursus Horribilis"—horrible bear.

The great beasts are few now, but they once roamed in uncounted numbers between Canada and Mexico. They are smaller than the great Alaskan brown bear, but they are more vicious and more powerful. They ordinarily weigh between 500 and 1,200 pounds, but can move as swiftly up a slope as on level ground. The Indians regarded them as big medicine. In California, Yosemite means Grizzly and the great beasts figure prominently in California Indian legend and folklore.

The early Spanish and Mexican settlers of California were noted bear hunters. They used the great beasts for their bear-baiting contests where a Grizzly was chained in a pit and a wild bull was turned in with him. The resulting melee was witnessed by wildly

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cheering throngs which surrounded the enclosure. Any early California settlement worth it's salt had a bear-baiting pit and the practice continued well into the gold rush era.

But the skilled California vaqueros sought out the Grizzlies for purposes other than pit-fighting. One of the favorite pastimes was for a group of cowboys to track down a bear, lasso him, and by riding in different directions and keeping their ropes taut, hold the snarling beast immobile. The bear could then be killed, usually with a knife. These early Californians were fantastically expert with a rope, but when dealing with the Grizzly, anything could happen and often did.

Romualdo Pacheco was an early California merchant, vaquero, Congressman and governor of the state. He was also a bear hunter par excellence. A reporter once asked him if he had any experience as a Grizzly bear hunter.

"I have killed several hundred in my life," recalled Pacheco, "as many as eight or ten in one week".

"But," countered the newsman, "you did it with nitro glycerine or by rigging a masked battery and then pouring in a deadly charge of canister shot? Perhaps you baited trees and sat up aloft and fired explosive bullets at these bears. Don't tell me you used any less secure means."

"Oh yes, the lasso and the knife. I never used a gun in my life in hunting a Grizzly. Four of us would go out together, well mounted, of course. A bear once found was lassoed immediately and, by holding him taut, the fifth man could come in and do the finishing touch."

When asked if there was any danger involved in such action, the old hunter replied, "Some; *you must not miss.* Your lasso must not slip, and you must not get within reach of the bear. If you do you will not have an opportunity of hunting any more bears. There is no appalling danger, unless you meet a bear upon the side of the mountain. It is hard to play him then, or get away from him if need be."

"Once", recalled Pacheco while reminiscing, "I was out with three of the boys trailing a bear. He passed up a ravine and we went at the head of it to drive him back. I waited at the foot. I didn't have to wait long. A horse knows when a Grizzly is coming. My horse planted himself, and I could hear his heart go pound, pound, as the bushes cracked, and a huge bear emerged and charged!

"I was ready. I lassoed him and caught his forefoot, then dashed to the right, but my lasso trailed around a tree. I saw in a second that an instant would bring the Grizzly and me together. I dropped the lasso like a shot, and my horse sprang away as if the devil was at his heels. The bear jumped down in a gully where there was a small creek and wallowed there.

"He had my rope upon him still and I hated to lose it. The Grizzly was about ten feet down. The boys came up, and we rode along the edge of the gulley watching for a chance to lasso him. I rode up right over him, feeling perfectly safe at that height. The bear glanced once at me sideways. Bears never look straight at you. Then, in a second, before I could breathe after the look, he sprang from the bed of the creek to the haunch of my horse. I went onto the horse's neck in a second. I was never so scared in my life. But the boys were as quick as he. Scarcely had he struck my horse when two lassos reached him and dropped him off. Then we soon dispatched him, but it was a close call."

Pacheco could remember only one time when a bear got the best of him. As he told the story, it was in 1840, the year a dead whale floated ashore on the Pacheco property in Southern California.

The odor from the great mammoth wafted inland for some miles and attracted Grizzlies for miles around. These bears are omniverous, that is they eat grass, roots and berries as well as the flesh of other animals. Evidently a mountain of whale blubber was something they couldn't resist—but then let Pacheco tell the story:

"There was a tremendous bear that was spotted coming down one evening.

Old engraving showing desperate encounter with bear. (Author's collection)

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Bears, you know, do not move until dusk or after. A party of us, fifteen in all, went out to the bluff overhanging the sea, and there resolved to wait for the bear's return. The path leading down was all greasy and slippery with whale's blubber. It was a beautiful moon light night, clear and soft. We grouped about the head of the path and waited. It was not long. He was below, and scenting us, came up at once for attack. I saw his head above the bluff when we least expected him, and sang 'Here he is, boys!' as I sent my lasso whistling for him.

"Then began one of the most remarkable fights I ever encountered. The bear was powerful, and so greasy that our lassos slipped off when he did not snap them with his powerful jaws. He charged on us and fought us out of every entanglement for one hour and a half, until we, dripping with perspiration, our horses blown and lassos destroyed, were glad to retire and escape without loss of life."

Grizzlies roamed in great numbers in early California and they were always dangerous and unpredictable to hunt. A female with cubs was particularly fierce, but whether with lasso or rifle, afoot or horseback, the first time one dropped his guard in Grizzly country might very well be his last.

Pacheco related an incident where a vaquero became impatient to flush a bear. A lasso can only be used on open ground as it is easily tangled in brush or timber. Furthermore, bears can crash through thick chaparral that quickly bogs down a horse. On this particular occasion a vaquero entered some chaparral to flush a bear into a clearing where other cowboys were waiting. When the bear charged the intruder, the vaquero reined his horse about to flee, but the animal stumbled and in a moment the Grizzly was upon them. The hapless rider was bitten to death before his companions could reach him through the thick brush.

John W. Searles was a prominent borax pioneer in southern California. He was superintendent and Chief owner of the San Bernardino Borax Mining Company in his later years, but earlier he had been a hunter in the Sierra Nevadas. Sometimes he'd entertain friends and acquaintances with stories of his hunting days and on such occasions talk would inevitably drift to a particularly memorable event.

At such times, Searles would take a small bottle from his desk and pass it to the listeners. It contained twenty-one bits of bones and teeth, but before the startled listeners could ask any questions, Searles would walk to a corner and pick up a battered, Spencer rifle. The weapon had numerous marks on the stock and a large dent in the barrel. The bones and teeth had been taken

Present grave of Peter Lebeck, torn apart by grizzly in 1837. Original epitaph was carved on tree in mountains south of Bakersfield, California.

(Photo by the author)

from the body of Searles and the rifle was a memento of the same occasion when he had engaged in a fearsome struggle with a giant Grizzly.

Even now, as he told the story, Searles could not easily turn his head as he talked. As he spoke he stroked the full, grizzled beard that covered his scarred and dented chin.

It was in March of 1870 that Searles and several companions had gone off in the mountains above Visalia in the central San Joaquin Valley. Despite the snow and bad weather, the men had engaged a guide and were going to spend a few weeks deer hunting. Game was scarce, but Searles finally spotted a big buck and shot it off a precipice, scoring the first kill.

Looking over the edge, he saw three Grizzlies grazing in the canyon below. Staying downwind, he crept within range and quickly succeeded in killing all three bears. When the guide rode up, he told Searles that if it was bear he wanted, he knew just the place. There were several cattle-killing Grizzlies a short distance away who were large, bold and ferocious. The men decided to go after this game and they moved their camp to the new area.

The weather got worse and so did the hunter's luck at the new camp. Searles shot up most of his ammunition and left a note on the stage road for the driver to bring him some more. He had left an empty cartridge box with the note, but the driver had discarded the box and brought back the wrong size bullets. Since another stage wasn't due for a few days, Searles decided to make do with what he had. He found that by whittling the cartridge he could fit it into the rifle chamber, but it took two blows of the hammer to make it fire. With this makeshift arrangement, he was able to keep on hunting.

Searles rode out from camp one day with four good cartridges in his rifle and the rest of the whittled variety. A blanket of snow covered everything and about four miles from camp he tied his horse and began poking about on foot. He spotted a Grizzly resting in a sheltered position and rolled the beast over with his first shot. Two more quick shots finished the job and he walked over and cut the bear's throat. A few minutes later Searles heard a noise in the surrounding thicket and he instinctively knew it was another bear.

He should have known better than to follow Grizzly in thick brush, but Searles was exhilarated by his first kill and the thought of tracking another of the great beasts. It was late in the afternoon by now and he was soaked to the skin from ploughing through the snow-covered chaparral. The second bear was

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GUNS THAT WON THE WEST

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Left: Henry "44" rimfire repeater belonged to Sitting Bull.
Right: Kennedy rifle with Nez Perce gun case.

Repeating rifles turned the odds against the Indians and blazed the way to new frontiers . . .

by Richard Gladden

The hot, shifting sands of Arizona's desert country reflected shimmering waves of heat as the two lonely prospectors made their way through a timeless sea of sand and space. The donkeys upon which the miners were riding moved lethargically, with a lack of determination which ordinarily would have cost them several sharp kicks in the ribs.

However, the prospectors had been out for several weeks without the slightest encouragement to spur them on. They had run out of beans two days earlier and since then had eaten only a skinny rabbit that had happened to cross the bead on one of the Henry rifles the prospectors were carrying.

These two desert rats hadn't always carried Henry rifles

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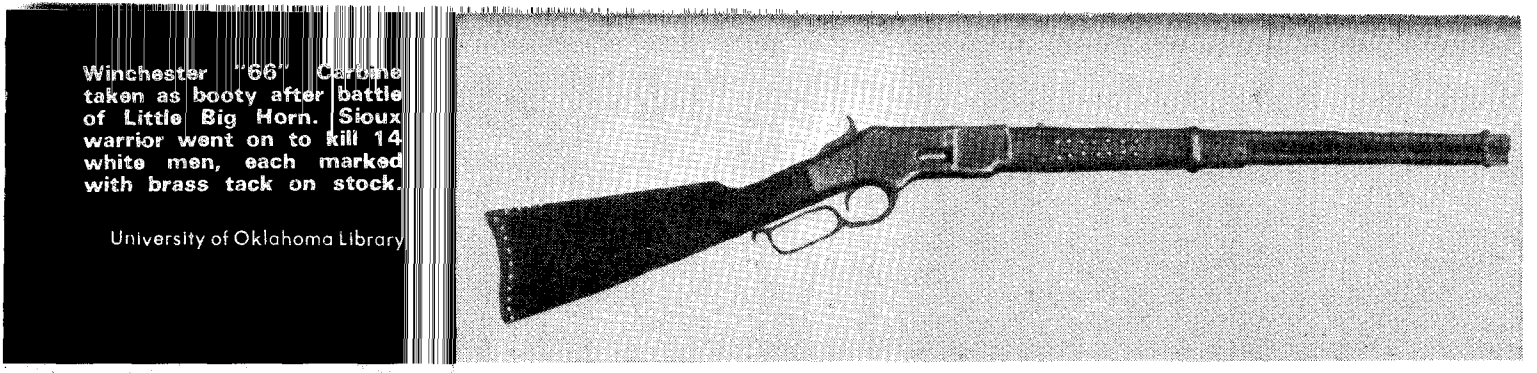

Winchester "66" Carbine taken as booty after battle of Little Big Horn. Sioux warrior went on to kill 14 white men, each marked with brass tack on stock.

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with them. Prior to 1860 that rifle wasn't available. In fact, prior to 1860 there wasn't a generally reliable repeating rifle made.

Life in the West was difficult for everyone and the lack of a dependable rifle didn't help matters any. Not only were the prospectors in constant danger from their hostile environment, but also the Indians were in equal danger from the invaders of their land. Consequently, when any new weapon turned up the side which obtained it first had the advantage.

Before the advent of the repeating rifle about 1860, Indian raiders had a huge advantage whenever they attacked lonely prospectors—who usually traveled alone or in pairs. A war party of 20 or 30 braves had little trouble overpowering badly outnumbered sourdoughs who had to reload their weapons after each shot.

The Indians had devised a strategy for these isolated battles, a strategy dictated by the limitations of the prospector's rifles. The war party would send two horsemen charging past the grimy desert rats as decoys. The unsuspecting men thinking the pair of whooping braves their only attackers, would fire at them as they raced away.

Before the men could reload the main body of the raiders would swoop down and slaughter them without fear of bullets.

When the Henry rifle came on the market in 1860, prospectors were among the first customers. Now they had a weapon capable of firing 16 rounds without reloading. The Indians were soon to learn that their old tactics would be of little use. Such was the case with the two prospectors trekking across the Arizona sands. . . .

Possibly the desert rats hadn't eaten for a day or two, but the feeling of emptiness in their bellies was nothing compared to their feeling of loss and frustration which characterized their past few weeks in the desert country of Arizona. They were heading back toward civilization, broke and hungry, but mostly depressed.

Suddenly, from out of no where, two Indians came screaming at them. A gleam of anticipation leaped into the prospectors' eyes as they snapped up their Henrys. (They had purchased the new rifles a few months earlier and hadn't gotten a chance to use them on a human target.) After each perged off a round at the fleeing horsemen, they turned quickly in their saddles. No sooner had the desert rats turned around than the next batch of Indians appeared. The fired-up Indians were expecting anything but what followed.

Without the customary pause for loading the prospectors opened fire on the charging Indians. Both men worked the levers of their rifles as fast as they could, quickly felling off fifteen rounds each, and killing or disabling all of the Indians. (The first Henry rifle held fifteen rounds in the magazine and one in the chamber.)

Needless to say, the Indians must have been surprised when the prospectors continued firing without taking time to reload. Thus, the Henry rifle began still another chapter in both the history of firearms and the growth of the United States.

With America's struggle for independence from the Mother Country came our first real conflict. With our first war came our need for weapons.

As early as 1776, Lieutenant Henry Knox of General

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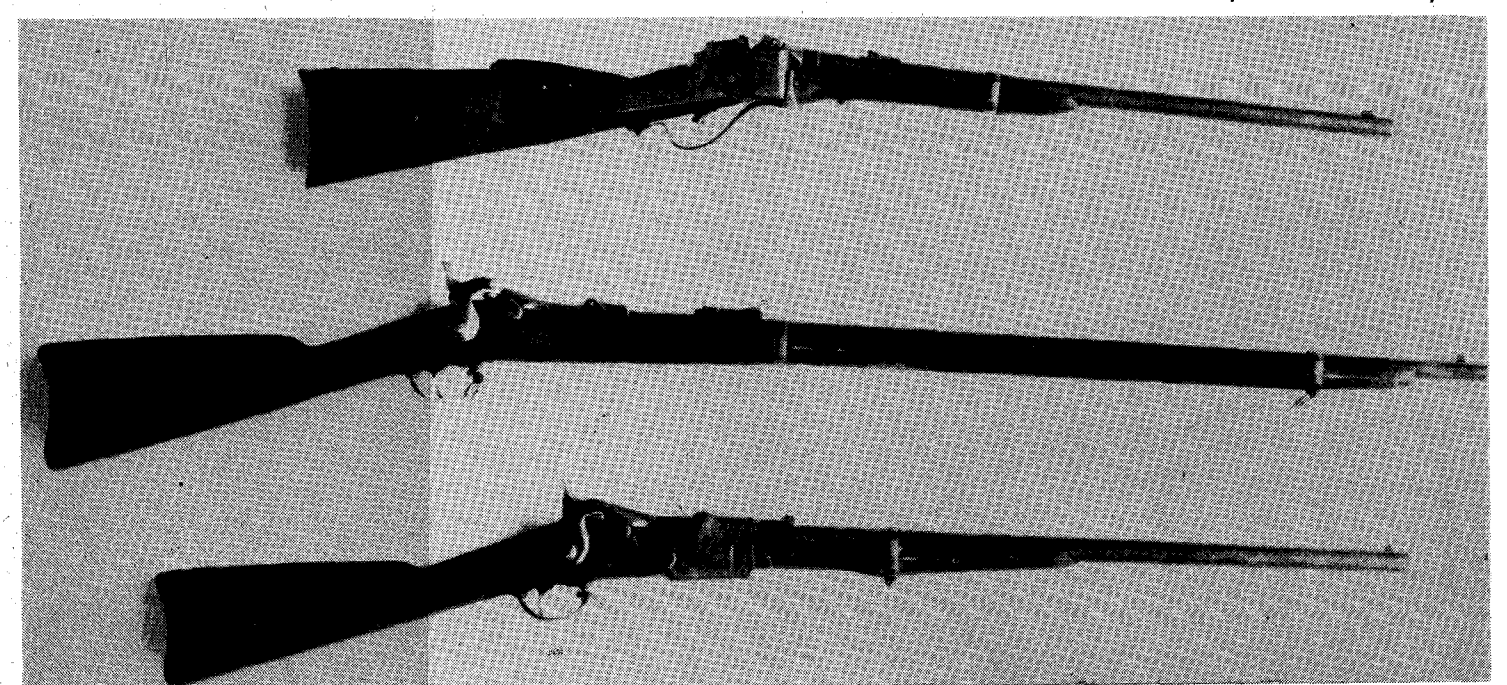

Single-shot Sharps rifle, top, and Springfields, below, were nearly useless in face of massive Indian attacks.

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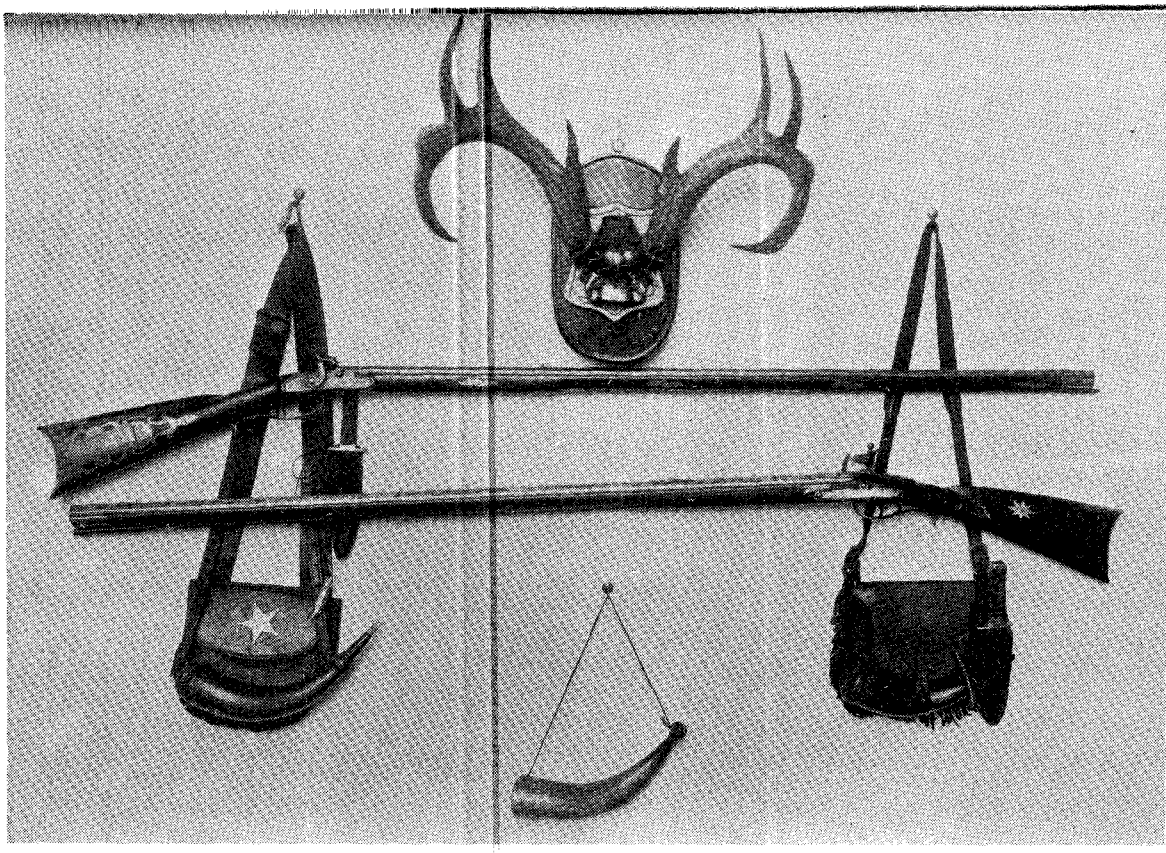

Percussion rifle, top, was made in Lafayette, Indiana, about 1840. Below, flintlock Kentucky rifle made about 1810.

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Washington's staff recommended "That there be one or more capital laboratories erected at a distance from the seat of war in which shall be prepared large quantities of ordinance stores of heavy species and denominations; that at the same place a sufficient number of able artificers be employed to make carriages for cannons of all sorts and sizes; ammunition, weapons, tumbrils, harnesses, and so forth, that as contiguous as possible to this, place a foundry for casting large cannons . . . be established upon a large scale."

Following that recommendation, Washington ordered our country's first ordnance depot to be established at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. That location, though central to the fighting and remote enough to avoid capture, was too far from the scene of battle to be effective. (It must be remembered that transportation problems of those days were infinitely more complicated—at least more time consuming —than those of today.)

Since the depot at Carlisle was too remote to be efficient, it was decided to establish another ordnance depot. As soon as it was announced that a second depot was to be constructed, several towns began to compete for the new plant. Among the locations considered were Springfield and Brookfield, Massachusetts, and Hartford, Connecticut.

Records show that General Washington favored Hartford, Connecticut, since he felt the location was easily accessible and had suitable facilities for transportation. However, due to reasoning by Lieutenant Knox, it was decided to locate the plant at Springfield, Massachusetts.

When the depot was completed in the late 1770's, it was mostly utilized to make and fill cartridges for muskets. These early cartridges consisted of a charge (powder) and a musket ball wrapped in paper. In battle the soldier tore off the end of the cartridge—often with his teeth—poured the powder down the muzzle of the musket, then rammed the ball along with some wadding into place.

At the close of the Revolutionary War in 1781, the facilities at Springfield were partly demobilized. It was not until 1795 that a musket would be manufactured at Springfield. In 1782 the depot was altered so it could be utilized as a magazine for reception of public ammunition.

Then, under the provisions of a Congressional act, approved April 2, 1794, Springfield Armory was completely changed. The Act called for establishment of three national arsenals and for manufacture of firearms at these locations. Springfield was chose for the site of one of the arsenals since it was already under military control and since its location put it in an area where skilled craftsmen were available.

The first firearm was produced at Springfield Armory in 1795. (Essentially this was the first time Americans had ever worked together to make a firearm.) At that time the plant had facilities for making about 20 guns per month at an average cost of approximately $25 each which included several accessories. That year only a few hundred muskets were made. (In 1902 that plant turned out 1,000 rifles a day, working 24 hours a day.)

The first firearm produced at the Springfield Armory was patterned on the French Charleville smooth-bore mus-

Hand-made Schuetzen rifle, used only for match shooting weighed nearly 30 lbs.

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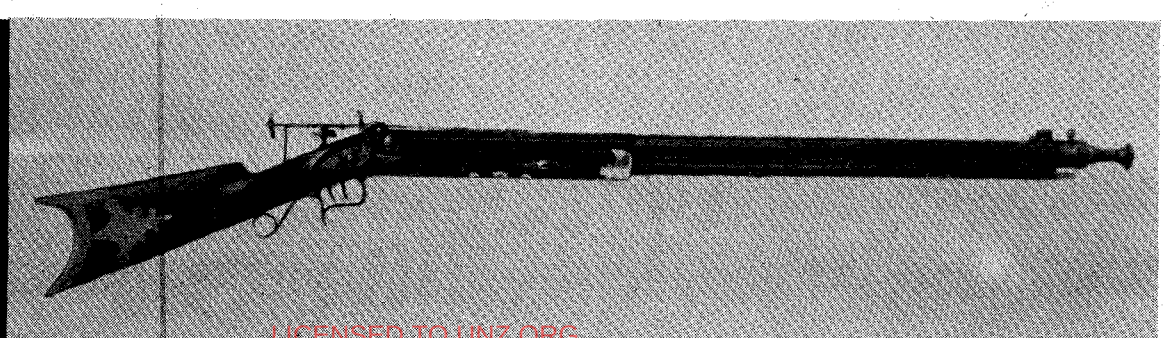

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ket, Model 1762, calibre .69. The American issue of this weapon used a bullet which weighed one ounce instead of 1/15 of a pound as the French specified. The charge used in this gun was roughly 1/45 of a pound (150 grains), although under test conditions a charge of 450 to 500 grains was sometimes used. This issue was produced virtually unchanged at the Springfield Armory until 1842 when a percussion firing mechanism was substituted for the early flintlock construction.

Following the flintlock, the next step in the evolution of the American rifle was the use of a percussion firing primer contained in the cartridge itself. Before use of the percussion primer, a piece of fling attached to a hammer served as the firing mechanism. When the hammer was released, the flint scratched a piece of steel in the flash pan (so-called because it was filled with a priming charge of loose powder) while this in turn ignited the charge in the barrel.

During the flintlock period, firearms progressed little as it was impossible to exceed the limitations of the awkward flint ignition.

Use of a percussion primer was first patented in 1870 by a Scottish clergyman, Rev. Alexander John Forsyth. His application for patent reads, in part, as follows:

"First, as to the chemical plan and principles thereof, instead of permitting the touch-hole or vent of the pieces of artillery, firearms . . . and instead of giving fire to the charge by a lighted match, or by flint, and steel . . . I do close the touch-hole or vent by means of a plug or sliding piece . . . so as to exclude the open air, and to prevent any sensible escape of the blast or explosive gas or vapor outwards, or from the priming charges, and as much as possible to force the said priming to go in the direction of the charge, and to set fire to the same, and not be wasted in the open air; and as a priming I do make use of some or one of those chemical compounds which are so easily inflammable as to be capable of taking fire and exploding without any actual fire being applied thereto . . ."

Utilization of a percussion firing primer came to this country by the 1820's. One of the early American rifles using a percussion firing primer was the .38 percussion rifle made by Nathaniel G. Whitmore. By the 1840's and 1850's the Government was using percussion primers of various types on several muskets and rifle muskets, as well as on some pistols.

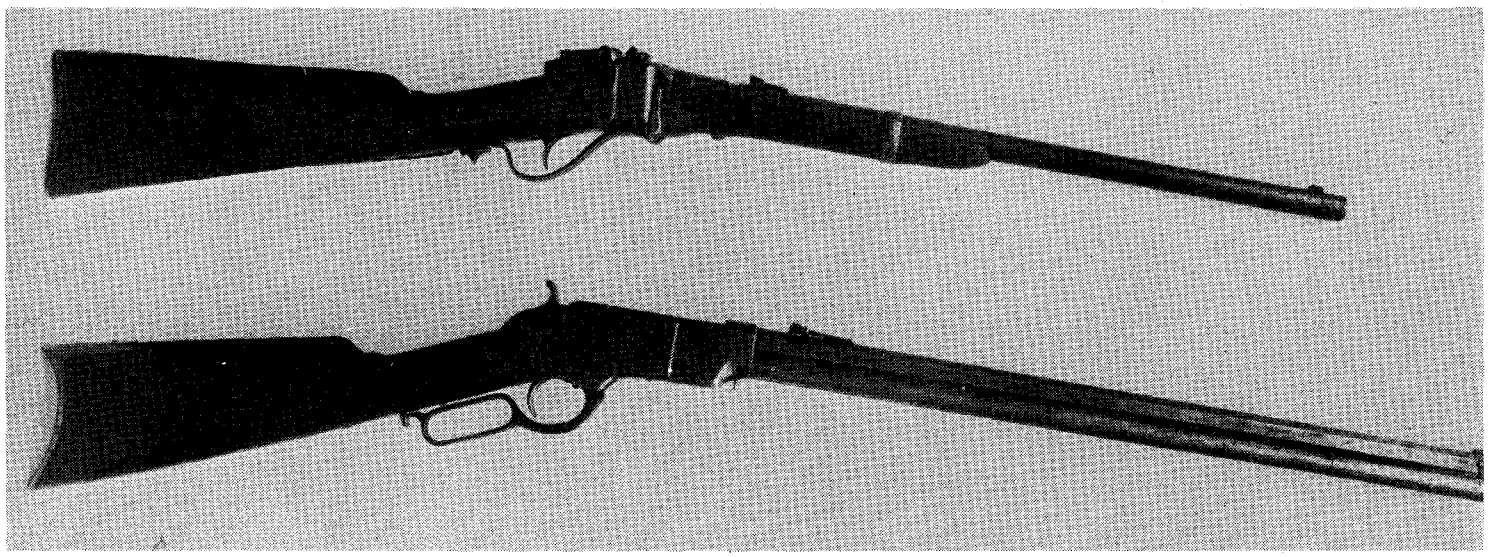
Credit for development of the percussion firing cap, a device similar to the percussion primer, is given to Joshua Shaw. He made patents on them in 1822 and in 1828 but did not receive compensation for his invention until 1844 when it was decided he was the rightful invetor of the new firing mechanism.

With development of the percussion cap a new era in firearms opened. The efficiency of the weapon was increased, as was its reliability.

From the percussion cap the next step was the self-contained cartridge. Again the use of this practice arose in Europe, but quickly made its way to America.

When the unit cartridge came to America, it was manufactured by Colt and a great many arms manufacturers. This first cartridge consisted of a combustible envelope containing powder and a ball. The envelope, which was extremely combustible as it was heavily nitrated, was dropped down the muzzle of the gun and seated with a ramrod.

From this envelope cartridge evolved Sharps' famous linen cartridge. This cartridge was similar to the envelope types, but was made of linen rather than paper. One important feature of this cartridge was that it would withstand more rough treatment than the paper cartridge, and, as a result, was in greater demand on our frontier where one criterion for utility was durability.



Civil War Sharps rifle, top, and Henry repeater. *University of Oklahoma Library*

Dr. Maynard, a dental surgeon of Washington, D.C., is credited with developing the brass cartridge in 1851. Before this time, he had worked with percussion caps, but had met with only limited success. This early cartridge was made of brass and was used in conjunction with the Maynard tape primer.

Maynard had developed the tape primer some years earlier, but its development was shadowed by introduction of percussion caps at about the same time. The tape primer was much like a roll of caps used in a toy pistol.

The turning point in the argument for using metallic cartridges came following the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, when Union troops scoured the battle area, retrieving weapons left behind by both Union and Confederate soldiers. A total of 35,574 guns were found, and these were all shipped back to Washington, where they were to be held.

However, as inspection of the captured guns began, interesting facts became blatantly obvious. After the inspec-

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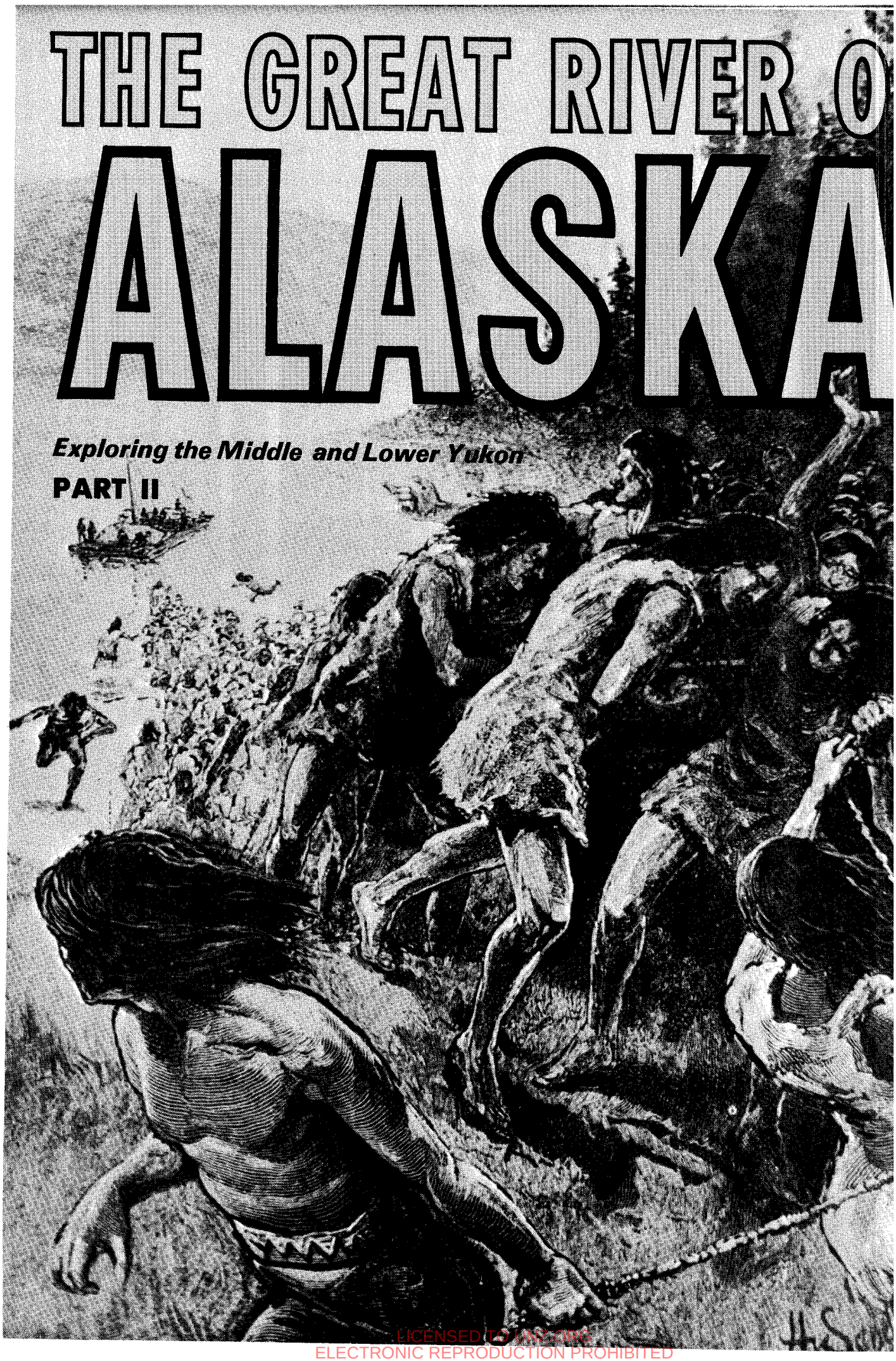
THE GREAT RIVER O

ALASKA

Exploring the Middle and Lower Yukon

PART II



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Continuing the personal narrative of the intrepid American officer who explored on a mere raft the unknown reaches of the mighty river.

Editor's note: This will conclude the story, begun in our last issue, told by the young Army Lieutenant in 1885, two years after his historic exploration. It appeared, at that time, in the old CENTURY magazine. We would appreciate our reader's response to historical adventures such as this. Let us know of your interest and we will try to unearth some meaty old tales for you.

By Lt. Frederick Schwatka, U.S.A.

Old Fort Selkirk forms the connecting link between the article which appeared in the last issue, entitled "The Great River of Alaska," and the present paper. The fort had been erected as a trading post by the Hudson's Bay Company on ground which the Chilkat Indians claimed as their own trading ground.

The Chilkats received their trading stores from the Russian Fur Company, and having no use for Fort Selkirk, took the Indian method of weeding out competition.

The scenery around Selkirk is fine, though hardly so grand as the high ramparts a hundred miles below. From the mouth of the Pelly across the river, a high, basaltic bluff runs down the Yukon for nearly twelve miles, and is then lost among the bold hills that crowd upon the river.

Beyond this bluff lie high, rolling hills with their green grass tops contrasting vividly with the red, ocherous soil of their steep sides that landslides leave bare.

Selkirk was first occupied by traders who came down the Pelly from the tributaries of the Mackenzie. So rough was the way down the Pelly to Selkirk that the post was finally supplied by the roundabout way of Fort Yukon, lower down the river. On the site of Selkirk stands an Ayan grave, not unlike a very rough attempt at a civilized one, and is probably borrowed from civilization.

The Ayans formerly disposed of their dead by placing them on rude scaffolds among the trees, like the Indians of the great Western plains..

Even when adopting the burial methods of the white man, in part, they cannot abolish the ever-present pole, with its flaunting strips of many-colored rags, and surmounted by the totem that designates the clan, a fish or goose or bear or some other earthly thing worshipped as an idol.

As this pole is from fifteen to twenty or twenty-five feet in height, the place for the grave is generally selected near the foot of some healthy, young spruce. A little pruning and peeling of the bark is, in this case, the only labor.

The graves are always near the river banks, but I never noticed any number of them together.

At Selkirk, several Ayan Indians met us and anxiously asked us to visit their village which was only a short distance below. They were a far superior race to the abject tribe we had left behind us on the Upper Yukon. A conspicuously Hebrew cast of countenance was noticeable in this tribe, and some of its younger numbers were respectably neat and clean compared with Indians in general.

Their canoes, of birch-bark covering and fragile cedar framework, were the smallest and lightest I had ever seen, except for the skin canoes of the Eskimo, which were well-made to the smallest detail.

Though the grass was almost luxuriant on the plain about Selkirk, no signs of game were seen. It seemed fair to infer that the dense swarms of the omnipresent mosquito could alone account for the absence.

This pest is sufficiently formidable in the summer months to put an end to all ideas of stock raising as a possible, future industry. Shortly after noon on the 15th of July, the raft was cast loose, and we started down the picturesque river.

So scattering had been the Indian population on the river above Selkirk that we were greatly surprised, on rounding the lower end of an island, to see nearly two hundred Indians drawn up across the south channel of the river.

We worked at our cumbersome oars valiantly cheered on by the wildly frantic throng who plainly feared that we, the supposed traders, would pass. Many excited Indians came out to assist us. Placing the prows of their canoes against the outer side of the raft, they paddled us furiously towards shore.

Our line was run out at last, and was seized by nearly two hundred Indians who brought us to land with a crash. Shortly after our landing, the throng formed a line which was from one to three deep, the men on the left and the women and children on the right, and gave us a dance. It was the same, old, monotonous, Indian *Hi-yi-yi* with the well-measured cadence as its only musical part, and with an accompanying swaying of the body from side to side while their long, mop-like hair swung round like a magnificent mosquito brush.

After I had distributed a few, insignificant articles among them, I tried to get a photograph of some attitude that was a part of the dance. Though I am sure my object was understood by the more intelligent, I did not succeed.

Often, when ready to take the cap from the camera, we were foiled by some young man starting a low *Hi-yi-yi*. In an instant, it ran the whole length of the combustible line, and all were swaying like leaves in the wind.

A similar attempt to get a picture

Felled trees near banks, called "sweepers," were a hazard.

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Old Fort Yukon

At the water's edge was a perfect network of birch-bark canoes, and back of these an inclined scaffolding of spruce poles, where salmon hung drying in the sun.

Here, for the first time, we found the Indians preparing any considerable number of this fish for winter use. The fish are caught with scoop-nets three or four feet long, fastened on two poles from ten to twelve feet in length.

A watcher, generally a squaw, standing in front of the cabins, heralds the approach of a fish, perhaps a half-mile down the river. Never more than one fisherman starts. Paddling out to the middle of the river, he guides his canoe with his left hand, as the voices from the shore direct, and with his right dips his net to the bottom.

Upon careful adjustment of this depends his success. Failures are rare. As the fish swims near the bottom, I do not understand how they are detected in the muddy water of the river.

On the 22nd, the soil appeared thick, black and loamy, and the grass, always good, was now becoming luxuriant, with the mosquitoes increasing in number and the country perceptibly opening. On the 23rd, we came to "Charley's village," an exact duplicate of "Johnny's," even to the number of houses and the side of the river.

The next day we camped at St. Michael's Bar, or Island.

From here to Fort Yukon the country is as flat and open as the Pampas, and but five or ten feet above the level of the river. Our Indians, having never been so far, thought we were going out to sea although we were over a thousand miles from the river's mouth.

As soon as this flat country is entered, the channel splits and subdivides every few miles, until we could not tell whether we were on the main stream or on one of the many waterways between the many islands for days.

At Fort Yukon the river is said to be seven miles wide. In spite of the many channels into which the river spreads, the current never decreases, and we went drifting on in the same good old way until Fort Yukon was reached.

At this point, one thousand miles from the river's mouth and about the same distance from its head, the river sweeps with a marked curve into the Arctic regions, and then, with less enthusiasm than most polar seekers, turns back into the Temperate Zone, have been in the Arctic for less than an hour.

The early traders at Fort Yukon supposed their river ran parallel to the Mackenzie; and so it was mapped, its bed being continued north to where its hypothetical waters were poured into the Arctic Sea.

The conservative slowness of the English to undo what the English have done had a new illustration as late as 1883, when one of the best of English globe-makers, in a work of art in his line, sent the Yukon with its mighty but unnamed tributaries still into the Arctic.

There it will be made to flow until some Englishman shows that it surely flows elsewhere.

For a hundred miles above and two hundred miles below Fort Yukon, the river flows through a region so flat that it seems like the floor of an emptied lake. This area is densely timbered with spruce, and except for this would be nothing but a salient angle of the great flat Arctic tundra of the polar coast.

The dreariness of unlimited expanse is broken to the north by the pale-blue outline of the Romantzoff Mountains, so indistinct as to seem a mirage; while to the south arise, in isolated points,

Fishing on the Yukon

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the Ratzel Peaks, the outlying spurs of the Alaskan Range, from the Upper Ramparts of which the Yukon flows towards the Lower.

Fort Yukon was left behind on the 29th of July, our raft that day drifting by a village where nothing greeted us but a howling troop of dogs.

This village would have attracted no attention further up the river but here, where the river divides itself in many channels, making salmon-catching of but slight importance, villages are very rare.

The 29th was a hot, sweltering day, with the sun and its thousand reflections sending their blistering heat into our faces. In fact, our greatest inconvenience near this short Arctic strip of the stream was the tropical heat and the dense swarms of gnats and mosquitoes that met us everywhere when we approached the land.

That night, none of the party could sleep, despite the mosquito-bars over us. Mosquitoes do not depend for their numbers so much on their latitude as on the superficial extent of stagnant water in which they can breed, and nowhere is this so abundant as in the tundras and timber flats of the polar coasts.

The intense cold of winter sinks its shafts of ice deep into the damp earth, converting it into a thick crust of impervious stone. However warm the short summers may appear to one who judges it from the acclimated standpoint of a rigorous country, it is insufficient to melt more than a superficial portion of this boreal blanket, where only a swampy carpet of moss may flourish upon the frozen stratum below.

Through this the stagnant water cannot sink. As the weather is never warm enough to carry it off by evaporation, these marshes extend far and wide, even up the sides of the hills, and give the mosquito ample room to propagate.

We took an early start the next morning, and drifted down the hot river, passing low banks that needed nothing but a few breech-clouted Negroes to convince us that we were on the Congo.

Between six and eight in the evening, the thermometer stood about eighty degrees Farenheit in the shade, with shade for nothing but the thermometer.

Hoisting one of the spare tents for a protection from the sun would have prevented the helmsman from seeing his course and would have made grounding almost certain, and heat was to be preferred to this, with its attendant labors.

Singularly enough, at this every time a couple of sun-dogs put in an appearance, a phenomenon we usually associate with cold weather, and now sadly out of place.

Rain made sleep possible that night and traveling impossible the next day, and left us with nothing to do but to sit in the tent and watch nature waste itself in a rainfall of four inches over vast marsh already six inches deep. Some of our party, wandering over the gravel bars through the showers, found the scattered, petrified remains of a huge mastodon. All through the valley such remains are numerous.

On the evening of the 2nd of August, we came in sight of the high hills where the "Lower Ramparts" begin. So closely do the ramparts of the lower river resemble those of the upper that I could not help thinking them parts of the same range, which bears eastward and westward like a bowstring across the great arc of the Yukon, bending northward into the flat Arctic tundra.

Near our camp that night we saw the only family burial grounds we had seen on the river. It contained perhaps a dozen graves, and was decorated with the usual totems perched on high poles, some of which are fantastically striped in the few simple colors the Indians had at their command.

A gale of wind on the 4th allowed us to drift but twenty-six miles. From here to the mouth of the river, strong head winds are generally raging at this season of the year.

On both sides of the river from this point, the small tributary creeks and rivers bear down clear and transparent water, though deeply colored with a port-wine hue. The streams drain the water from the turfy tundra where the dyes from decaying leaves impart their color. Probably iron salts are also present.

On the 5th we approached the rapids of the Lower Ramparts, and made all preparations for their stormy passage. Making hasty inquiries at an Indian village concerning them, we found that we had already left them behind us. This part of the river was picturesque, and not unlike the Hudson at West Point.

I should have stopped to take some photographs except for the dark, lowering clouds and constantly recurring rain squalls.

Eighteen miles below the mouth of the Tanana, we found the trading station of Nuklakayet. Here our raft journey of over thirteen hundred miles came to an end, the longest of its kind in

Indian killing a moose in mid-river.

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of the three headmen—Kon-it'l, his son who was the hereditary chief and the medicine man—was almost equally futile until I formed the center of the group.

The tube of the camera had a gun-like appearance that made some of them uneasy. My willingness to sit with them was sufficient assurance of no danger.

The village proved to be a much ruder affair than the improved appearance of the Indians over the natives of the Upper Yukon had given me to expect. Their houses were mere hovels of brushwood with, here and there, a covering of moose skin or a worn strip of canvas.

Though the slight character of the houses might find excuse in the fact that these were only used during the summer month while the inhabitants fed on the salmon that ran up the river to spawn, a closer inspection showed that the household utensils were equally rude.

We found a few buckets and pans, ingeniously made of single pieces of birch bark. We also found a few spoons made of the horn of the mountain sheep or goat, but the carvings on the handles were dismal failures compared with the elaborate work of the Indians on the Pacific coast of Alaska.

The brush houses of the Ayans seem to be constructed so as to accommodate two families. A common ridge-pole and an aisle, which was open at both ends, ran down between the two compartments.

Possibly, this style of architecture was necessary where there was no tree for the pole to rest against. In the roofs of the houses, strings of salmon were hung up to dry, and the sleeping dogs held the floor below. Though little room was left, the stranger was always welcome.

In drying the salmon, they split it as packers do when salting the fish. In addition, they sliced the flesh to the skin in longitudinal and transverse cuts an inch apart.

They prepared none for winter use, I understand, though the fish are abundant enough, but depend in that season upon moose, bear and caribou.

In winter, they live in moose-skin tents much like the circular tepees or lodges of the Sioux, Cheyennes and other Indians of the treeless plains of the West. When one reflects that winter in this region is simply polar in all its aspects, one wonders how life can hold out in such adobes.

From a trader's description of the winter tents, I learn that the Indians know the non-conducting powers of a stratum of air—for these tents are made double.

Directly opposite the large Ayan village is another, much smaller one called Kowsk-hou. A sketch of it is introduced to show the general tenor of the banks over the larger portion of the Yukon River; great rolling bluffs, fringed with a footing of spruce, and lower down, an almost impenetrable underbrush of deciduous vegetation, make a pleasant contrast in color with the more somber green of the over-topping evergreens.

On low alluvial banks, especially those of the islands, this glacis of bright green has been washed away, and the spruce, becoming undermined by the swift eroding current, form a network of ragged boughs that is almost impassable to one who would reach the bank.

One may see this in temperate climes, where felled trees still cling to the washed-out roots, but along the Yukon the soil, frozen to the depth of six or eight feet, will not fall until undermined for many feet.

When it does fall, it is with a crash that can be heard for miles, reverberating up and down the valley like the report of a distant cannon.

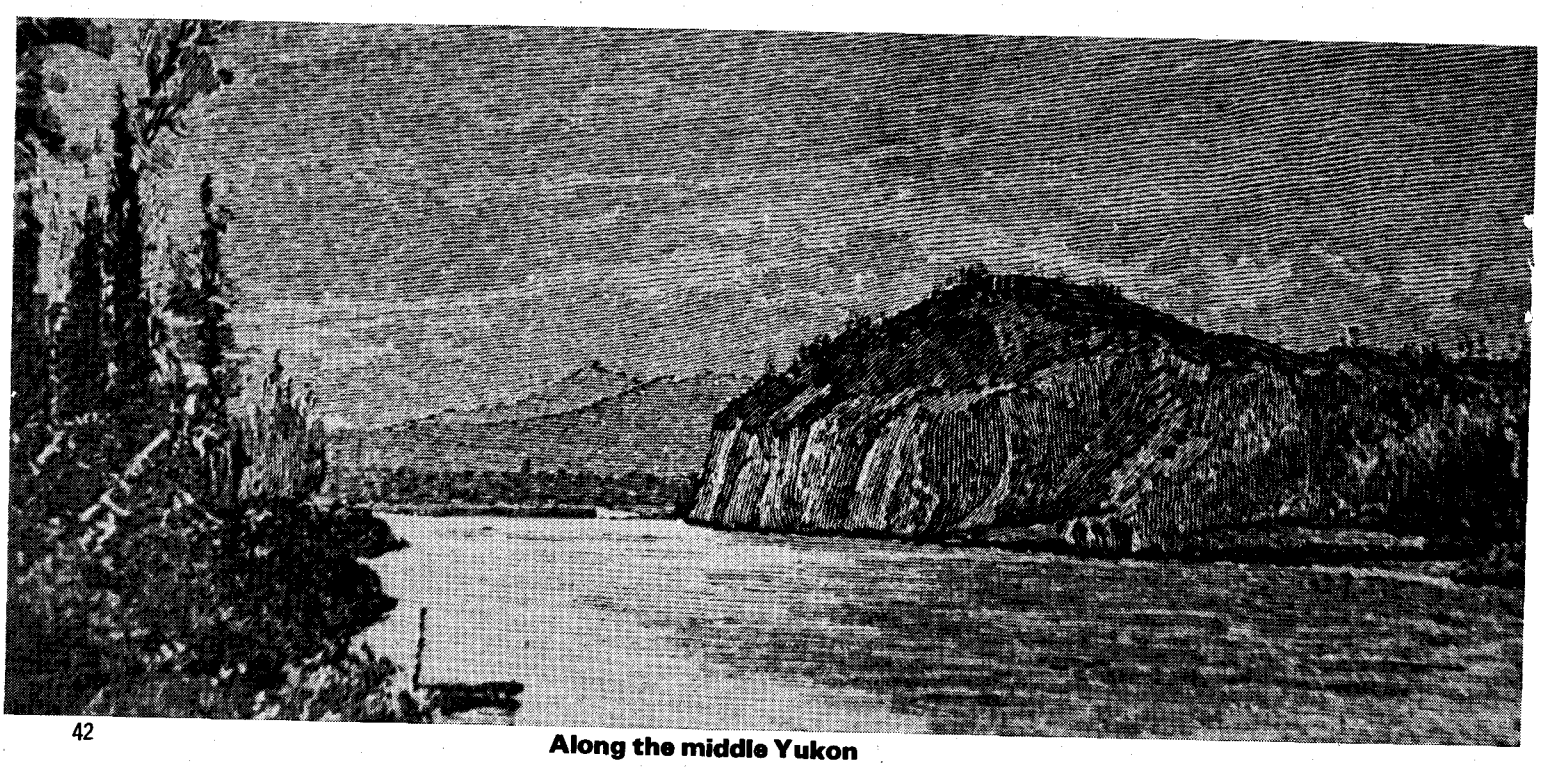
The whole bank, sinking into the shallow current, appears to one approaching its intact forest of trees like a body of Polish lancers. Where the current is swiftest, the erosion is most marked; and on the swiftest current, our raft was always prone to make its onward way.

On the morning of the 16th of July, we took an early start to avoid much begging, and dropped westward with the current. It was hard that day to imagine—with a blistering heat on the river and thundershowers often going over us—that we were within a few days' journey of the Arctic Circle.

Shortly after one o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th, we passed the mouth of the White River. Here the Yukon entirely changes its character.

Heretofore a clear and bright mountain river with an occasional lake-like winding that caught and held the little sediment it might bear, it now becomes the muddiest river on the western coast of North America, and holds this character to its mouth. This change is caused by the White River.

The White is very swift, and is thus enabled to hold in solution the debris that the glaciers pour into its headwaters. Meeting the Yukon, its rapid current carries its silt and sediment nearly across that river, and changes



Along the middle Yukon

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the blue of the greater stream to a chalky white.

All our sport with hook and line now disappeared, and we were thereafter dependent upon the nets and weirs of the Indians for our fish.

A few miles below the White, a river of nearly equal size comes in from the right. This is the Stewart, or as the Indians call it, the Nachonde.

Years ago the Hudson's Bay Company had a thriving trading post near its headwaters but it, too, fell shortly after the fall of old Fort Selkirk.

A small party of American miners had found good prospects in placer digging at the mouth of the Stewart, and were preparing their camp. They certainly deserved success. I took our old water-logged canoe and, with a half-breed native, visited them at their camp.

Returning late in the evening with the sun in my face and with no knowledge of the resting place of my party, I found, in the vast spreading network of islands, no assurance of a speedy meeting.

We had made an agreement on parting that the advance should burn spruce boughs at reasonable intervals so that I might have a sign on my return.

Though spruce was everywhere in sight, that night, there was none found on the island where the camp was made. So I had no sign.

I never knew until that evening how much like ascending smoke were the pencil-points of ridges of spruce fading into the water's edge, and tinged with the rays of the setting sun. An occasional shout was at last rewarded with an answering cry.

We met a tribe of Indians calling themselves "Tahk-ong," on the following day. With them we found four of our Ayan friends resting, and all said that a short distance ahead we would come upon a trading post.

It was not until the following day that we drifted past the post, marked on the map as Fort Reliance, and found it deserted, to our great disappointment, for we had hoped to obtain stores there.

That evening at ten o'clock we went into camp at a point where a fine river came in from the east, with water so clear that it tempted some of our party to get out their fishing gear again, but to no purpose. This the traders call the Deer River, because of the large number of caribou that congregate in its valley during certain seasons of the year.

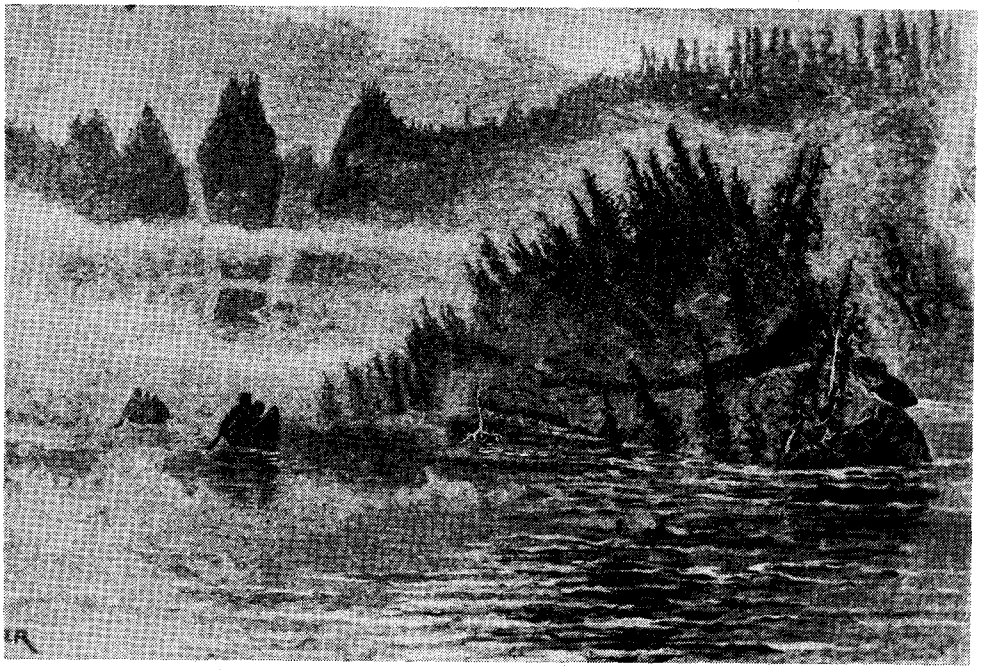
Here lies the narrowest part of the Yukon for many hundreds of miles. Though its width here cannot be more than two hundred and fifty yards, the majestic river sweeps by with no added force or haste, showing the great depth it must have to discharge the vast volume of water that a short distance above had spread over a bed, two or three miles wide.

Here I tried to "check" my dead-reckoning by astronomical observations, and waited till noon. Only two rough "sights" rewarded my delay. During this time of the year the prevailing winds, I noticed, were from the south, and always brought fog or light rain—a circumstance easily explained by the theory that the winds, coming off the warm Pacific loaded with moisture, have the moisture precipitated in crossing the glacial summits of the Alaskan coast-range.

We were aground but once that day, having run upon a submerged rock while the entire party was occupied in using four bears for movable but untouched targets. We came to a halt with a shock that would have disjointed our craft had she been less stanch than a well-nigh solid piece.

She swung safely around, however, and in three minutes was again holding her undisturbed way.

About three o'clock, a most remarkable rock was seen on the east bank of the river, springing directly out of a level plain, and bounded in the distance by a crescent of low hills sweeping around a huge bend in the river. It was probably three hundred feet high, and rose with perpendicular sides from the plain.



Misty, jagged banks of lower Yukon.

At the Indian village of Nuclaco opposite the site of Fort Reliance, the entire population, with a large number of Indians from the Tanana River, received us with a great banging of guns. From here to the mouth of the river, this method of welcoming strangers is universal. We made no stop, however, and the salute suddenly died out as we slowly drifted past.

The Tanana Indians, the visitors at Nuclaco that day, are said to be hostile in their own country, but on their frequent trading excursions are discreetly inclined towards peace.

The river from which they take their name, the Tanana, is probably the largest unexplored river of the Western continent. Nearly two miles wide at its injunction with the Yukon, it is nearly as long as the latter.

On the 20th of July, we drifted a little over fifty miles in eleven hours. This was one of the very few days that we were not aground for any appreciable length of time, and the distance traveled was great enough to establish firmly the reputation of the river as probably the swiftest stream of any magnitude in the world.

On the other side of the river, directly opposite, stood another rock, the exact counterpart of the first, except that the second fades away into the bluff behind it.

The Indians explain the situation by a legend which holds that the rocks long ago were man and wife, but incompatibility of temper led the husband to kick the wife out into the plain and draw the river from its bed, near the distant hills, for a perpetual barrier.

July 21st brought us to the Indian village of Klat-ol-klin, a name we found with difficulty, as even the natives call it "Johnny's village" from the Americanized name of its chief.

This was the first permanent village we had seen on the river. There were but six log houses in all, abutting against each other, with their gable-ends turned towards the river.

It was perched on a steep bank so close to the crest that two could not pass between the houses and the river.

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CAPTAIN DAN ROBERTS,

LAST OF THE TEXAS RANGER'S

Outnumbered 3 to 1, the sure-shot Texan rallied his men and routed the Comanches at Deer Creek in a battle that led to a lifelong career with the famed Texas brigade.

By Philip Malocsay

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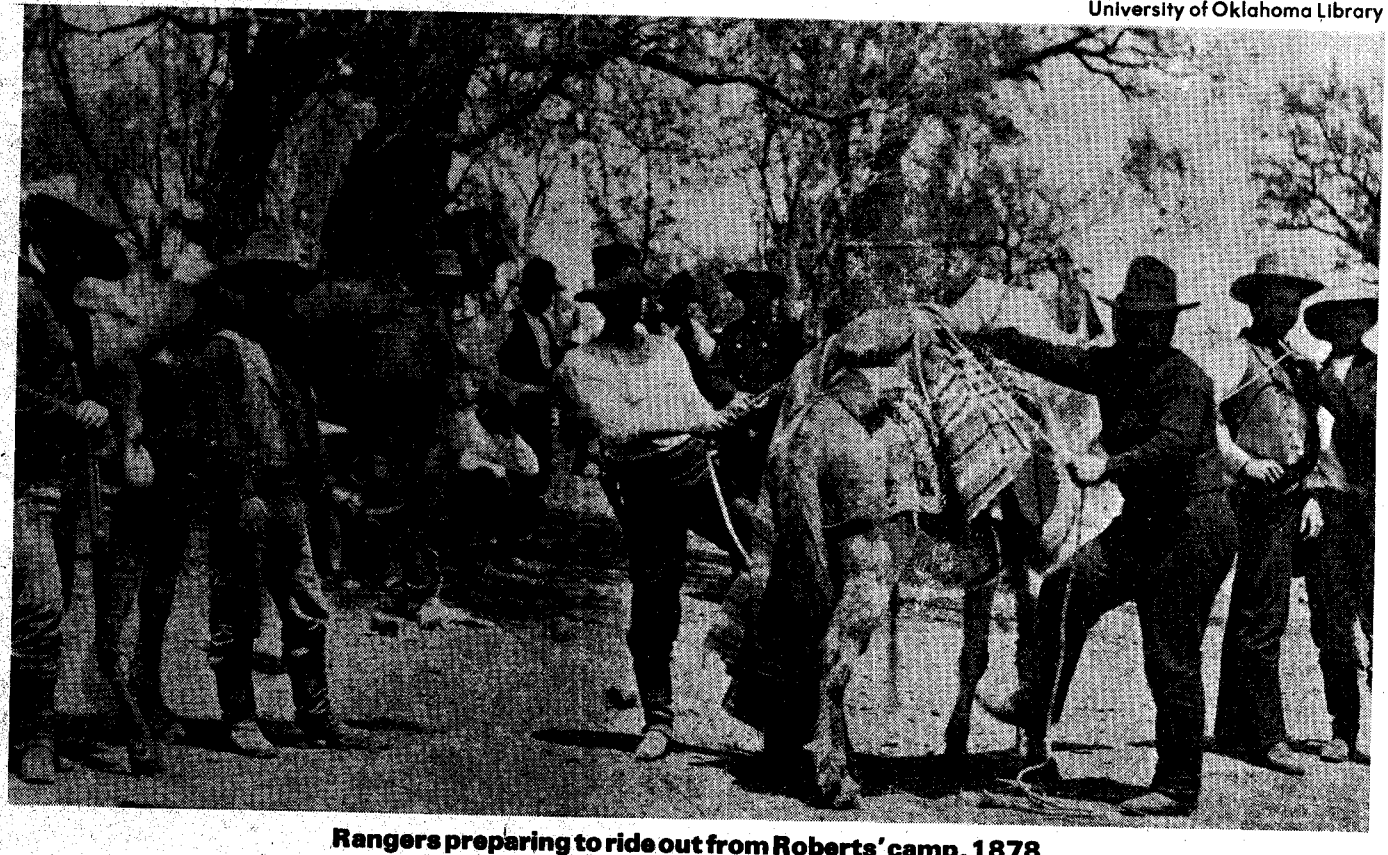

Rangers preparing to ride out from Roberts' camp, 1878.

Glancing up from the trail, Dan Roberts spotted an Indian sentry running down the side of the small hill a quarter of a mile away. Reins loose, Roberts' spurs landed and his mare lurched into a dead run. And in an instant he could hear the nine other Texans with him charging close behind.

As Daniel Webster Roberts raced toward that hill on that day in 1873 he had no way of knowing that the battle about to begin would earn him a commission and a career in the famed Texas Rangers. Indeed, despite his many close calls, Captain Dan Roberts was to live to be the last of the Texas Rangers.

"Hold your fire until you're certain!" he shouted, jerking out his old Spencer saddle-gun.

Fast on the attack, the Texans skirted the hill when suddenly they ran into a rain of bullets. Ambush!

A large War Party was opening up on them from a shallow draw to the right. Roberts fired from the saddle

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Dan Roberts at 1927 Ranger convention. He lived well past 90.

and wheeled his horse around, quickly sizing up the situation.

The Texans were outnumbered almost three to one and were now trapped in the open. The Indians had every natural advantage. Entrenched in the ravine, they fired from perfect cover, and the hill was too far away for the Texans to use as a stronghold.

There was still time for retreat, but the Texans had come for a fight and they meant to have it. Those Comanches had butchered a neighbor and his wife and the Texans were out to "get some of 'em."

Dismounting, Roberts saw his brother, George, spin out of the saddle as a bullet hit him in the face. Roberts ran to him and found that the slug had grazed the cheekbone just under the eye, ripped through the nose and grazed the other cheekbone.

"Get him out of here and take care of him!" Roberts told Stanton Jolly. That makes eight of us now, he thought.

Lying low, the Texans continued to fire, but their position was hopeless. With George and Stanton out of the fight, they were outnumbered more than three to one and Comanches were pouring in lead like hail. Something had to be done. Fast!

"Pour it on, boys!" he told his men, as he started edging across open ground to the left. Bullets burned overhead, but he kept low and finally reached the gully.

Smiling, Roberts dropped into the gully and brought up his Spencer. He had them in a cross-fire now. An Indian raised up behind the brush blocking the gully and tried to shoot at him, but a Texan bullet flattened him. It was working! Shooting at Roberts meant exposure to the other Texans' fire and shooting at the boys meant exposure from Roberts' direction.

But Roberts knew, too, that now he was the most important target.

Bullets struck all around him as the Indians found other lines of fire, but Roberts used the old Indian tactic and jumped from one side of the gully to the other, always keeping his Spencer ready to shoot. Then, suddenly, there was a lull in the firing.

Roberts eased out a little to see what had happened, but just then his left leg buckled as a heavy slug smashed through the thigh. The impact nearly knocked him down, and blood was gushing out as if a main artery had been severed. Groaning, he wanted to fall, but he couldn't see from there, so he forced himself to stand, leaning against the earth, and brought up his gun.

"Dan, you all right?" he heard a voice from behind him shout. It was William Ingram.

"I've been shot! But stay back, it's too late anyway!" He continued to stand, gun in position.

But Bill Ingram wouldn't have it. Disregarding the fire and Roberts' warnings, he came anyway. Ingram looked over the wound, which was still spurting blood, and went out through the fire again to get a horse.

Roberts continued to blast away at the Indians until Ingram returned. Lifting Roberts into the saddle, Ingram led the horse out through a shower of lead.

With four braves already dead and not one of the Texans yet killed, the Indians turned tail and fled.

News of the battle, called the Deer Creek fight, spread all over Texas and the state legislature, acting on a bill introduced by Senator H. C. King, presented each of the Texans with a new repeating Winchester, model 1873. panion for life, for in May of 1874 he was unexpectedly commissioned a Lieutenant in the Texas Rangers. Roberts had never really intended to join, but one day he received a mysterious message from his Ranger friend, Captain Rufe Perry. "Meet me in Austin May 10," it said, nothing more.

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Capt. Roberts and Mr. Biggs, last survivors of Deer Creek Indian fight for which the state legislators awarded each a fine new gun.

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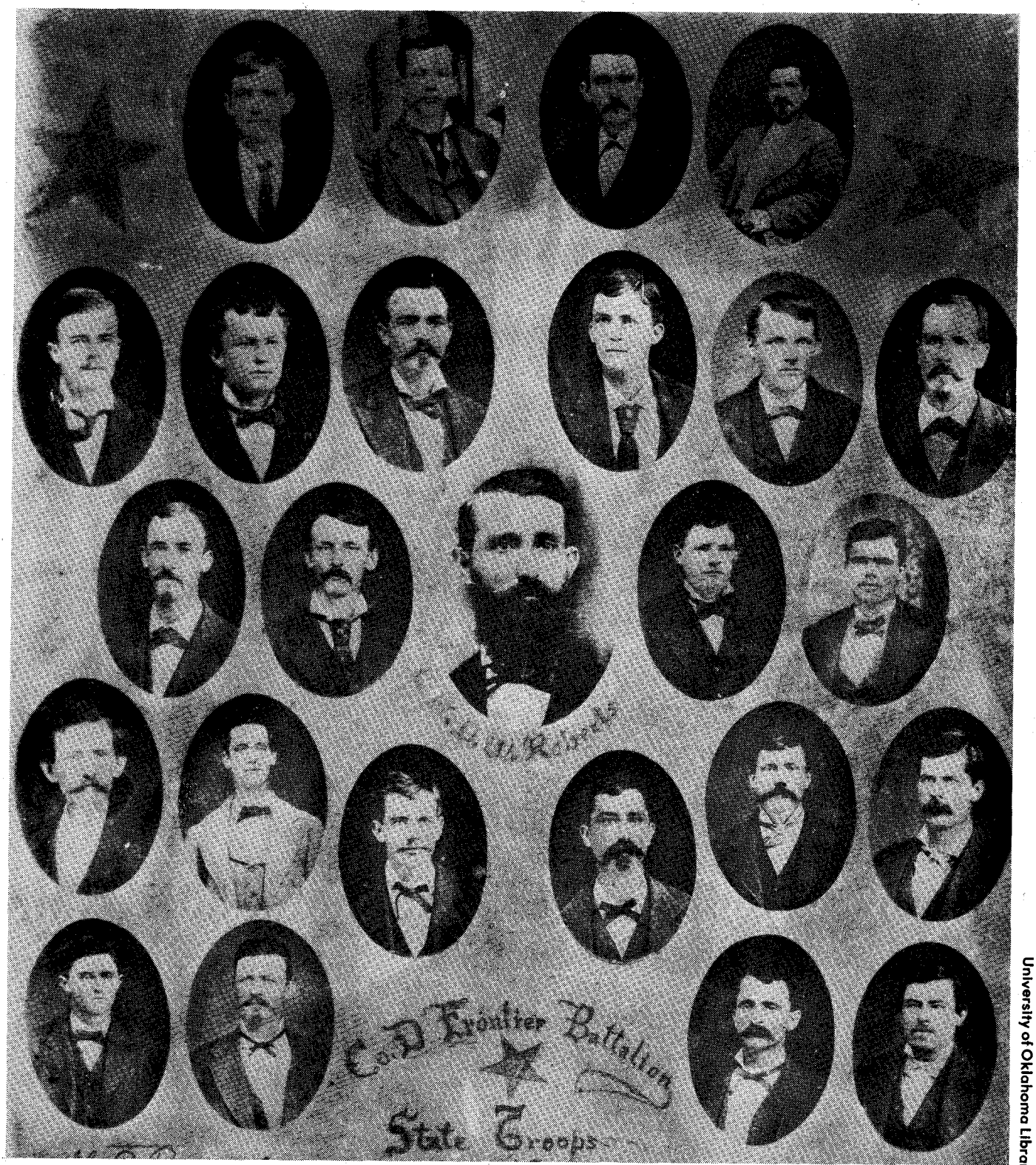

Captain Roberts, center, as commander of Company D. Frontier Battalion, Texas Rangers—1878.

Worried, Roberts went to Austin and met Perry as he was coming down from the Capital building.

"Here's something for you," Perry said, handing him a rolled document.

Surprised, Roberts unrolled it and discovered that it was a commission. The ink of Governor Richard Coke's signature hardly looked dry.

"Well," he smiled, rerolling the document, "I guess you've got me."

And that was it. The man who, in his own words, had been "reared, and almost rocked, in the cradle of Texas warfare," became one of the "gentlemen in the white hats."

Several small skirmishes along the San Saba river followed, but the most spectacular came one day when Roberts and his men and a headquarters inspection escort led by Lieutenant B. F. Best overtook a large party of Comanche raiders.

Although Best was really his superior, Roberts and his Company D men led the attack, because they knew the terrain.

When Lt. Roberts first sighted the Indians, they were riding slowly. They didn't even try to run: They were ready for a fight.

"Aim low!" Roberts yelled to his men. "Kill the horses if you miss the Indians!"

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Captain Dan Roberts, in white shirt, stands near his quarters in Ranger camp, Menard County, Texas, 1878.

The Rangers rode down to the attack, holding their fire until within easy pistol shot. Ever since the Deer Creek fight, that had been Roberts' standing order, "Hold your fire until you're certain, aim true, and then let go!"

Suddenly the chief, who had been riding in the rear, spurred to the head of his men and wheeled them around. In a flash the Comanches split into an open order skirmish line in the prettiest military move Roberts had ever seen.

"In line!" Roberts shouted, waving his arm. And his men split into a skirmish line. The Indians stood ready.

Roberts singled out the chief, who was on one end of the line, and reined to a position where he was facing the chief directly. The two lines were coming closer now, but still the Indians waited and still the Rangers held their fire. Suddenly, the War Party opened fire, but the Rangers waited, still riding hard in on the attack. The firing stopped and then the chief, kicking his heels into his horse, rode out a few yards directly toward Roberts.

"Halt!" Roberts yelled, and the Rangers, still a good distance from the Comanche line, checked their horses. Alone, Roberts rode out a little ways to call the chief's bluff.

He waited to see what the chief would do. He was still quite a distance away. But then, suddenly, the chief's Winchester came up and Wham! Roberts felt the thud as the bullet struck his horse's shoulder.

Roberts leaped from the saddle, fearing the horse would go down, and grabbed his Winchester. And then the great game began.

The chief tried his war dance on him to try to draw his fire. It was an old trick: Before the whiteman could recock and reaim, the Indian would have him in his sights. But Roberts didn't fire. He held his Winchester on the chief, hoping that he would settle down so he couldn't miss.

To make matters worse, another Indian had found Roberts' range and slugs were whistling uncomfortably close. But finally the chief saw that his trick wasn't going to work and tried to snap up his rifle, but he never made it. He fell in the dust in front of his men.

At the same time Corporal Weed, riding up behind Roberts, spotted the sniper that had been firing at his Lieutenant and jumped from the saddle. Falling to one knee, he aimed and let go . . . the sniper yelled, sprang in the air, and fell face down.

The Rangers charged.

Roberts ran to his horse and quickly looked at the wound. The mount looked good enough for a chase, so he wheeled into the saddle and joined the charge. The Indians were scattering.

With Private George Bryant at his side, Roberts singled out two Indians riding one horse and gave chase. Once in range, Private Bryant suddenly checked his mount, raised his rifle and fired from the saddle. The bullet hit the second rider squarely in the back of the head and he tumbled off.

The other brave, now riding alone, plunged on, with Roberts coming up fast behind. But the brave, knowing his horse was failing, suddenly jumped off and raised his hands.

After what Lt. Roberts had seen of Indian tactics on the frontier, he'd sworn never to take prisoners. But the sight of that exhausted Comanche panting and begging for his life in Spanish weakened him. He handed him over to Pvt. Weed.

In September of 1875, Roberts, now a Captain and Commander of Company D of the Frontier Battalion, married Miss Lou Conway of Columbus, Tex. Immediately after the ceremony they left for the frontier.

Now Mrs. Roberts was a city girl and unaccustomed to frontier life. Besides, Company D was camped on the very edge of the wilderness in Menard County on the San Saba river. Capt. Roberts had planned, therefore, for his wife to stay in a nearby town, where things were more civilized. But Mrs. Roberts would have none of it. She moved right into camp with the Rangers, learned to shoot, hunt and fish, and was honored by the men with the title, "Assistant Commander of Company D." She lived with the Rangers for the six years that Capt. Roberts was stationed there.

Both he and Mrs. Roberts lived to ripe old ages and both wrote books about their experiences. He always kept the Winchester he was awarded after the Deer Creek fight, calling it "about the best implement ever invented for the purpose of cultivating the soil of a new country."

And at the time of his death Capt. Roberts, well over ninety years old, was the last of the Texas Rangers. ●

Chow time at Ranger camp below Ft. McKavett, Texas. Roberts' wife lived at the camp while her husband was in command.

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OSCEOLA, FIREBRAND OF THE SEMINOLES

by Leola Lehman

The young chief's love for liberty led to seven bloody year's of strife—and eternal fame.

Osceola's bust in National Hall of Fame for American Indians, Anadarko, Oklahoma.

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THE story of Osceola is that of a man whose sense of justice was so outraged by the treatment of his people that he gave everything that was in him to try to right the wrong. In doing so, he aroused the conscience of a nation into taking a closer look at its treatment of the Seminoles, and became a legend in his lifetime.

Born about 1804 in old Creek country, Osceola was known as Billy Powell in the early years of his life. He lived among the Tallassees, part of the Creek Nation Indians. When the War of 1812 split the Creek Nation, the village where Osceola and his mother lived became "Red Sticks" and hostile to the Americans. In time, they, with other bands of "Red Sticks," fled to Spanish Florida.

In Florida, the "Red Sticks" joined the bands of other Indians who were already there and became Seminoles, meaning "outlanders." The Seminoles were a scattered group of bands from several tribes who wished to live strictly apart from white settlers. They hunted, trapped and farmed, and enjoyed comfortable, carefree lives. Runaway slaves also came to Florida. They lived in their own villages as a rule. They farmed and gave grain and other produce to the Seminoles, and in turn received their protection. This was more of a friendly, small scale, feudal system than anything else. Both groups were satisfied with the arrangement but, in time, the runaway slaves precipitated disaster for the Seminoles. Posses of slave hunters came across the border into Florida looking for runaways, and there were clashes between them and the Indians.

When Osceola and his mother first reached Florida, they lived with a band on the Apalochicola River. Their homes, called chickees, were thatched huts built upon stilts because of the marshy land. These chickees were built around a public square which was used for ceremonies and festivals. This was the usual plan of Seminole towns. Fowl Town was one of the largest.

In 1817, the chief of Fowl Town was accused of harboring runaway slaves. General Edmund P. Gaines sent soldiers from across the border to arrest the chief. The village was burned, five warriors killed and the gardens of Fowl Town trampled and destroyed. This loss was a serious loss to a people whose lives could well depend upon their harvest of vegetables and grains. The anger of the Seminoles at this wanton destruction was so great that the burning of Fowl Town was generally credited with starting the First Seminole War.

To avenge the destruction of Fowl Town, the Seminoles attacked Lieutenant Scott and his men at the Apalochicola River. Two weeks later, Andrew Jackson crossed the border into Florida Province and began to attack the Seminoles. He killed a few warriors and captured some women and children. Osceola, now twelve or thirteen-years-old, was among those captured. He was soon released. Jackson now fought both the Seminoles and the Spanish and welcomed the opportunity. He felt that the Spanish were too lax with the Indians and should be taught a lesson.

Former U.S. President Zachary Taylor, shown above as a Brigadier General, helped to end the Seminole War.

It was during these unsettled years that young Osceola grew into manhood. He became a member of the warlike Mikasuki band, and was now known as Asi-yohola which meant Black Drink Singer. The name was one honoring him for his prowess in holding down the black drink used during the ceremonials of the Green Corn Dance.

In 1819, Florida became a United States possession, and three years later Andrew Jackson was made the first American governor there. He immediately demanded that the Seminoles be moved to the west. They were a danger to the peaceful settlers, he said, although it was hard to conceive of a person of peaceful disposition moving into an area as torn by strife as Florida had become. The cry to send the Florida Indians west of the Mississippi River was taken up by the few settlers and bordering states. This was easy to say but hard to do.

There were around 4,000 Seminoles scattered the length and breadth of Florida. Many of them lived in swamps and forests that were almost impossible to penetrate, and they had no intention of leaving their homes to go to unknown country in the west.

Finally, some of the chiefs were persuaded to meet with United States commissioners at Camp Moultrie and sign the Treaty of Moultrie Creek. This could be said to have ended the First Seminole War. In this treaty, the Seminoles were promised that if they would live in the inland areas of Florida, they could stay on for twenty years under the guardianship of the government. This guardianship included annuities and rations to help tide the tribesmen over until they could improve the poor land they now had, and could learn to live there. Neither side was happy with this compromise. To the white ele-

(Continued on page 62)

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LOST LEDGE OF GOLD

(Continued from page 17)

As Colonel Dalrymple plunged through the human encirclement, he caught a lance through the fleshy part of his right arm just below the shoulder. Stunned, he dismounted, hoping to remove the spear. A savage raced to him and tried to withdraw the lance to thrust the final kill. As he tugged at the spear, the barbs caught in the tendons and held firmly. With his other hand, the colonel held the spear, waiting for a chance to use his pistol.

Seeing the Indian tugging at the lance, Warren Hunter brought him down with his six-shooter. Hunter's own horse killed, he mounted the warrior's steed, and covered the colonel until he could get his grip on his own revolver.

Bud and Temp Robinson saw the pell-mell their fellows were in, left their guard on the pack animals, and hastened to their side. By now the savages were closing in and every man was fighting on his own. Several redskins attempted to cut the Robinsons off, but they surged in with a yell that would do shame to a Comanche.

Six Indians galloped between the Robinsons and Colonel Dalrymple who was still fighting with the lance dangling from his arm. His pistols were empty and his only hope was in "tall running."

He saw his chance and made a break. The Indians saw him and closed in. The Robinsons spurred their mounts, all the while shooting and yelling. For some 300 yards the race continued as bullets ripped the sod around them. The redskins left Dalrymple's heels and circled back to their own forces.

During the retreat to the Concho, A. Whitehurst's horse was shot through with an arrow, but held out until his rider reached a small ravine. Here, each of the men rallied, reloaded and awaited another deadly charge.

The last to make it to the ravine was grizzled Mose Carson, 75 years old, bald-headed, and a bit slow, but none the less accurate with his six-shooter. The notches he added to the grips were not a few. Having dismounted in the charge, he led his horse to the ravine "as though nothing unusual was happening" observed Whitehurst.

Colonel Dalrymple led his horse in with the lance still lodged in his arm. Warren and Malcolm Hunter, Jacob Snively, Tom Jones and Bud Robinson among others had been lucky enough to stay astride their mounts to the ravine, all the time fighting for their lives.

Few of the gold seekers were unscathed. Malcolm Hunter suffered from several broken ribs when an Indian knocked him off his horse with the butt of a rifle. Abe Hunter was shot in the hip and Warren Hunter had been shot in the heel with a spent ball.

Jacob Snively counted heads. All 17 were present. Once the little band was entrenched, the Indians again tried to rout them, but were quickly repulsed as the ex-Confederates emptied their revolvers into the swift-riding warriors. As the Indians fell back, they rounded up every last pack animal, capturing all the provisions—food, water, ammunition. The hours ahead would be rough, Snively and his men knew only too well.

The sun was now high in the sky—a little past 11 in the morning. While the Indians gathered their scattered forces, the precious time was used to bound wounds. Colonel Dalrymple's souvenir of war was removed from his arm and his wound bound with a handkerchief. Weak from loss of blood, he begged for water. Bud Robinson scurried to the creek and returned with water in his hat.

The Indians placed a number of their bucks on a high bluff on the opposite side of the creek overlooking Snively's position some 150 yards away. Another party occupied the bed of the creek on their front.

Several warriors on the bluff became careless in getting into position. "Several of them bit the dust and we could see their comrades dragging them to the rear just beyond the crest of the bluff," said Bud Robinson later. Robinson cautioned those around him to aim at the hips, legs or lower part of the abdomen as shooting at a shield would be a useless waste of ammunition.

The Kiowa chief had now remounted another superb steed and the beleaguered gold seekers could see him marshaling his braves for a second, more deadly attack.

Colonel Dalrymple, having regained his strength, forewarned his men: "Boys, they are going to come at us again. You fellows be good and ready; keep cool, lay low, select your Indian as they come up. Hold a bead on him, and don't fire until I give the word. And then if they don't stop, let every man rise and with back-to-back, we'll sell out." That their chances were slim, each man knew.

An instant later, the savages made their mad dash at the little band of entrenched men. With bloodcurdling yells and waving shields and lances they rode straight for Snively's force.

Bud Robinson thought Dalrymple would allow the Indians to ride right over them before giving the order to fire. Thinking an arrow may have taken him, Robinson glanced over his shoulder. Dalrymple was watching with the eye of an eagle.

Robinson "got his bead" on one of the charging warriors and when he was within 30 feet, Colonel Dalrymple cried "Fire!" A volley of lead blazed from 17 guns. That many saddles emptied immediately and their riderless horses jumped over the beleaguered men who were still pumping lead into the fleeing savages, some of whom recovered their dead and wounded as they retreated.

The onslaught of fire had staggered the shrieking fiends for the moment. A third time the Kiowa chief gathered his forces in the distance. Proudly he rode up and down the long line of feathered barbarians. His vehement gestures were plain for Snively's men to see while they reloaded their weapons for the oncoming assault. It was now into the afternoon and the men craved water. For the time being, the risk was too great to chance going to the river.

Even though the men faced death, what was about to happen would bring chuckles so long as each man lived.

"We saw the chief suddenly wheel and lead off, his men following," Bud Robinson observed. "But when they reached a point one hundred yards from us, every Injun turned tail, threw his shield over his back, and sped away as if the devil himself were at his heels reaching for his topknot. Finding himself alone, the chief shook his lance defiantly at us, cursed us in Spanish as *'cabrones,'* and *'hijos del Diablo,'* then wheeling his horse, he lit out after his skedaddling braves."

After that unprecedented display of "bravery," Jacob Snively's men could concentrate their fire on those who had perched themselves on the overlooking bluff. One redskin possessed an Enfield rifle and practically every shot brought down one of their horses. The opportunity to "silence this fellow" was waited for.

After the third charge had exploded

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unexpectly, the enemy employed different tatics. A large number retired beyond view while others were seen gathering on the bluff above. Still others dismounted and were seen crawling through the tall grass.

Bud Robinson, without whose account this story would have hardly been known, tells what followed:

"They crept uncomfortably close to us, but not one of them dared show his head. They discharged arrows almost straight up in the air so that in their decent they might strike some of us, point foremost. For a short time the air was filled with these missiles, but owing to a high wind that blew out of the northwest, they were deflected and carried beyond their intended mark, although many of them fell near us, some coming down with a force that broke the shaft. This unusual target practice lasted nearly an hour."

In the meantime, the rascal with the Enfield on the bluff kept up his sniping, safely perched behind a boulder on the edge of the precipice. Snively's men had wasted much lead trying to dispose of him.

Bud Robinson was the man to do the job. "I had tried to pick him off several times and had failed," he said, "but finally I got the distance down fine and drew a bead on the little opening by the boulder where he stuck his head when he rose to fire. And when his black noggin darkened this opening, I let drive and knocked the whole top of his head off.

"When the ball struck him he made a wild leap, fell over the ledge and rolled to the base of the bluff. This silenced the long range Enfield, but not until about all our horses were killed."

A plainsman or mountainman grows as attached to his horse as an animal to its newborn. Few men had more compassion for his mount than did Jacob Snively, whose horse was to him as a dog is to a child.

"Captain Snively rode a beautiful gray horse," recounted Robinson, "a noble animal, and one of the most intelligent of his species I ever saw. He was greatly attached to his master and at night in camp was allowed to go foot-loose and untethered, and on the appearance of the least danger, he would run to his master's pallet.

"During the battle this horse was shot by an Indian concealed behind a bush. As the animal fell, Snively killed the Indian with a holster pistol, then turned his attention to the horse, which made three attempts to rise, failing in which he turned his great lustrous eyes upon his master and with an appealing look that spoke louder than any words ever uttered by mortal tongue, gave a whinny, low, pitiful and almost human. In a moment the noble steed was dead, and Captain Snively wept as a little child."

It was now dusk. As the sun set in the distant horizon, the gold seekers watched the Indians withdraw over the hill. Tom Jones, Abe Hunter, Temp and Bud Robinson ambled over the battleground counting the dead Indians left behind. When two redskins reappeared on the bluff, Temp Robinson and Abe Hunter scurried back and helped the other men make breastworks from the dead horses. Only one horse and one mule remained alive.

As Colonel Dalrymple lay on his back, he cautioned the men that the fiends might be preparing for a night attack. The sun had now sunk beyond view. The night air was cold. Each man was fatigued with battle, lack of food, water and rest. If their ammunition held, they might make it.

A little after dark, several savages writhed through the grass like snakes

hunting prey. In an instant, the mule staggered to its death. The horse had an arrow in it, but would live to carry Malcolm Hunter and Colonel Dalrymple to safety. Every animal but one was now dead.

The men lay low, hoping a redskin would show himself. Shortly they heard the prowlers along the base of the bluff, "perhaps in search of a dead comrade—but they didn't find him!" Robinson emphasized, without elaborating.

About midnight, Snively and his party decided to take advantage of a dust-raising wind that had swept in from the northwest. Onto the wounded horse climbed Malcolm Hunter, carrying several broken ribs, and Colonel Dalrymple, his right arm temporarily useless from the lance wound. Into the dust the men crept, striking for the hills beyond. Following them were the two men on the wounded steed.

Just before dawn the following day, the 17 paladins circled back to the Concho, found a dense thicket, and there bedded down for the remainder of the day. Still they went unfed. Their stomachs cramped lack of nourishment.

Late that evening, a small herd of buffalo grazed nearby. Tom Jones and Bud Robinson crawled through the brush and crouched low in the high grass. Shortly they raised and their rifles brought down a buffalo cow. The next several hours the little band of men gorged themselves on half raw meat, the first they had tasted in two days.

Later that night the haggard gold seekers traveled further downstream. At daylight they hid themselves in a thicket, slept, and gnawed buffalo bones.

That night they renewed their trek, confident of seeing civilization once again. The third day they came within sight of Twin Mountains, a prominent landmark about 12 miles above the confluence of the North and South Conchos.

Weary, footsore, hungry, fearing that their entire band might not make it on foot, Tom Jones, Abe Hunter and A. Whitehurst volunteered to go ahead for help at the Frank Tankersley ranch 75 miles away on the South Concho.

The trio traveled all day and until four o'clock the next morning when they heard the ringing of ox-bells, a delightful sound to their ears considering their unexpected company was Rich Coffey, on his way to the Pecos for salt. Supplied with bread and coffee, the trio ate a hearty breakfast, then hitched up the ox teams, and the four returned to the remainder of the party trickling down the Concho 30 miles back.

Tired but bright-eyed, the wounded climbed onto the wagon and they continued their journey to Frank Tankersley's ranch some 35 miles distant. Although each man had nearly lost his life on Snively's gold hunting expedition, there wasn't a one who wanted to give up the search for his gold mine.

Before disbanding, Snively and Dalrymple told the men to go home, regain their health, get a new mount and provisions and be ready to start again in the spring. This time they would organize 100 men with wagons and a large supply of beeves. If the Indians took them on again, the odds would be switched. Each man agreed to meet on the Concho the first of May.

By the middle of March, Jacob Snively, Mose Carson and Colonel Dalrymple reached Georgetown where the latter

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lived. Snively had little more than a month to raise another expedition. This time it would be an army of ex-soldiers, captains, colonels and generals included. Each of the original 17 would make that adventure, except Mose Carson. He had seen his last Indian fight. Too ill to make the second trip, he died on January 1 of the new year.

Jacob Snively was bent on raising an army of the best men Texas had to offer. Drafted into that army was Brigadier General William P. Hardeman, 51 years old. A seasoned fighter from the Revolution, he had tried to reinforce Travis at the Alamo. He had fought Comanches, Mexicans in two wars, joined the Confederacy as a captain and came out a general. From Austin he would ride to the Concho to meet Snively in May.

Still another veteran officer to go was Brigadier General Walter P. Lane, 50 years old. An Irishman, he had fought in the Battle of San Jacinto as a private and because of his valor was promoted to Second Lieutenant. He had ridden with Hay's Rangers, fought in the Battles of Monterrey and Buena Vista, rode with General Beauregard in the Civil War and promptly rose to general. From Marshall, he would join Snively's forces.

Others to rendezvous at the designated date were Captain Aron Carrington of Bosque, one Dr. Bunnels of San Saba, several mineralogists and geologists and others of high respect and integrity. From all over south Texas they rode to meet Snively on the Concho, bringing wagons, extra mounts and beeves.

The designated rendezvous, the last outpost of civilization, was known as Ben Ficklin's. Nearby was camped a cavalry of United States soldiers who would later establish Fort Concho.

While Snively's army of gold seekers camped, preparing for the 300 mile journey to the Sierra Nevadas, a cattleman named Ben Gooch and his drovers passed with a herd of 500 beeves headed for New Mexico.

Snively and his men tried to warn Gooch of the peril ahead, explaining that they had barely escaped death only two months before and if he would hold his herd until all their men arrived, they would proceed together. Gooch said no doing. He would wish later that his judgement had not been so hasty.

A few days after Gooch left, I.W. Cox and eight or ten men passed with a herd of 400 beeves. They, too, were headed for New Mexico. Riding with them in a wagon were a man and his wife, intent on settling in that territory. Again, Snively's men tried in vain to persuade Cox to join their party leaving in a few days. Cox had fought Indians all his life. He and his men "could lick any gang of redskins" that crossed their trail. Cox would wish later that he had heeded their plea.

When Ben Gooch and his men reached the head of the Concho, near the very ground on which Snively's party had been attacked, a painted war party ambushed them. In the frenzy that followed, several of the drovers were killed and each of the 500 beeves were driven off. Gooch himself barely escaped.

Snively's 100 man army finally pulled out from Ben Ficklin and followed Cox who had passed only a few days before. If he had had Indian trouble as did Gooch, no one knew it.

Jacob Snively and Colonel Dalrymple, whose arm wound was barely healed, rode the lead. Ox-drawn wagons filled with tools, arms, ammunition and provisions followed. Behind rode several outriders, driving the beeves to be used when game was scarce.

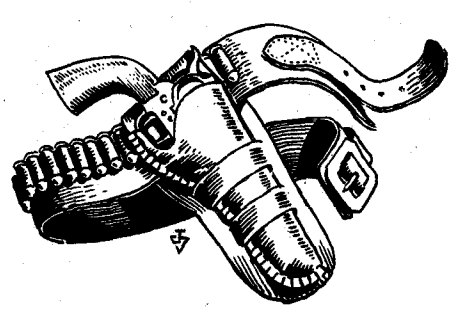
The next 300 miles would be raw wilderness, where water holes were scarce, Indians plentiful, dust storms numerous and vegetation hardly more than cacti and mesquite. Civilization would be four months away. But a gold mine beckoned.

Snively's legion kept a sharp eye for Indian sign. For the next 120 miles it seemed as if the country was empty of human life. It wasn't. When the vanguard approached Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos, they heard shots and shrieking war cries.

Some 150 painted savages had besieged Cox's camp. This time the hellions had bit off more than they could chew. Snively's army of ex-Confederates charged the Indians as if they were beating down on Yankees of comparable numbers.

For a moment the savages were stunned. It was as if Snively's army had come out of nowhere to strike at the last moment. Once the raiders had regained their senses, they lit out like a beaten dog with its tail between its legs.

When the gold seekers had arrived on the scene, nothing could be seen but war bonnets disappearing on the horizon. If the ex-soldiers had ever seen Indians retreat any faster, they couldn't remember when.



Snively's men had not intervened a minute too soon. For three days and nights Cox and his men had defended themselves behind the crumbled walls of an ancient adobe building. During that time they had not tasted food or water. Several of Cox's drovers were killed, the wagons burned, all 400 of his cattle driven off, and all his horses captured but one old pony.

In the besieged party were a photographer and his wife named Hoyett. He had been shot through the thigh and she had been hit with an arrow the first day of the siege. When the gold seekers found her, she was in a grim state of delirium from loss of blood, high fever and thirst. Her lips were swollen and her mouth like cotton.

The gold hunters bound their wounds, furnished Hoyett and his wife with a wagon and the cattlemen with a mount each to return to the nearest outpost.

One of the drovers, Allen Roberts, returned to Burnet by the middle of July and reported the Indian attack to the Georgetown *Watchman*, giving Snively's "Gold Hunting Expedition" full credit with saving their lives. Roberts added that James Bowling, ramrod for the outfit, had joined Snively's company, even though wounded himself.

After resting on the Pecos several days, Snively's expedition marched on to Eagle Springs, 160 miles west of Horsehead Crossing, over some of the most desolate country in southwest Texas. At Eagle Springs, a natural water hole at the base of the Sierra Nevadas or present Eagle Mountains, the men set up camp.

It was a hot day in mid-June. Just to their north lay the deserted Eagle Springs Stage Stand, a small adobe building with several stone corrals lying about, unused since the onset of the Civil War. They would serve well for their own horses. Deserted Fort Quitman lay only about 30 miles northwest on the Rio Grande.

Jacob Snively told his men that the gold mine he had found was near the springs and that it shouldn't take them long to refind it. Snively, a leader among bonanza finders of the West, was confident he could return to the fabulous gold quartz without much difficulty. Each of the ex-soldiers had had plenty of time to dream of what he would do with his share of the golden bonanza.

No sooner had camp been pitched when Snively led a small party out in search of the mine while the others performed camp duty. Late in the evening they returned. Nothing had been

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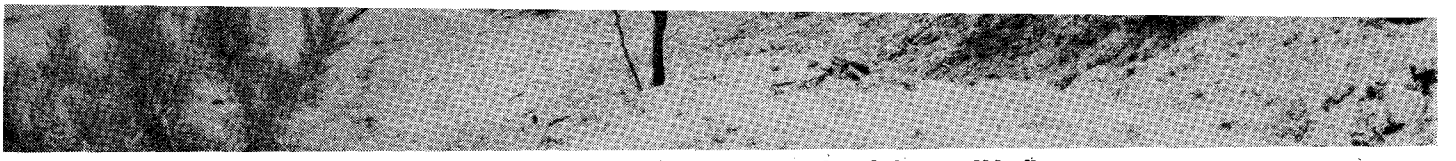

Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos, where Snively's band drove off Indians.

found but the old soldier was confident of success on the morrow.

Early the following morning, Snively and more of the men rode out from Eagle Springs, fanning out over the country. In that party rode several mineralogists who, too, sought the sign of mineral. Copper stains were plentiful, but the ore they sought was gold.

Still the search was fruitless. Snively couldn't believe he had found the ledge of gold only to lose it now. Day after day they rode out, getting an early start before the sun transformed the arid, barren country into an almost inferno.

Once in this rocky desert where one canyon looks like another, one piece of earth like the next to it, where a man can be shriveled of his body moisture in a matter of hours, Snively seemed to be at a total loss in which direction to proceed his search. Finally, the men moved closer to the Rio Grande and prospected that region with no better success.

For almost a month the more than 100 gold seekers spread out over the Eagle Mountains, at times touching the Quitman Mountains on the west and the Van Horn Mountains on the east. Finally they returned to Eagle Springs.

Disheartened, tired, frustrated, several of the men threatened to wreak their vengeance on Snively, believing he had never entered this inhospitable region before in his life. When it looked as if Snively might have to protect his own life, his old friends Colonel Dalrymple and General Hardeman intervened. They were equally as sorry that their expedition had been for naught, but they didn't doubt Snively's word.

With that, most of the gold seekers disbanded. By August 10, one hunter had returned to Waco and reported to the *Register* that about 30 men still remained at Eagle Springs when he left.

Jacob Snively, 58 years old, disappointed with his own failure, returned to Arizona. Unknowingly his time was short. He headquartered in Wickenburg, continued surveying, hunting, guiding, prospecting until he was killed by Apaches in the White Picacho Mountains on March 18, 1871.

Seven years later his bones were buried at Gillett by his good friend and close companion Jack Swilling, who had been with Snively at Pinos Altos in 1860. Snively Holes, a prominent spring east of the Bill Williams Mountains, bear his name to this day.

The mountains north of the Sierra Nevadas have produced millions in gold, silver, copper and lead. Could the unnamed soldier and Jacob Snively after him have been so lost in that barren land east of the Rio Grande that their eyes played tricks on them? Jacob Snively didn't think so.

Each of them died believing he had found one of the greatest bonanzas ever stumbled upon in the Southwest. •

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BLOODY MASSACRE AT SAND CREEK

(Continued from page 20)

While nothing tangible was settled at the Denver conference, Black Kettle and White Antelope apparently felt that some agreement had been reached. At any rate, they brought their people in and went into camp on Sand Creek, about 30 miles from Fort Lyon.

Chivington heard about the encampment at his Denver headquarters and immediately ordered his Third Cavalry into a forced march, heading south in a blizzard. He even held up the United States mail so no word could reach the Indian camp. On the way, somewhere along the Arkansas River, he was joined by 125 men from the Colorado First Cavalry.

On the morning of November 29, 1864, Chivington arrived at Fort Lyon. Here, still another mounted troop joined his command, as well as a howitzer battery. Altogether, he commanded 750 men. When darkness came they were ready to advance.

Chivington's tall, gigantic figure towered in the saddle. His address to the troop was brief and to the point.

"Take no prisoners," he ordered.

The mountain men and trappers, serving as guides, rode ahead in the bitter night. Behind followed the long column of nondescript soldiers; border riffraff, for the most part, whose fighting experience was limited to saloons and bordellos. Their uniforms—those that wore them—were dirty, torn, and odd-sized. Some of them did not know a lieutenant from a colonel. Many could not properly shoulder arms. All had a common bond between them: they had an obsession to kill and the desire for blood.

The morning mists rose, and Sand Creek lay ahead in the cold daybreak. The camp of about 100 lodges sprawled in a dry creek bed sprinkled with intermittent pools. There was no weather-break of brush or timber to protect the Indian village from the raw wind. The vertical banks of the stream rose to a height of from two to ten feet. Altogether, the camp contained probably 200 warriors. The rest were old men, women, and children.

The sleeping tepee-town was awakened by the drumming of hoofbeats. An old woman wrapped her blanket around her waist and ran outside.

"Fresh meat!" she called aloud, thinking of buffalo, and the empty bellies or her relatives.

Tentflaps lifted and others came out. They saw the first column of cavalry spray the shallow water as they galloped upstream. The carbines began to spit fire. The old woman who had shouted the false alarm dropped to her knees, and pulled her blanket around her in a shroud of death. Pandemonium struck the village.

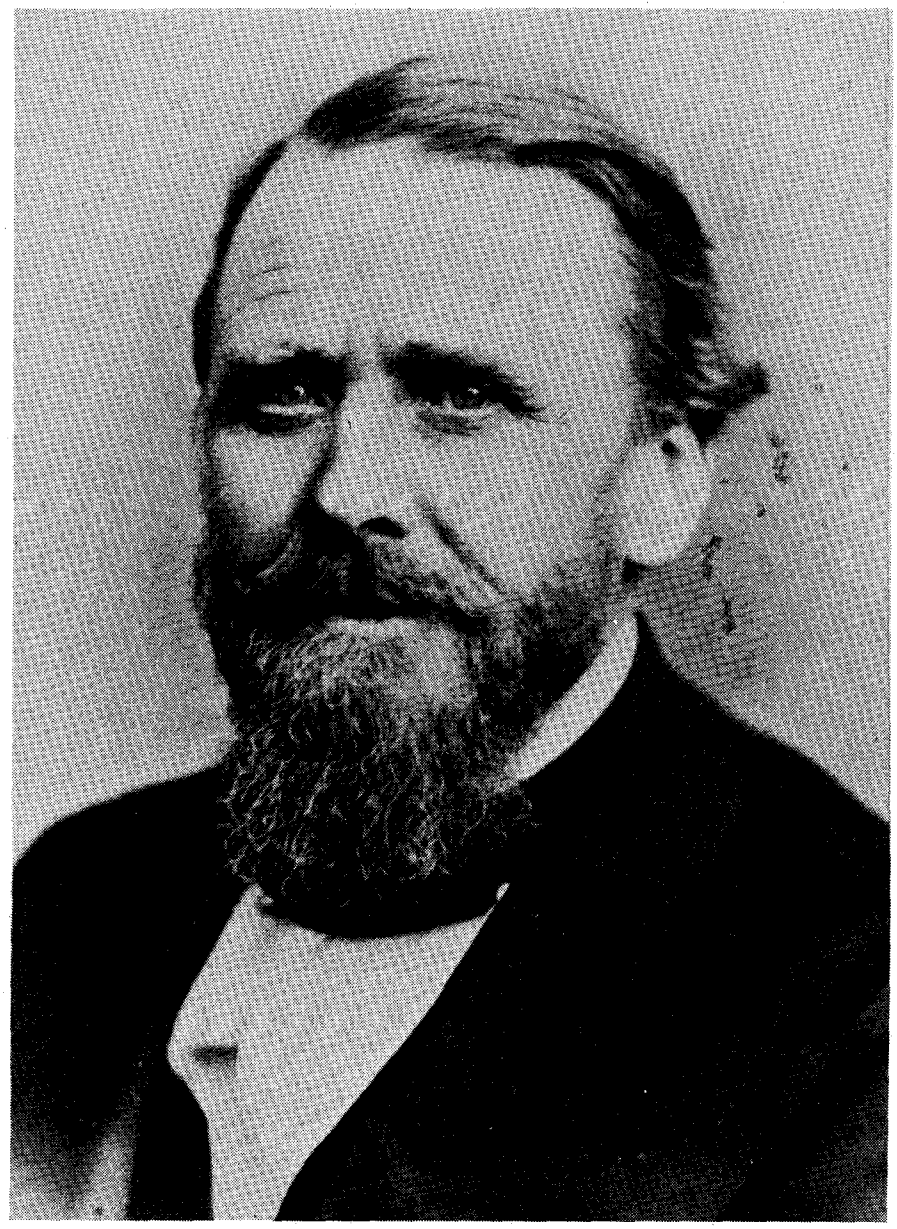
Black Kettle and White Antelope could not believe the attack was deliberate. They had been promised protection, had come in peaceably, and camped near the fort.

"Do not run, my people!" Black Kettle shouted above the roar of bedlam. "They not know we are friends."

While in Denver, the Cheyenne chieftain had been given an American flag. He had been told that so long as he kept it flying his people would be safe. Now he remembered and he hastily ran the flag up on a lodgepole in front of his tepee. A confused mass of men, women, and children rallied around. Only the young men bothered to snatch up bows and arrows.

Chivington's troops plunged in, firing

(State Historical Society of Colorado photo)



Colorado Governor John Evans, who turned the Indian "problem" over to Chivington and the Volunteers.

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at close range, the officers slicing with their sabers. The half-naked Indians ran to the far end of the village. Some of the young men caught their ponies and rode away across the prarie, knowing it was futile to make a stand against such overwhelming odds.

Black Kettle finally realized that peace was impossible. The white man's flag had failed him just as the white man's medal had failed Lean Bear. He turned to run, calling to White Antelope to follow.

"No," White Antelope spoke in grief, "I bring this upon my people. I will stay with them."

He stood calmly before his tipi as the gunfire crackled nearer. Pulling his tattered robe over his shoulders, he chanted his death song. The hail of bullets finally found him and his singing ceased.

Black Kettle's wife fell as she fled with her husband up the creek bed. The chief bent over her and pressed his hand over her breast, but he could not cap the spouting red geyser which surged through his fingers.

"Go," she whispered, faint and weak.

Black Kettle shook his head dumbly. The caissons rumbled in his ears. He picked up his wife and stumbled on. Then she was dead in his arms and no longer his wife. Tenderly he laid her down. He ripped off his necklace of badger claws and tossed them beside her. They were a token payment for the sacred burial he had no time to give her. Then he flung an angry glance at the thundering fury behind him, and staggered on alone.

Chivington directed his Third Cavalry to advance on both sides of the creek, while the infantry swept the Indians before them as they came upstream. The Indians were afoot, unable to escape the fire of the cavalry. Their only recourse was to dig pits in the sandy banks along the creek. Most of them were women and children. Not half of the men carried arms, but they fought with the savagery of their primitive ancestry.

Never before had the Colorado Volunteers seen such raw courage and deathless bravery. The Indians would charge singly and in groups, yelling as they came. There were a dozen rifles for each brave that jumped from the pits, but still they came on. The bullets spun them around, but did not stop them. Hit a half-dozen times, they reached the enemy line, and died like wild beasts, clawing rifles from the hands of the soldiers. Some of them would not stop fighting until their skulls were split with saber blow.

Throughout the morning the troops kept up the merciless siege. The howitzers were wheeled into position and pounded the sandy pits with murderous assault. The women despaired of their lives. They had heard that the white man would not kill women and children. Some of the women jumped from the pits, and ran toward the enemy lines, holding the hands of their children. Others removed their garments, and raced forward naked to prove their identity. But it made no difference to the volunteers. They picked them off methodically until their bodies were piled high in the creek bed.

The fight continued until near midday. Finally, there was nothing left to shoot at. The "fun was over."

As the troops fell back, they scalped and mutilated the bodies. Colonel Chivington had a half-breed scout go with him over the field to identify the dead chiefs. The bodies were so badly disfigured that the scout could not be sure. He did the best he could, and as he droned off the names, Chivington put them down in his notebook.

"Dat's Left Hand. . . dere's War Bonnet. . . White Antelope—"

"Where's Black Kettle?" Chivington demanded.

The scout shrugged. He noticed the colonel's frown and, thinking it didn't make much difference, anyway, pointed to a heap of twisted bodies.

"Dat's him—in dat bunch."

Thus Black Kettle was reported dead, although he had made good his escape and led his few followers far to the south.

That night Chivington fired what remained of the camp, and the Colorado Volunteers marched back to Denver, proudly swinging one hundred scalplocks. The colonel's crusade was over.

There were approximately 650 Indians in the village. How many died in the massacre is not definitely known. No one took the time to actually count. However, estimates of losses run from 150 to 500. Of the 46 Arapahos in the camp, only four survived.

When the Sand Creek story clattered along the telegraph line, newspapers bannered the news on their front pages. The Eastern dailies, of course, ate it up. Americans all over the country were horrified. The government demanded an explanation.

Colonel Chivington was cited for court martial, but he was never brought to trial. The term of enlistment for his men was over, and they, too, were never punished. The loud cries for retribution soon became a feeble murmur and eventually the case died completely out, to remain only a black page in the remote and stirring history of the West.

Today, if you follow Highway 96 you can reach the town of Chivington, Colorado, a reminder of the crusading colonel. Several miles beyond, however, the campsite on Sand Creek remains unmarked. •

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LUKE SHORT, GAMBLING GUNMAN

(Continued from page 29)

drinks. Slowly, a cloud was forming around Webster. His thoughts ran from one thing to another. Hesitantly, his conjectures began to aim toward one subject: himself.

He thought about all the crooked things he had done, about the people he had conned—and for what?

Well, this is the end of the game, he figured. Do I start running, or do I go back to Dodge and stand behind what few friends I have left?

Then he overheard a conversation between the two men beside him.

"You mean ol' Jake just stood there and took his medicine without trying to squirm out 'a it?"

"That's right, Red. I guess he decided that he done squirmed out 'a too many things in his life. It's almost as though he finally decided to be a man. . ."

As the last words of the conversation were ringing in his ears, Webster decided that he, too, would finally be a man. He would return to Dodge and face up to the difficult task of being a man when it would be much easier to run.

Back in Dodge with dark rings around his eyes and fatigue lining his face, Webster listened wearily as Luke told him how things were going to be run.

The first thing to go would be the music ordinance. Webster sat silently as Luke told him what a dirty deal that was.

Then Luke firmly stated that several men in city offices would be replaced by men of his choosing. Of course, the first to go would be the sheriff; then there would be others.

And finally, Luke was to have his $2,000 returned, which he had posted as bail for his band.

Reluctantly, Webster agreed to all of Luke's terms. The beaten mayor had made up his mind the night before not to fight Luke and his men.

Furthermore, Webster realized that such a fight would be hopeless in the face of the gun power Luke had collected, especially since most of the mayor's backers had faded from sight.

Luke had control of Dodge City for awhile. From then on, he ran the Long Branch without interference from Webster. Indeed, the mayor wouldn't be causing anyone any trouble; he was a beaten man and the town knew it. As the Long Branch thrived, Webster's place waned—and soon closed.

In spite of his success, Luke wasn't really happy there. First of all, he wasn't sole owner of the Long Branch.

Luke was the kind 'a fellow that had always been working for someone else. But Luke wanted a place of his own. Just like the cowhand who rode for another man, there was always a yearning for a place of his own. And just like the cowhand, Luke couldn't be truly happy until he owned his own saloon.

Furthermore, the Long Branch wasn't the sort of place he wanted to run. In the years he had been gambling, Luke had acquired quite a bit of polish; he wasn't a two-bit, Saturday night card player.

Certainly, there wasn't much polish to be found in the Long Branch, nor was it expected in a cow town. Luke knew this, and decided to move on.

He sold his interest in the Long Branch and headed for Fort Worth, where he planned to buy the White Elephant, a plush gambling house that was noted for its "high stakes and silk top hats."

The transactions were settled and in 1884 Luke became the White Elephant's new owner. Finally, he had a place of his own. Admittedly, it wasn't quite the way he wanted it to be. (It had been a high class, high society saloon before he bought it, and that "put on fancy" didn't appeal to Luke.) However, it was his. He didn't waste any time making changes.

First, he hired new bartenders who could make a customer really at home. Then he employed several friendly, good-looking women to give the place a little color.

Almost overnight, the cool, stilted atmosphere which had surrounded the place vanished. In its place there was a warm, casual feeling that would make even a cowboy feel at home and would give the town's leading citizens the luxurious comfort they sought.

Under Luke's ownership, the White Elephant became Fort Worth's foremost gambling house. It wasn't long before the White Elephant's fame spread across the entire Southwest. Luke had to start taking reservations weeks in advance as the White Elephant's popularity grew beyond his wildest expectations.

In 1887, Bat Masterson again paid Luke a visit. Luke is reported to have thrown a welcoming party for Bat that was talked about for weeks afterwards. Understanding the closeness of the two men, it's difficult to imagine how the town ever managed to survive the celebration.

While Bat was there, a local, Jim Courtright, gave Luke some trouble. It seemed that Courtright ran a protection racket and was trying to bully Luke into making payoffs for protection.

That was Courtright's mistake, a mistake that would soon cost him his life.

The first time Courtright came into the White Elephant and started putting the pressure on Luke, the die was cast. Luke was not a man who could be pressured. The fearless saloon owner laughed at Courtright and told him to get out.

Courtright stared, dumbfounded for a moment. No one had ever laughed at him before. He started to go for his gun, but noticed the coldness of

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Luke's eyes and decided against it.

There'll be another time, thought Courtright, as he left the saloon and contemplated killing Luke Short.

Courtright was not long in acting. One evening, he got about half stoned and decided it was time to finish his business with Luke Short.

He made his way to the White Elephant and barged his way into the crowded saloon with his pistol drawn. He made a few passes at some of the women, and then tried his aim on a few of the whiskey glasses over the bar.

Luke quickly met the challenge and ordered Courtright out of the White Elephant. Courtright was surprised to see Luke standing there before him. Doesn't this man have any sense, thought Courtright, as he stood with his pistol in his hand. Then Courtright got a mean look in his eyes.

Luke grabbed a chair and shoved it toward the gunman. Ordinarily, such a move wouldn't have fazed Courtright, but the whiskey had taken its toll, and the big man stumbled and fell.

When he got up, he reholstered his gun.

"Now, Short, make 'yer play," barked Courtright, as he weaved unsteadily in a semblance of the classic gunfighter's stance.

"Get out 'a here before you get hurt," said Luke, with genuine sincerity in his voice.

Courtright ignored the warning and went for his gun. Luke beat him easily and dropped him with the first shot. Courtright fell, but as he rolled on the floor, he raised his gun in an effort to get off a shot at Short. He never got the chance. Luke pumped four more bullets into the gunman's body. Then it was over.

The fact that Luke shot him five times caused some people to believe Luke had killed him in cold blood. It was Bat's testimony at a grand jury hearing which gave the supporting evidence for a ruling of justifiable homicide.

That ended Luke's shooting days, and he's said to have finished his life peacefully running the White Elephant.

When Luke died following a long illness in 1895, friends came from hundreds of miles around to attend his funeral.

True, Luke didn't always have it easy, but certainly his last years in the White Elephant were filled with comfort and content. It is interesting to note that when Luke's estate was probated, he didn't have as much money as would have been expected for a man of his position.

It seems Luke was an easy touch and couldn't turn down a man whose luck had run out. Unfortunately (or perhaps it didn't matter to Luke), he never collected most of his loans. •

MAN AGAINST GRIZZLY!

(Continued from page 33)

finally located in some thick brush and Searles began poking about trying to catch sight of his quarry. Suddenly, a monstrous Grizzly reared up on it's haunches, it's nose no more than eighteen inches from the hunter's face.

A Grizzly is at home in the brush, but Searles was packed in tight with no room to maneuver at all. There wasn't the time or space to throw the rifle to his shoulder so he pointed it at the beast's head and hoped to hit him in the brain.

At the rifle's roar, the bear dropped to all fours and began pawing desperately at it's flash-burned face, but apparently no serious damage was done. Quickly throwing another cartridge into his weapon, Searles had a clear shot at the beast's head, but this time he was using his whittled cartridges and the rifle mis-fired.

Twice the desperate hunter tried to fire his weapon, but there was no response and the maddened Grizzly came rushing towards him through the brush. Searles frantically jammed his useless rifle into the bears gaping jaws, but it was brushed aside and he was smashed to the ground by a huge paw. The bear was on him now and with one foot on Searles' breast, he bit and clawed the hunter savagely in the jaw, inflicting a terrible wound.

Next, the monster clawed his throat, severing the windpipe, and then viciously ripped a chunk of flesh from his shoulder. As the bear's foot slipped off his chest, Searles rolled over and the brute bit into his coat which was wadded up on his back. As suddenly as he had attacked, the beast wandered away leaving his victim a torn and bleeding bundle on the bloodied snow.

A few moments later the beast returned and pawed Searles around a little more. Then he left for good.

"In spite of the terrible suffering which I had experienced," recalled Searles, "I did not utter a single groan and the bear decided to depart. When I judged that he was at some considerable distance, I attempted to get up. My shoulder and my left arm were broken and I was blinded with blood, but my legs had not been much injured, and although I was sore all over my body, I got on my feet and went to find my horse. . . In the condition in which I was, with part of my body paralyzed, I had plenty of trouble in mounting my horse."

Apparently the cold weather helped seal the hunter's ragged wounds and he managed to find his way back to camp. Searle's horrified companions immediately packed him off to the nearest settlement, fully expecting him to die at any moment. He was taken to a Los Angeles hospital where an onlooker recalled that "he presented little semblance to humanity; his jaw and both arms were broken and every portion of his body was terribly lacerated."

After some four months of patching and sewing, Searles surprised everyone by surviving his ordeal. A dentist was able to piece his jaw together and although one shoulder was lower than the other, his appearance was soon almost normal. Small wonder that he gave up hunting and took to prospecting in the bear-less wastes of the Mojave desert.

An early Californian, Don Arthuro Bandini, noted that the bear which Searles had tangled with was a noted maurader and killer known as Clubfoot. Supposedly he had several large rewards on his head and he ranged over a wide area of California. Searles himself was once quoted as saying that "of the fourteen known victims of this bear, I am the only one who escaped. This seems to astonish you, but you might have read in the newspapers the entire odyssey of this Grizzly for the last two or three years during which his tracks have been recognized. He lacks two claws from his left hind foot so that his tracks are recognizable and they were found at the place where I was stricken down.

"This bear is the most enormous specimen of his kind that I have ever seen. Last year he killed six men in the mountains of Santa Cruz leading down toward San Bernardino. No one has yet had a chance to bring him down. . . (and) this is a job I am not going to undertake, you may be sure."

It was in a similar battle that "Mountain Charley" earned his second nickname: "The Man with a Silver Skull". Charles H. McKiernan was born in Ireland in 1825 and as a young man spent some years in the quartermaster corps of the British army. He was stationed in New Zealand when word arrived of the great California gold discovery in 1848. When his enlistment was up he signed on as a sailor and reached San Francisco in the Spring of 1849 and he immediately went to work in the mines.

There was money in mining, but it was hard work and after a time Charley invested in a pack train carrying

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(Author's collection)

California grizzly hunter in full regalia, circa 1850.

supplies to Trinity County. His first trip was such a success that he re-invested all his profit in a larger operation and with three helpers and 45 mules set out on a three day journey. The train was attacked by Indians and after a hard fight the men managed to save themselves, but McKiernan lost everything he had.

Charley again mined for a time, but early in 1850 he and a friend set out for the Santa Cruz mountains, near present day San Jose. The friend went on to Santa Cruz while Charley built a cabin and became the first white settler in the Santa Cruz range. He raised sheep and cattle and hunted for a living and did quite well for himself.

It wasn't until late in 1852 that he had any white neighbors, but he kept busy building roads and hunting deer and the mighty Grizzly bear. He sold the pelts and meat and became well-known as an expert hunter and woodsman.

McKiernan had several close shaves with Grizzlies, but his most noted encounter took place on an afternoon in May of 1854. He was out hunting with a friend named Taylor and the two men had killed several deer. On approaching the two dead animals at the top of a gulch, the hunters saw a she Grizzly and her two cubs about 400 yards below them. They decided to go after the bear and worked their way down for a closer shot when they discovered their quarry had suddenly disappeared.

Puzzled, the two men quickly followed a deer trail down the hill hoping to again spot the bear. McKiernan was in the lead, when suddenly upon rounding a bend in the trail, he came face to face with the snarling quarry. The great she-Grizzly was on her hind legs, forepaws outstretched and only six feet in front of the hunter.

Both men were seasoned frontiersmen and while McKiernan fired with his rifle practically against the bear's chest, Taylor fired over Charley's shoulder into bruins face. Seeing the shots had no effect, McKiernan backed up and clubbed frantically with his rifle. Brushing the weapon aside, the Grizzly seized Charley with her forepaws and crushed his head in her mighty jaws. Then, throwing the hunter aside, she took after Taylor who was able to make his escape up the ridge only because his dog had attacked the two cubs.

Bounding back to her cubs, the Grizzly chased the dog away and then returned to where Mountain Charley lay in a heap. Seizing an arm of the bloody hunter, the Grizzly dragged him to a clearing where she pawed and sniffed over him in curiosity. Finally the bear and cubs left, leaving the torn and battered McKiernan under a large oak tree.

Taylor, his rifle reloaded, returned to the scene to find Mountain Charley sitting up and conscious, but partially paralyzed from shock. He bound up his friend's wounds as best he could and, leaving him the rifle, went up to bring down the horses.

In San Jose, Charley was placed under the care of doctors A. W. Bell and T. J. Ingersoll. Besides his mangled arms, the hunter's face and nose were disfigured and one eye had been torn out. In addition, he had a gaping wound in his skull which proved to be the most serious problem. Fashioning a silver plate from two Mexican half dollars, the doctors were able to successfully close the hole in the skull.

Within three weeks, however, the plate had corroded and another had to be put in it's place. Charley underwent both operations without an anesthetic. After suffering severe headaches for the next two years, McKiernan again had an operation during which a lock of hair was removed from the wound in his skull. After this he enjoyed good health and died in 1892 from a stomach ailment. He was well known and respected in the San Jose area and was always affectionately known as "the man with a silver skull".

In June of 1845, a small group of American settlers inaugurated what is known in California history as the Bear Flag Revolt. The revolt was of brief duration because of the outbreak of the U.S. war with Mexico, but it had been occasioned by grievances, both real and fancied, against the Mexican government.

The insurgents choice of a flag reflected the settlers respect and admiration for California's most mighty native inhabitant. On a white field, with a broad red stripe at the bottom, was a Grizzly bear and a lone star. Beneath the bear were the words, "California Republic".

Today, over one hundred years after the Bear Flag Revolt, the flag is still retained as the official banner of the golden state. •

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THE GUNS THAT WON THE WEST

(Continued from page 37)

tion was completed, it was found that of the 35,574 guns, 24,000 were loaded, and of these two-thirds had multiple loads! Among the 18,000 guns containing multiple loads, 6,000 had three to ten charges each—one gun contained 23 charges!

Under duress and strain of battle, the soldiers had loaded their guns several times, forgetting each time to put in a firing cap or that they had already reloaded.

In addition to finding multiple charges in the guns, investigators found paper cartridges which had been inserted without having the end torn and cartridges which had been placed in the barrel upside-down.

With this information the War Department was quick to discount the value of muzzle-loaders. However, the problem of changing from muzzle-loading weapons to breech-loading weapons was too difficult to be attempted with much success during that conflict. But, following the War, much was done to change over to breech-loading rifles using metallic cartridges.

Among the most memorable names of rifles in the old West were the Winchester and the Sharps. When you said both Winchester and Sharps in the same sentence in the 1870's, you said about all there was to be said concerning American rifles.

Ironically, the first repeating rifle of the West did not come out under the name Winchester—a name which meant "repeater" from 1870 on. Although not produced under his name, America's first repeating rifle was produced under direction of Oliver. F. Winchester, who was later to establish the Winchester Co.

In 1857 Winchester and others bought the financially troubled Volcanic Repeating Arms Company (which manufactured a line of repeating pistols) and subsequently changed the name to New Haven Arms Co. In 1860 the New Haven Arms Co. produced the first repeating rifle of America, the Henry rifle, which used a metallic cartridge and the repeating mechanism of the Volcanic pistol.

The guns bears the name "Henry" in honor of its inventor, B. Tyler Henry. Today you may see a street sign bearing the words "Henry St." in front of the Winchester factory in New Haven. Also, Henry's name is perpetuated on the ammunition which Winchester issues. On the head of each rimfire cartridge of any caliber made by Winchester can be found the letter "H" a registered Winchester trademark.

The principle Henry employed was that of using the metallic case of a cartridge to form a gas-tight seal in the breech, instead of attempting to make the breech itself gas-tight.

The original Henry rifle, which gun collectors claim was the only model produced by the New Haven Arms Co., used a .44 caliber bullet. The cartridge for this gun had a 216 grain ball with 25 grains of powder behind it. The gun held 16 rounds and could be fired with accuracy to 150 yards or more.

When the Henry rifle came out, it found a lack of enthusiasm with a War Department which was engaged in fighting a civil war. However, the revolutionary weapon found immediate friendship with settlers in the West.

They realized the rifle's advantages and were quick to seize upon the opportunity to increase their odds against the environment. The rifle won particularly quick respect from prospectors and gunmen who found the weapon to be especially useful in lengthening their lives.

In 1866 Winchester changed the name of the New Haven Arms Co. to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. and brought out the famous Winchester Model 1866, which used the same .44, flat, rimfire cartridge of the Henry rifle. However, the cartridge for the 1866 model had been changed from a conical bullet to a flat-nosed bullet. From this new bullet arose the name "44 Henry Flat," commemorating the original inventor and the shape of the bullet.

The next famous Winchester was the Winchester Model 1873. It still used a .44 caliber cartridge. However, it was a centerfire cartridge, .44-40, using 40 grains of black powder instead of 25 grains as in the Henry and 1866 Winchester rifles. The 1873 Winchester was a lever-action repeater, as were the two earlier Winchester rifles (remembering that the first Winchester rifle came out under the name Henry.)

From then on the history of Winchester is one of growth and improvement until we have the modern firearms manufactured by them today.

But on the frontier the "44" was king, and any man who owned one of the early Winchester repeaters had a rifle of high reliability and accuracy, which, when skillfully employed, could protect him from insurmountable odds or could provide him with fresh game for his table.

To the man on the frontier, to the soldiers of the 1860's, and to rifle match contestants in the mid 1800's, there was another gun which had just as much use as the renowned Winchester. The gun was the Sharps rifle.

Sharps rifles, which came along before the Winchesters, were all single-shot weapons, with early models using paper cartridges. The Sharps rifles were known for their accuracy, stopping power, and dependability. It was the Sharps rifles, used practically to the exclusion of all other rifles, which assisted in killing buffalo by the tens of thousands in the 1870's.

The Sharps rifles were developed by Christian Sharps, the first issue appearing in 1851. It was the innovation of breech-loading which made the Sharps rifles such a great improvement over the earlier muzzle-loaders.

There were many different Sharps rifles made, but one is of particular importance. It was the gun used to kill

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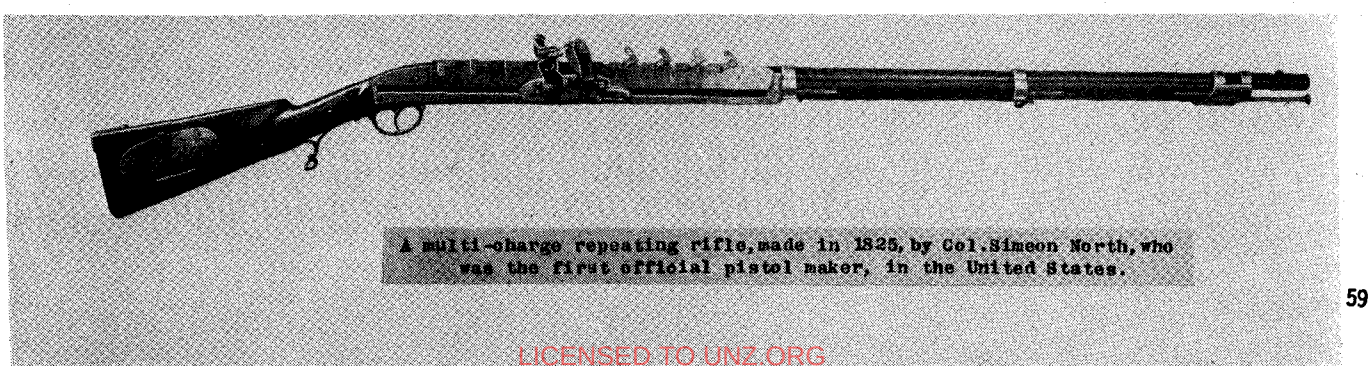

A multi-charge repeating rifle, made in 1825, by Col. Simeon North, who was the first official pistol maker, in the United States.

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buffalo in the 1870's when that animal roamed the grasslands in huge herds.

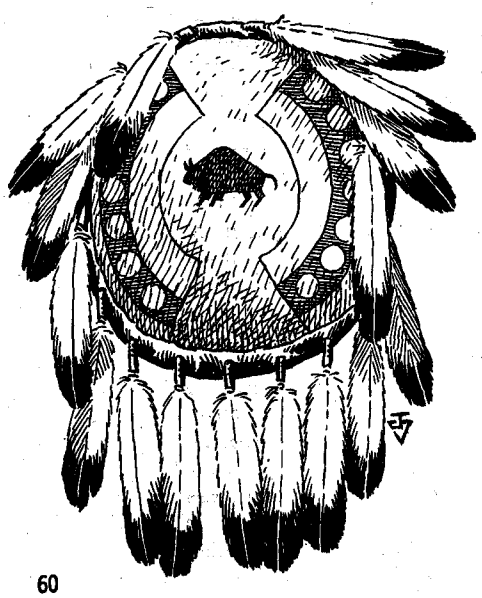
The Sharps rifle used by buffalo hunters was a .45 caliber model, single shot, breech-loader. The bullet was backed by 120 grains of deadly black powder. The .45 caliber model was soon changed to .50 caliber when Sharps realized the need for greater range and stopping power in weapons used by buffalo hunters. The .50 caliber models had a 140 grain charge which was easily capable of dropping a buffalo at two hundred yards.

The first Sharps rifles were said to leak fire around the breech. In later models this flaw was removed and the gun found immediate acceptance on the frontier. In the first Sharps rifles the breech closed on a linen cartridge, tearing off the end of the cartridge, exposing the powder to the percussion cap. In later models metallic cartridges were used.

In the years before Winchester came along with his repeater, there were no better rifles available than the Sharps rifles. Their successful use in the Civil War is well known. Even after the Winchester was introduced, the Sharps rifles were still used in tournament shooting.

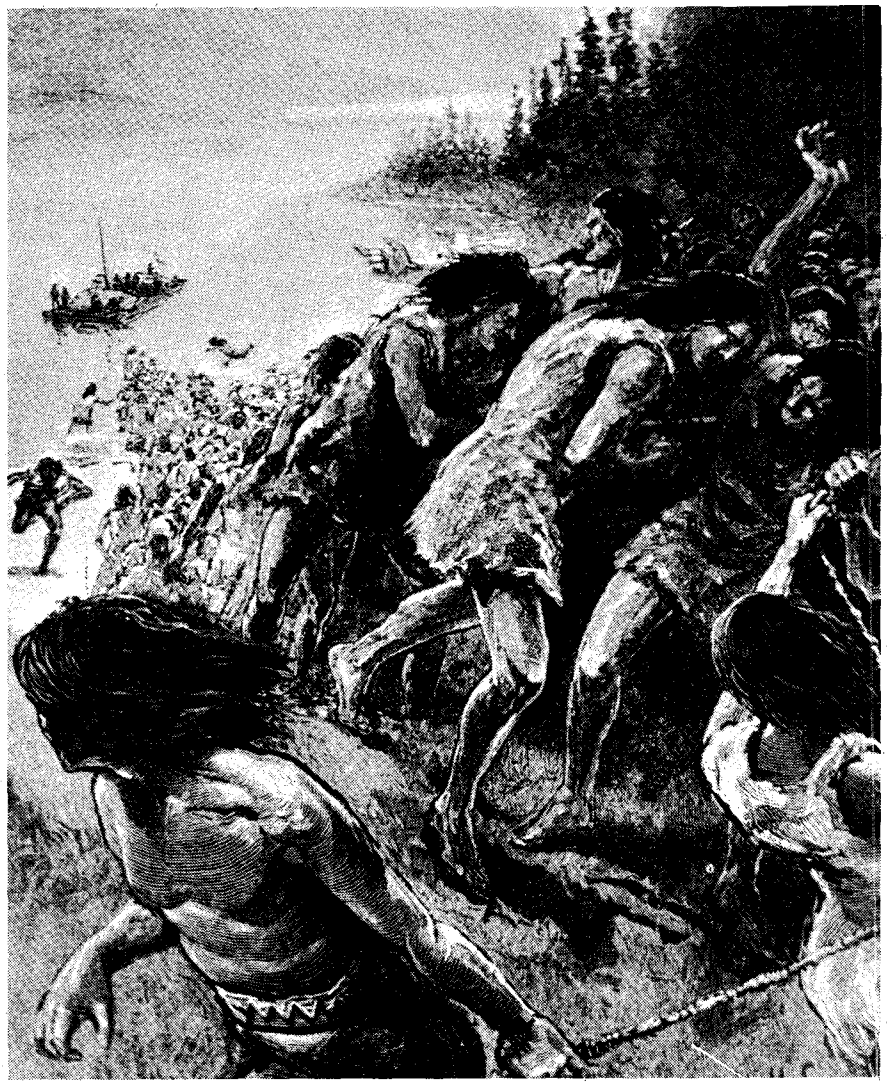
However, Sharps failed to produce a repeater when Winchester brought to the world a rifle capable of firing repeatedly without reloading. Thus, since the Winchesters were more popular (though not necessarily better) and were repeaters (the reason for their popularity), and since Sharps didn't issue a repeater, sale of his rifles fell off and the Sharps Rifle Co. closed its doors in October of 1881.

For the man on the frontier his gun was a means of survival. Without it he was easy prey for Indians and numerous bandits. When the man on the frontier purchased a gun he wanted the most killing power he could get for his money; consequently, manufacturers strived to fulfill his demands, and thus the guns of the West evolved. •



EXPLORING THE YUKON: Part Two

(Continued from page 43)



the interest of exploration.

As we dragged the raft upon the bank and left it there to burn out its existence as firewood, we felt that we were parting from a true and trusty friend.

We met out first Eskimo dogs here, a finer and larger race than those I had seen farther to the east. They seemed a distinct type of dog in their likeness to each other, and not the vagabond mass of variable mongrels of all sizes and conditions that my previous knowledge of cold-weather canines had led me to consider them.

At Nuklakayet we were furnished with a small, decked schooner of eight or ten tons, called in the rough Russian vernacular of the country a "barka." It was said to be the fleetest "barka" on the river—when the sails were spread in a good wind.

We had good wind in abundance, but there were no sails so the current was again our motive power.

There was, indeed, a palsied jib that we could tie up when the wind was just right, but the wind rarely made its use possible. We got away from Nuklakayet on the 8th, and drifted down the river till camping time.

Then we found that the "barka" drew so much water that we could not get within thirty or forty yards of shore, and were obliged to bring our rubber boots into use.

All the next day, we had a heavy head wind and made but eight miles.

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Our craft stood so high out of the water that at times she actually went upstream against a three-mile current.

At night, however, these daily gales fell and left us prey to the swarms of mosquitoes. On the 10th, we passed Indian villages with their networks of fish-weirs spread on the river. We passed, too, the mouth of the Newicargut, or Frog River. On this part of the Yukon we pass, in succession, the Sooncargut, Melozicargut and Tosecargut, which the traders have simplified into Sunday-cargut, Monday-cargut and Tuesday-cargut—cargut being a local Indian term meaning river or stream.

The Newicargut marks the point where explorers from the upper river connected with those of the lower, and established the identity of the Pelly of the English and Kwichpak of the Russians. Since then, the river has been known as the Yukon, the Russian name disappearing, and the name Pelly becoming restricted to the tributary that flows into the Yukon opposite Selkirk.

Near the Indian village of Sakadelontin we saw a number of coffins perched in trees. This was the first time we had seen this method of burial on the river. In all the Indian villages on this part of the river we found the number of women greatly in excess of the men, for at this season all the able-bodied hunters were inland on the tundra north of the river, hunting for their winter stock of reindeer clothing and bedding.

The Russian or local name for the reindeer coat is "parka," and here we saw the first one made from the spotted or tame reindeer of the native tribes of eastern Siberia.

The spottings are great, brownish-red and white splotches like those on a "calico" pony.

A generous offer made to the owner of this particular "parka" was immediately and scornfully refused.

Facing the usual gale, we drifted slowly down the river to Kaltag, where the south bank becomes a simple flat plateau, though the north bank is high and even mountainous for more than four hundred miles farther.

It seemed not improbable that this had been the Yukon's ancient mouth, when the river flowed over all the flat plain down to the sea. Certainly, the deposit from the river is now filling in the eastern shores of Bering's Sea.

Navigators about the coast say it is dangerous for vessels of any considerable draught to sail within fifty or a hundred miles of land near the Yukon's mouth, and every storm lashes the sea into a muddy froth.

We amused ourselves, late in the evening of the 18th, by drifting far into the dark hours of the night in search of a fair place for a camp, but without avail. Two days later it blew so hard that we could not think of stirring, but lay at our moorings in momentary danger of shipwreck. Anvic, a picturesque little trading post, was reached on the 22nd.

The trading posts become more numerous now, but just beyond Anvic the last Indian village is passed, and forty miles below the Eskimo villages begin.

Myriads of geese were now seen everywhere, mobilizing for the autumn journey to the south. We had a further token of coming autumn on the morning of the 24th, when we found the high grass white with frost, and we were told by a trader at Anvic that ice would sometimes be thick by the 1st of September.

The little trading steamer came down the river the same day, and taking us in tow, brought us down to a mission where an old Greek church of the Russian Company still draws subsidies from Russia.

On the following day, we reached an Eskimo village, and slept for the first time since spring under a roof.

Andreavsky was made the next day, where the hills were plainly lowering. The spruce and poplar disappeared now, and low willows took their place, though plenty of wood still abounded in immense drifts on the upstream ends of the numerous islands. Near Andreavsky begins the delta of the Yukon, with its interminable number of channels and islands.

We reached Koatlik at the mouth of the river on the 28th, and came to St. Michaels on the afternoon of the 30th, meeting our old acquaintance, the southern gale, outside. We had hoped to take sail on the revenue cutter *Corwin*, but she had already been gone two weeks, and we were forced to turn our hopes to the schooner *Leo*.

It was not until the 8th of September that the *Leo* hove in sight, bearing down upon St. Michaels in a gale of wind. She had onboard Lieutenant Ray's party from the international meterological station at Point Barrow and, although overcrowded already, we were kindly made welcome.

The *Leo* was in a bad way, having "stove in" her bow against the ice while trying to make Point Barrow, and a few doubts were expressed as to her seaworthiness in the choppy seas of the autumn.

We got under way on the 11th, however, and once out of Norton Sound, made a quick passage across to Oonalaska in the Aleutian Islands. Here the *Leo* was beached and repaired. We had grown tired of long strolls and trout fishing in the mountain streams at Oonalaska, and were glad at last to take ship and bear away from the last foothold on Alaska. •

WESTERN BITS

(Continued from page 6)

bed to bring in the axe from the woodpile. She placed the axe under the bed and went back to sleep, confident that the pain would soon be gone. This was common frontier superstition, and a knife or anything similar would do just as well if it had a sharp edge to "cut the pain." Doctors say this probably worked, too, as it was simply a common form of self-hypnosis. If the person in pain really believed the remedy would work . . . then it often did.

* * *

You rarely hear much about Frank Dalton, brother of the famous Dalton outlaws. Frank was the oldest of the Dalton boys and was a Deputy U.S. Marshal. He served with great honor and was finally killed by a man he was trying to arrest near Fort Smith, Arkansas.

* * *

Frontier people learned quickly that you don't mess with a man who carries a "Rattler"! No, this wasn't a snake, but an old muzzle-loading shotgun loaded with things like screws, nuts, bolts and even broken glass. A rag had to be tied over the muzzle to keep this junk in place, and this made the barrels "rattle." It was the most-feared weapon in the old west, more feared even than the snake of the same name.

* * *

Perhaps the longest, toughest race ever held occurred when the "Cherokee Strip" was first opened for settlement. Government surveyors had marked off 27,000 quarter sections—but there were more than 100,000 people ready to stake their "claims". By the time the race was over, the prairie was littered with the bodies of horses that were ridden to death and of men who weren't strong enough to hold their claims. Some young slender men kept their claims without trouble—they dressed as women until the danger had passed.

* * *

Ned Buntline came out with some pistols that had fairly long barrels, but the longest pistol ever used had a barrel a foot long. That didn't sound like much until you measured the complete gun and found that you had a weapon nearly 19 inches long. Which

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means that you would be wearing a pistol that would reach below your knees! These pistols were too much to handle as they were extremely barrel heavy and were considered too slow to draw, even against the slowest of greenhorns.

People who used these guns knew that they could hit better at long distances but they thought it was because the long barrel made the bullet hold up longer before it would start dropping. The real reason that they could hit better was that the sights were farther apart. This leaves the eye less room for error.

* * *

Most everyone has heard of a "Jerk Line Outfit." The "Jerk Line" was something used by big outfits to handle their teams. Ore and freight wagons were very big and were frequently hooked together to be pulled by as many as twelve to twenty animals in one team. This meant a string of horses or mules could be as long as a hundred feet.

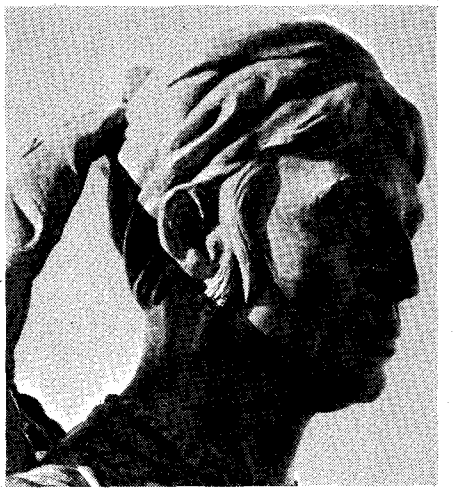
A man sitting on the drivers seat simply couldn't guide that many animals so he used what came to be called a "Jerk Line." This line was held by a man who rode ahead of the team. Actually, it was a lead line, but it became called a jerk line because he frequently had to jerk to make the teams follow.

* * *

Old-timers had to be extra careful when traveling in Indian country. There was always the danger of losing a scalp, but a newcomer faced other perils . . . he could end up a married man without knowing what had happened! The Indian squaw had some pretty sneaky ways of proposing, which often ran along the lines of making you a pair of shoes or cooking some special meal for you that had more meaning than just filling your stomach. If you accepted this gift. . . you would probably end up with an Indian bride! This was a place where ignorance was no excuse; you either took the woman or ended up with a knife stuck in your ribs.

* * *

The Indian might be very poor in this life, lacking the equipment needed to live a good life and provide for his family. But when the Indian died, his friends would chip in and provide all of the equipment that he might need for the next life. All of this was buried with him and not one article would ever be touched by another person, however desperate his need. The Indian accepted this tradition without question. He never tried to reason out why anything was done when it came to the burial ceremony. ●



Osceola's choice: freedom or death!

(Continued from page 49)

ment it meant still having the Indians around. To the Seminoles it meant leaving their comfortable villages and rich garden land for swamp and sand where it would be almost impossible to raise gardens.

It was at this time that Micanopy, chief of the Seminoles, invited Osceola and his small band of seven Tallassee warriors to live with his band and act as Tustenuggees, or Indian police. Their job was to ride herd on the hungry, unruly braves and keep them on the land set aside for the Seminoles. They were to keep order in general, but it was the keeping of hungry men on the reservation that troubled Osceola. After all, the Seminoles had been moved away from their old homes just before harvest, and now they and their families were reduced to living on roots and were almost starving. To steal from the men who now lived on their old land did not seem wrong under the circumstances. Food had been promised but was now refused on the excuse of punishing the Seminoles for these thefts. Seminole resentment grew.

In the hard years that followed, the Seminoles learned to adapt to life in the swamps and could exist there with all the proficiency of the alligators and swamp birds. Their villages were secreted away in the tree-covered marshes and were almost impossible to locate. But the white settlers still demanded their removal. In May of 1832, Col. James Gadsden met with a council of Seminole chiefs at Payne's Landing. Some were induced to sign a treaty agreeing to their removal to Indian Territory if the Seminoles agreed to do so after hearing the report of a delegation of chiefs who were to go there and look at the country. Osceola was at this council in his capacity of Indian policeman, and was very alert and interested in everything that went on.

In the minds of all Seminoles, there were several, serious objections to such a move over and above that of being forced to leave their rightful homes. They would have to live among the Creeks and be dominated by them, and they looked upon the Creeks as their enemies since they had fought with the Americans against them during the First Seminole War. Also, they would be living beside the warlike and fierce Plains Indians whom they feared. They dreaded the cold Winters of the western country.

With these reservations in mind, six chiefs traveled to the Indian Territory. While there, they were induced to sign a rewritten Payne's Landing Treaty. The wording was changed to read that if the delegation approved of the country, the Seminoles would be removed. Thus, the delegates signed away the rights of their people. When they returned to Florida and this became known, the other Seminoles were outraged. The younger warriors, including Osceola, became bitter enemies of the whites.

General Wiley Thompson was the Indian Agent in Florida, and unfailingly sided with the white settlers against the Seminoles. On October 23, 1834, he called a council at Fort King and ordered the Seminoles to be ready to emigrate before cold weather set in. That afternoon, the stunned Indians met alone. When no one took a stand, Osceola suddenly leaped to his feet and made a fiery, eloquent speech that shocked the chiefs. It was an unashamed speech of rebellion. Osceola said that he refused to be pushed out of his home and would resist any such attempt with force. The Seminoles had men, guns and ammunition just as the white men had, and they knew how to use them and they knew how to fight.

As Osceola stepped back, a shout went up from the younger warriors. The older men and chiefs spoke among themselves, and it was plain that they, too, were moved by his words. This was their home and they would stay and fight for that right if necessary. Only one chief held out to accept removal west, and the next day, when the Seminoles again met with Thompson, he too joined the leadership of Osceola. The Indian Agent was told that since the time period agreed upon by the Treaty of Moultrie Creek still had seven years to go, they recognized that agreement but not that of Payne's Landing. Nothing Thompson could say moved any of the leaders, and Osceola moved about among them, continually speaking to any who seemed to waver.

Astonished, Thompson noted that Osceola was now the recognized leader of this rebellion. Finally, they arose and solemnly filed from the room. That night, the Agent wrote a long letter to an official in Washington and the name of Osceola became known there for the first time. It was not the last they heard of him.

Thompson was instructed to get on with the removal of the Seminoles.

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Andrew Jackson was president now, and he sent a personal message to the Indians saying that they could either move or be moved. At this meeting, Chief Jumper spoke for the Seminoles. He reiterated that his people would abide by the terms of the Treaty of Moultrie Creek. General Duncan L. Clinch was there with troops to intimidate the Indians. He said that he was there to see that they moved west and that he had enough troops to do so. Micanopy, chief of the Seminoles, refused to attend this meeting and merely sent word the next day that he did not accept the removal order.

Angrily, Thompson told the assembled Indians that Micanopy and two other recalcitrant chiefs would no longer be recognized as chiefs. This had the desired effect. The next day, sixteen chiefs unwillingly made their marks upon a removal treaty. In recognition of Osceola's new authority in the tribe, he was asked to make his mark also. Furious at the capitulation of the others, Osceola's black eyes blazed hate. He stepped up to the council table; his dagger was swept upward in a swift motion and then downward. The hated paper was pinned to the table.

"This is my mark and I will make no other," he stormed.

There was a charged silence in the room, then Osceola turned and strode from the room.

The Seminoles were to be ready to leave Tampa Bay by the fifteenth of January but Thompson was taking no chances. He prohibited the sale of arms, powder and lead to the Indians, and in doing so further antagonized them. The order was looked upon as a declaration of war. Osceola was particularly angry and he took a solemn oath.

"I will make the white man red with blood; and then bleach him in the sun and rain, where the wolf shall smell of his bones, and the buzzard live upon his flesh."

Now Osceola, who had always been friendly with the white men at Fort King, became cold and taciturn. This was especially true while he was with Agent Thompson. The relationship between the two men became worse with each chance meeting. Then Thompson had Osceola put in chains.

There are two stories about this. In an official letter, the Agent said that he had Osceola arrested and publicly humiliated because of his arrogant behavior towards him. The other story is that the Agent stood by and allowed a slave hunter to take one of Osceola's wives to be sold into slavery, and that when Osceola made a move to stop it Thompson had him arrested, put in irons and placed upon public display. However it happened, Osceola was placed in irons upon Thompson's orders, and held for several days until the young Indian leader promised to sign the removal agreement and to bring in others to do the same. Then his chains were removed, but he still wore the scars they made until the day he died. When freed, Osceola left without uttering one word, but as he reached the edge of the clearing he paused and turned. His head went back and a wild cry rang out in the stillness.

"Yo-ho-ee-lo."

It was Osceola's war cry, and in the years that followed it became known and feared the length of the Florida peninsula.

True to his promise, Osceola returned within five days with 79 Indians to sign the treaty. Thompson took this keeping of his promise to mean capitulation, and presented Osceola with a fine rifle. Without expression, Osceola took the firearm and left.

The Seminoles requested that after their removal west into Creek country, they be provided with a special government agent to protect them from their old enemies with whom they would be living. This was refused. The dissatisfaction among the Seminoles increased Osceola talked with Chief Micanopy. He showed him the marks of the irons upon his wrists and told him of his treatment by Thompson.

"Peace between the Seminoles and the Americans is no longer possible," he declared.

Although afraid of strife, the elderly chief could not stand up against the fiery, young warrior. He called the Seminole chiefs together in the Big Swamp for a council of war. Thompson heard of this meeting but still believed the Indians would meet on the specified date to emigrate. After all, they had always kept their agreements.

White settlers and explorers waited in droves to rush into Seminole land as soon as the Indians left. But they underestimated Osceola. Under the now-powerful influence of his patriotic zeal, the Seminoles had decided to make a fight for their homeland. To ensure against timidity on the part of any chief, a law was passed making it a death offense to defect to the enemy and agree to emigrate. This was to include any preparation towards removal, such as selling off cattle.

A few chiefs who wanted to get away from strife-torn Florida went to Fort Brooke and asked for protection for themselves and their bands. This was given and they were referred to as the "friendly Indians."

Soon, incidents began to occur as the Indians broke into settlers' homes in search of guns and supplies for the imminent war. Thompson began to wonder if the hoped-for removal would take place after all. When Chief Charley Amathla was executed under the terms of the law passed at the Big Swamp war council because he'd brought his cattle in and had sold them in preparation to going west, the Agent gave up hope.

Chief Amathla was not executed out of hand. He was warned but went ahead with the sale of his cattle. The council met and a formal death sentence was passed. Osceola was appointed to handle the execution and did so. Most of Amathla's band then joined the hostiles.

Thompson wrote to Washington, saying that the Seminoles had turned decidedly hostile and that he could not induce the Indians at the fort to scout for him because they were afraid. By December, the Seminoles had vanished into the deep recesses of the swamp. They only came out to make hit-and-run attacks across the frontier. Osceola often led these attacks and his peculiar war cry was recognized. In these attacks, Osceola

Florida Indians depicted in early battle against Spanish conquistadores.
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had one, standing rule for his warriors to follow: Women and children were not to be harmed.

"We are warriors and do not make war on women and children," he told them.

On December 9, 1835, the War Department authorized the Florida governor to provide General Clinch with as many men as he needed for action. The Second Seminole War had begun.

On December 28, the war turned hot. On that day, Osceola took his revenge upon Indian Agent Thompson. He killed him and several other men at Fort King. Osceola's war cry was heard and recognized.

At about the same time, two companies of men from Fort Brooke under the leadership of Brevet Major Francis L. Dade were attacked by a large band of warriors led by Alligator, Jumper and Micanopy. The soldiers had a cannon, but the Seminoles shot every man who tried to use it. In the fierce fight, only three men of the two companies escaped and reached Fort Brooke alive. They soon died of their wounds.

Within less than a week, General Clinch led a force of around 800 men against the Indians. Their plan was to destroy the Indians' villages with their irreplaceable supplies, thus crippling the Seminoles' war potential. To reach the camps, the troops had to cross the Withlacooche River. It was too deep to ford and only one small canoe was available for the crossing of the 800 men. Behind a fringe of trees, the Seminoles watched the tedious crossing af around two hundred of the soldiers. Then they attacked. Osceola's voice was heard directing the operations. When he received an arm wound, the Seminoles drew back and the troops did not pursue. They returned to the fort, and the campaign upon which so much hope had been placed was of no consequence. Every day that passed brought more frustration to the army in their attempt to dislodge the Seminoles from their watery homes.

The war dragged on. Seminole boys took up the rifle as soon as they were large enough to use one; women and girls combed the swamp for food and molded bullets for their men. During these years, the story goes that babies were killed at birth due to the necessities of their way of life, and later rolls of the tribe show no members born at that time. It was a fight for survival in the most literal sense of the word. Much of the courage to keep up the fight depended upon Osceola's determination that his people should not accept injustice.

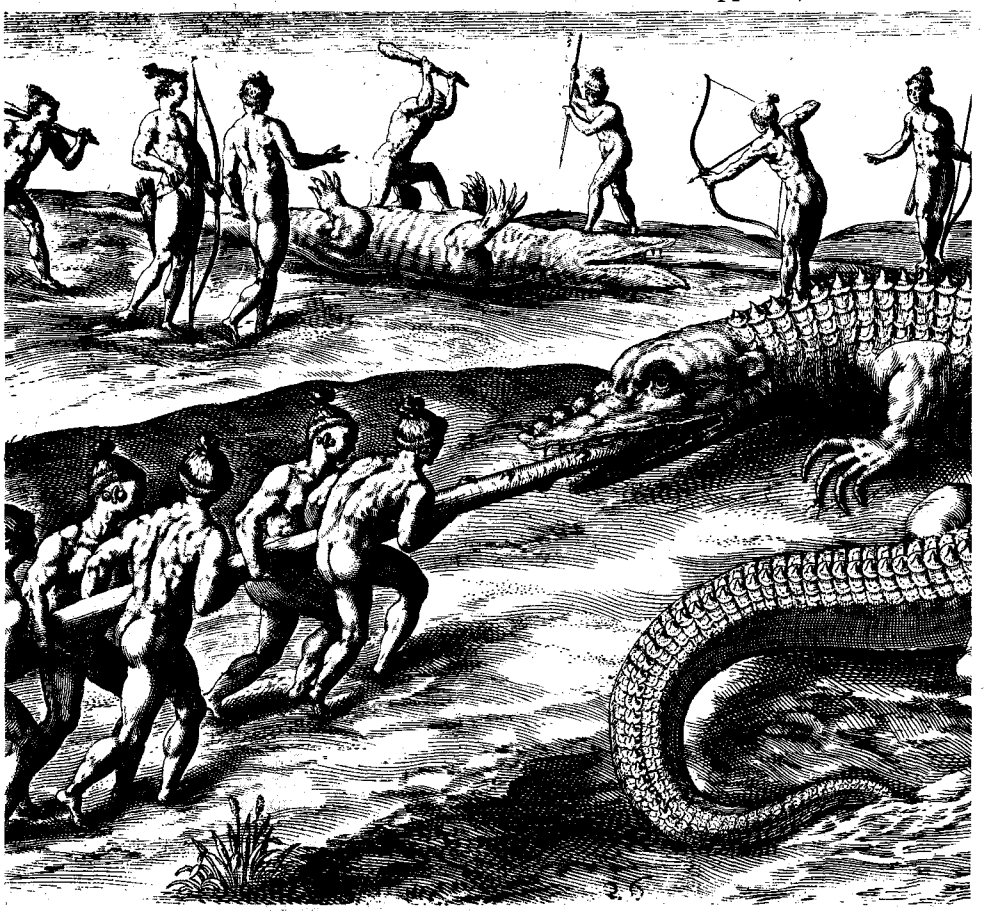
Other generals came to lead the fight against the Seminoles, and it became known as a graveyard for military ambition as, one by one, they failed to conquer the few thousand Indians. General Edmund P. Gaines led a large force against the Seminoles, and the action ended by the Indians' besieging him until help came. As it happened, the two sides almost reached a peaceful agreement under these conditions. Then General Clinch came to assist General Gaines and, not knowing a peace parley was under way, attacked. Osceola, Jumper, Alligator and other influential leaders were taking parley, and when they were fired upon they thought the whole thing was a trick, and the war was on again.

Now General Winfield Scott came to try his luck against Osceola and his Seminoles. His campaign was both brief and unsuccessful. By now, it was becoming difficult to find an officer willing to accept command in the Florida War. The reputations of too many military men had suffered from trying to bring it to a successful close. Brigadier General Richard K. Call, then governor of Florida, gladly accepted the post. He imported bloodhounds from Cuba to hunt out the Indians. A newspaper printed an article telling how upon their first use, the hounds literally tore one Indian to pieces and dreadfully lacerated several women and children. When this news reached the national press, the public reacted with shame and disgust. Use of the ferocious animals was discontinued.

Since the swamp country was too unhealthy for troops to survive in during the hot months, Call had to wait for cooler weather to continue his campaign. When the time arrived, he tried to draw Osceola and the Seminoles out in the open to fight, but the war leader knew that the strength of his men lay in guerilla warfare and refused to be tricked into any other kind. There were times when the officers against whom he fought found his tactics so skillful that they would have done credit to a highly-trained army commander. But the hard, swamp life told on Osceola at last. He contracted malaria and became seriously ill. It was at this time that a new commander came to take over leadership of the Florida War.

General Thomas S. Jessup's plan to end the war was to either kill or capture Osceola. It was an obsession with him and he spent much time pursuing the sick Seminole like a will-o-the-wisp until he realized that he was getting nowhere. Learning that there was a large Indian camp at the headwaters of the Ocklawaha with three of the most important chiefs present, the general decided to attack. He was successful and captured about twenty-five women and children. The warriors slipped away into the swamp. The next day, a prisoner was sent to the Seminole chiefs offering peace if they would emigrate. Chiefs Micanopy, Jumper and Alligator were present, and after a council sent a favorable reply to General Jessup. Arrangements were made to meet for a council at Ford Dade in about two weeks.

As it happened, the Seminoles were too widely scattered for most of them even to be notified of the meeting in



Seminoles learned how to hunt alligators and other methods of surviving in the swamps. Reproduced from collections of Library of Congress

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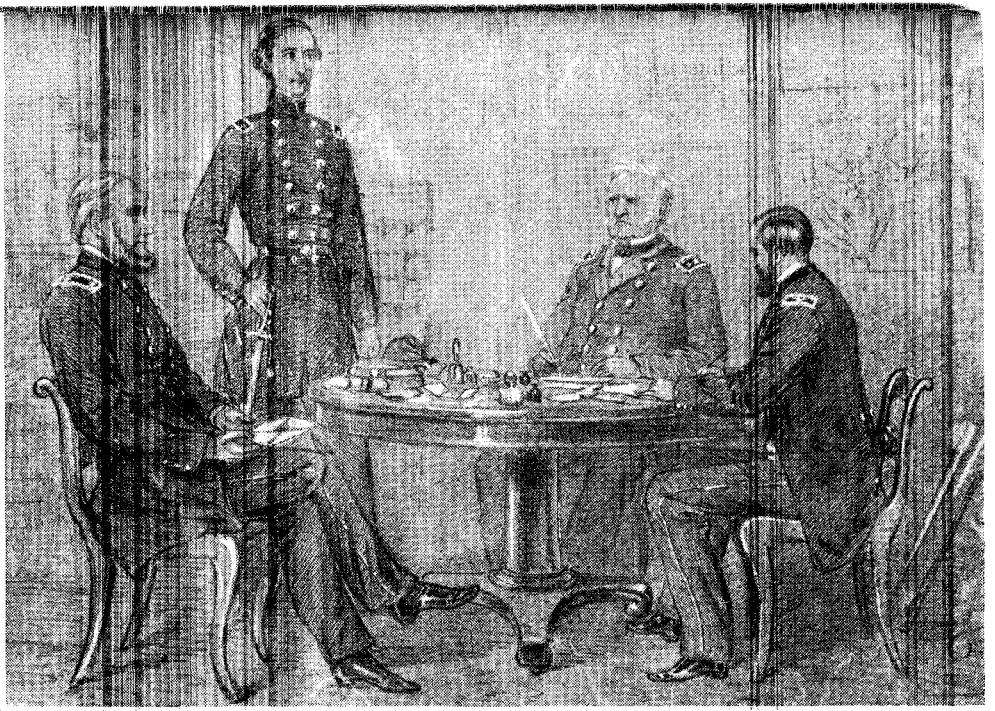
the short time allowed, and Alligator and one of Micanopy's nephews came to the fort to tell the general the reason for the delay. A new date was set. Micanopy gave permission to Jumper and Cloud to sign a treaty to emigrate. The word went out to the Seminoles. Osceola heard the news. Bitter, too ill to fight, the stricken war leader was not yet beaten but he had to play for time.

The emigration date was set for April 10. By April 16, all of the principal leaders except Osceola and King Philip had arrived. Then Jessup received word that Osceola had brought his family into Fort Mellon. At this news, the general felt sure that the Second Seminole War was at an end. Time proved him wrong.

As the Seminoles came together for removal, troublemakers among the whites started the rumor that the Indian leaders were to be executed. To add to this and in disregard of Jessup's orders, slave hunters hovered about the encampment, claiming any Negroes they saw as runaway slaves. News came through that outrages were being committed against the families of the Creek warriors who were aiding the troops. Osceola and the other Seminole leaders wondered what would happen to them, hostile Indians, when this was permitted with friendly Indians. Then a measles epidemic broke out. All of these events added up to too much. One night, Osceola and Sam Jones, another Makasuki leader, took their 200 warriors to the camps of Micanopy and Jumper. They kidnapped the two chiefs and disappeared into the forest. 700 Seminoles followed them, slipping like shadows out of the camp and into the swamp under the very noses of their unsuspecting captors.

When the empty camp was discovered, General Jessup was so bitter that he asked to be relieved of command. This was refused. Jessup then wrote to the Secretary of War and said the only way to rid the country of the Seminoles was to exterminate them and asked if the government was prepared to do that.

Across the United States and the world there was much sympathy for the Seminoles in their long and tragic fight to retain their homes. Disapproval of the government policy of removal grew, but public opinion was ignored. In September, Brigadier General Joseph M. Hernandez and his men marched out of St. Augustine to hunt out the Seminoles. He captured ailing King Philip and his band. The next day, another band was captured. The prisoners were taken to Fort Marion in St. Augustine. Wild Cat, King Philip's son, came in under a flag of truce to talk with his father. He was allowed to leave only after promising to come back in two weeks. When he returned, he brought word that Osceola, several chiefs and many warriors were about a day's journey away, and that they wished to talk to the Americans.



General Winfield Scott, 2nd from right, waged a brief but futile campaign against the Seminoles. Reproduced from collections of Library of Congress

Osceola and Alligator had a prearranged meeting with Hernandez under a flag of truce. At this meeting, upon General Jessup's direct order, they were taken prisoner and placed in chains. They were jailed at Fort Marion. Here Osceola, emaciated and ill, was placed in a stone room with Wild Cat. There was a small opening about eighteen feet from the floor. Wild Cat starved himself and after his chains were removed, squeezed through the opening one night and escaped. Osceola was too ill to go with him. Plans were still under way to bring the rest of the Seminoles in.

John Ross, well-known and respected leader of the Cherokees, was brought in to try to make peace between the government and the Seminoles. Acting in good faith, Ross persuaded the Indian leaders to come in for a talk. When they did, they were taken prisoner and were sent to Fort Marion in St. Augustine. John Ross was shocked and angry that he had been used in this way but his protests were ignored. At the fort, he was finally allowed to talk with the prisoners. He told them that he had been duped and they believed him.

General Jessup was widely and bitterly criticized for the way in which he had taken Osceola and the other chiefs prisoner, and for many years after Osceola's death was still trying to justify his behavior. At the time of the captures, he decided that his prisoners would be safer at Fort Moultrie in South Carolina. Here, Osceola was treated as a visiting celebrity. Newspapers and politicians continued to attack the manner of his capture. But the Seminole War went on.

Colonel Zachary Taylor was now in Florida, scouring the country for Seminoles. Jumper and other Indians were captured as were cattle and horses. Alligator surrendered to Taylor and the war was all but over. General W. J. Worth finally promised that several hundred members of the tribe could remain in their swamp homes, and the war was at an end in 1842. But Osceola did not live to see this. He died in his prison cell on January 30, 1838. A brave man and great Seminole patriot, Osceola had chosen either freedom or death and, for him, it was death. In 1958, his bust was placed in the National Hall of Fame for Famous American Indians at Anadarko, Oklahoma. This is a great honor and one he deserves. ●

Oklahoman presently in Viet Nam, aspiring writer, book collector wants books, material on early Oklahoma, especially relating to cattle industry. Specifically want Gideon's History of I.T., Cantonwine's Star 46, Oklahoma, Brand books, maps, photographs of cattle ranches, drives, etc. **Ron Skaggs, Code 40 AM, OICC/RVN Box 101, APO San Francisco 96214.**

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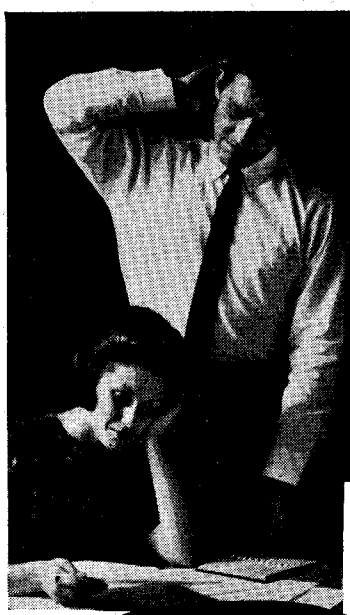

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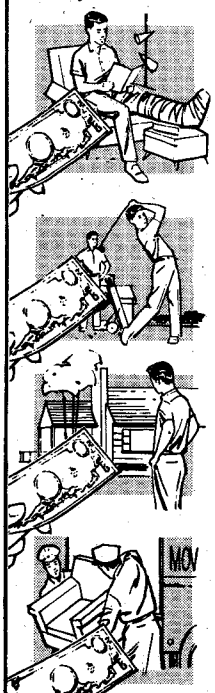

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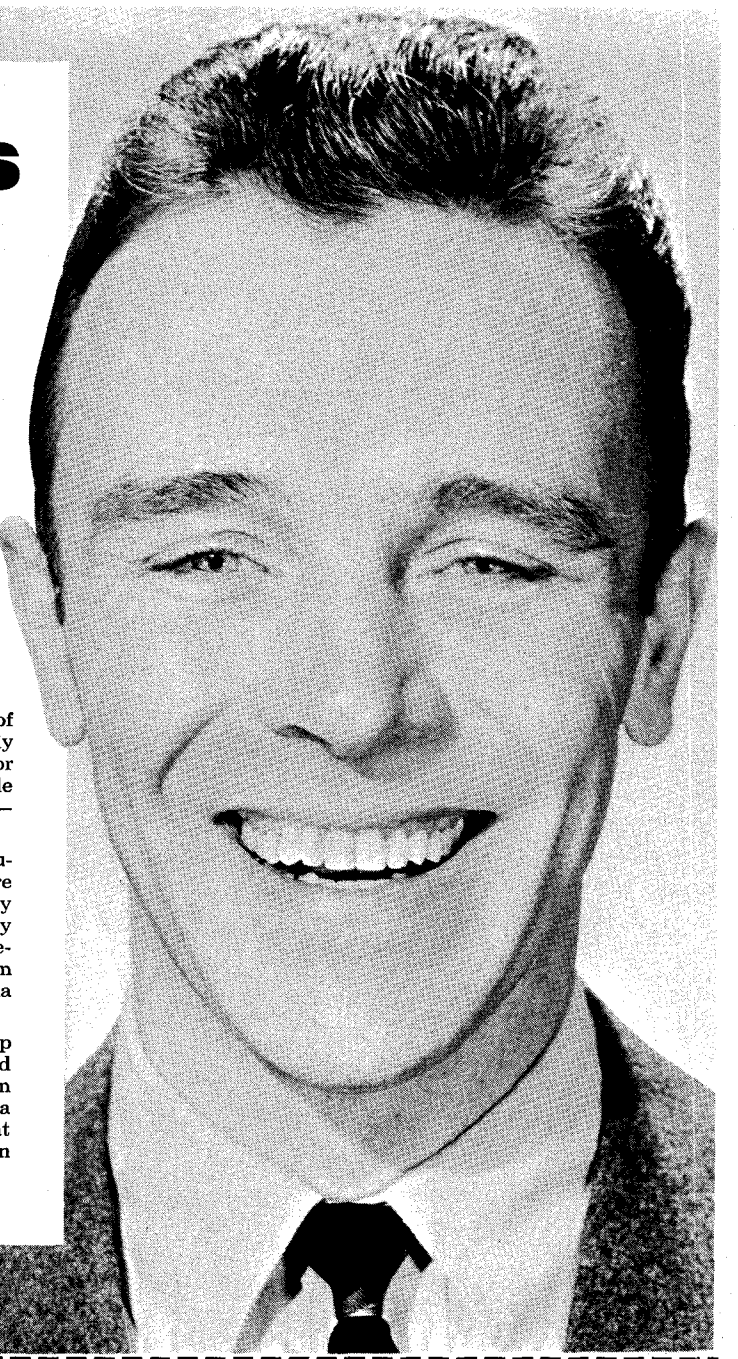

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